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The following works are already published, or in preparation; several others are in contemplation, and the Publisher will gladly receive any further suggestions.

The Dramatic and Poetical Works of JOHN MARSTON. Now first collected, and edited by J. O. Halliwell. 3 vols.

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THE WORKS

OF

JOHN MARSTON.

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

WITH NOTES, AND SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY

J. O. HALLIWELL, F.R.S., F.S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
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1856.

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PREFACE.

So few particulars have been recovered respecting the life and personal character of JOHN MARSTON, whose dramatic and satirical writings are now for the first time collected together, it would be futile to attempt to promote them to the dignity of Biography. The circumstances known, or rather conjectured, respecting this author, for nearly all of which we are indebted to Antony à Wood, may be stated in a very few words. According to the Oxford biographer, John Marston, the dramatist, was a student in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was admitted Bachelor of Arts on the twenty-third of February, 1592; but, adds Wood, "in what county he was born I cannot yet find, because, 1st, that he was not matriculated; 2nd, that he was not scholar of that house, or Fellow, in the admissions of both which, their counties of nativity are constantly registered." Even this statement, however, appears to be formed upon a mere conjecture originating in the identity of name, not upon the authority of trustworthy information; for he previously mentions a John Marston, "son of a father of both his names, of the

City of Coventry esquire," who "became either a Co moner or a gentleman-commoner of Brasen-nose Co in 1591, and in the beginning of February, 1593, he admitted Bachelor of Arts, as the eldest son of an esqu (Jonson, in the Poetaster, expressly alludes to the respecta bility of Marston's birth); "and soon after compleating that degree by determination, he went his way, and improved his learning in other faculties." This John Marston died in June, 1634, and was buried near his father, some time a Counsellor of the Middle Temple, in the Temple Church in London, "under the stone which hath written on it, *Oblivioni Sacrum*." Dugdale mentions a John Marston, who was appointed Lecturer of the Middle Temple in 1592, and who was probably the "father" referred to by Wood.

It is remarked by Wood, that the person last named cannot be the dramatist, because the latter died before the publication of the collective edition of his plays in 1633 an observation which clearly shows that he was speaking somewhat at random, for that Marston was living in the year is proved by the dedication prefixed to the work by William Sheares, in which he is spoken of as being "now in his autumn and declining age," and as being "*far distant* from this place," meaning, the place of publication This objection removed, there can be but little doubt that the John Marston who was buried in the Temple Church in 1634 was really the eminent dramatist. According to Oldys, Marston sprung probably from a family of that name settled in Aftcot (?), in Shropshire; and he married

Mary, daughter of the Rev. William Wilkes, Chaplain to James I., and Rector of St. Martin's, co. Wilts. Now Wood, in a notice of Wilkes, says that the latter "died at Barford St. Martin, in Wiltshire, of which he was rector, leaving a daughter named Mary, who was married to John Marston of the city of Coventry, gentleman; which John, dying 25 June, 1634, was buried in the church belonging to the Temple in London, near to the body of John Marston his father, sometimes a Counsellor of the Middle Temple." The John Marston in the first notice, and the son-in-law of the King's Chaplain, are thus shown to be the same person. He is also the dramatic writer, unless another link in the chain of evidence be unnecessarily regarded as a curious but possible coincidence. In Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond, it is stated—"Marston wrott his father-in-lawes preachings, and his father-in-law his commedies;" which seems, observes Gifford, a humorous allusion to the sombre air of Marston's comedies, as contrasted with the cheerful tone of his father-in-law's discourses.

A few days before his death, afflicted with an illness so serious that he was compelled to make a mark instead of signing his name, Marston gave instructions for his Will, which was duly proved by his widow in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury on July 9th, 1634. In this document he is styled *clarke*, probably in reference to his collegiate degree. He mentions a cousin in Shropshire, which is the county, according to Oldys, whence his family originated; and other friends and relatives are named, whose

connection with him is otherwise unnoticed. A copy of the whole is here given:—

"In the name of God, Amen. I John Marston of London clarke, being sicke in bodie, but of perfect and sound mind and memorie, doe make my last Will and Testament in manner and forme followeing. Imprimis, I give and bequeath my soule into the handes of Almightie God, my Maker and Redeemer, and my bodie to be buried in Christian buryall in some convenient place where my executor hereafter named shall appointe. Item, I give and bequeath to James Coghill and James Boynton, both of Christchurch in the County of Southampton, the somme of fortie shillinges apeece to be paide within sixe monthes after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath to Marie Fabian, the wiefe of William Fabian of Christchurch aforesaide, towards the educacion of hir five sonnes, the somme of twentie eighte pound of currant money of England to bee paied to hir within sixe monthes after my decease. Item, I give to the parrish church of Christchurch aforesaide the somme of five poundes, to be paide within sixe monthes next after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath to my couzin Hunt of Ashford, in the countye of Saloppe, the somme of twentie poundes to be paied within sixe moneths after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath to my eozen Griffins, daughter of .... Kingston in the Countie of Surrey, the somme of five poundes to be paied unto hir within sixe monthes after my decease. Item, I give to Marie Collice, the daughter of my cozen, Anne Collis of Chancerie Lane,

the somme of five poundes to be paied unto hir sixe monthes after my decease. Item, I give and bequeath to my cozen Richard Marston of Newe Inne in the Countie of Middlesex, my silver bason and ewre, but my Will is that my wiefe shall have the use of it untill it shall be demaunded of hir by the said Richard, or his attorney in that behalfe lawfully deputed. Item, I give and bequeath unto George Wallie, and James Walley, sonnes of Mr. Henry Wallie, the somme of five poundes apeece to be paide to the saide Henrie for theier use within sixe monthes after my decease. Item, all the rest of my goodes and cattles, moveable and unmoveable (my debts and legacies and funeral expenses being charged) I give and bequeath to my wel-beloved wiefe Marie, whome I ordaine my sole Executrixe of this my last Will and Testament. And I doe hereby renounce and make voyde all former Wills by me heretofore made. In Wittness whereof I have hereunto putt my hand and seale the seaventeenth daie of June, in the tenth yeare of the raigne of oure Soveraigne Lord Charles, &c., A.D. 1634."

According to Wood, after Marston had obtained his degrees, "he went his way, and improved his learning *in other faculties*," alluding probably to his poetical and dramatic efforts. His earliest work, as far as is at present known, is the Scourge of Villanie, first published in 1598, and in the following year, 1599, he is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as *the new poete*:—"Lent unto Wm. Borne, the 28 of Septembr, 1599, to lend unto Mr. Mastone, the

new poete, in earneste of a booke called . . . . ., th some of xxxx. *s.*" What this play was is not stated; bu the following curious undated letter, discovered by M Collier in the archives of Dulwich College, may possibl relate to the same production:—

"Mr. Hensloe, at the rose on the Bankside.

"If you like my play of Columbus, it is verie well an you shall give me noe more then twentie poundes for i but If nott, lett mee have it by this Bearer againe, as knowe the kinges Men will freelie give mee asmuch for i and the profitts of the third daye moreover.

"Soe I rest yours

"JOHN MARSTON."

It thus appears that Marston originally treated for l plays with Henslowe, and it was probably some dispu connected with the value of this drama of Columbus th caused him afterwards to write for the King's Compan The Malcontent, published in 1604, is expressly stated the title-page to have been acted by the "King's Majesty Servants." The following is a list of the writings Marston here reprinted:—

1. *The Scourge of Villanie.*—First printed in 1598, a reprinted in 1599, with the addition of the tenth Sati It is thus alluded to in Jonson's Every Man out of Humour:—"and how dost thou, *thou grand Scourge,* second Untruss of the time?"

2. *Satires.*—"The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image and certaine Satyres," 16mo. Lond. 1598. The first poem in this volume was republished in Alcilia, a very rare collection of poems, 1619 and 1628. The present work was issued under Marston's assumed name of William Kinsayder, which is also alluded to in What You Will, and in Hall's epigram against him. The poet Lampatho Doria, in the former, seems intended for Marston himself. The reason of the quarrel between Hall and Marston is unknown; but the Satire entitled Reactio (vol. iii. p. 226) is certainly levelled at the former, and in another satire he again returns to the charge. Mr. Singer is of opinion that "he was angry at being forestalled by the publication of Hall's Satires; he also accuses him of having caused an epigram to be pasted to the latter page of every Pigmalion that came to the stationers of Cambridge."

Marston's poem of Pigmalion's Image, "with his transform'd delight," is mentioned as part of the library of a courtezan in a rare poem, Cranley's Amanda, 1635; and its licentious character had, soon after its publication, occasioned an order from the prelates Whitgift and Bancroft for its suppression and destruction, a circumstance that accounts for its excessive rarity.

3. *Antonio and Mellida.*—Published at London, in 1602, 4to. A modern edition of it is given in Mr. Dilke's Collection of Old Plays, 1814, vol. ii.

4. *Antonio's Revenge.*—This is the second part of the

preceding drama, published also in in 1602. T
lowing observations by Gifford, respecting the allu
these two plays in the Poetaster, are too judiciou
omitted:—

"I have already observed, in opposition to the
string of commentators, that Crispinus is Mars
any doubts of it should remain, after what ha
advanced, the lines which follow will be more tha
cient to remove them. In these, Jonson has a
lated many of the uncouth and barbarous terms
characterise Marston's poetry. The works whi
author had chiefly in view, were the Scourge of Vi
and the two parts of Antonio and Mellida. In the
of these, Jonson is ridiculed under the name of Tor
for his affected use of 'new-minted words, such a
intrinsicate, and *delphicke*,' which are all found
earliest comedies; so that we have here, in fact, litt
than 'the retort courteous.' But, indeed, M
deserved some reprehension. He boasts, and his
have been repeated by the commentators who g
take all upon trust, that he is 'free from licentiou
language.' The fact is not so; he is extremely gr
impure. This is what Jonson means, when he
him 'boldly nominate a spade a spade;' and this
the just object of the attack upon him, in
play of the Return from Parnassus (see vol. ii. p
I will not affirm that Marston's manner i
correctly imitated in this collection of his wor
phrases; yet those who read his Satires can

to be struck with the arrogance, pedantry, and harshness (qualities here attempted to be caricatured) which pervade every part of them: while his dramatic works, more particularly those noticed by Jonson, are distinguished by nothing so much as a perpetual bluster, an overstrained reaching after sublimity of expression, which ends in abrupt and unintelligible starts, and bombast anomalies of language. It is but fair to add that, whatever Marston might think of the present castigation, he had the good sense to profit by it, since his latter works exhibit but few of the terms here ridiculed."

According to Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond, "he (Jonson) had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie." Were more known of the literary history of this period, it would perhaps be found, that as there was probably more than one quarrel between these dramatists, so also was there more than one sincere reconciliation. That Marston had, at one time, a fervent admiration for Jonson, is shown by the dedication to the Malcontent, 1604, and by the verses prefixed to Sejanus, 1605,—"Amicis, amici nostri dignissimi, dignissimis, Epigramma d. Johannes Marstonius,"—

"Yee ready friendes, spare your unneedfull bayes;
This worke dispairefull Envie must even praise:

Phœbus hath voic'd it loud, through ecchoing s
Sejanus Fall shall force thy merit rise;
For never English shall, or hath before,
Spoake fuller grac'd. He could say much, not

5. *The Malcontent.*—Two editions, the first co much less matter than the second, appeared i The latter is the one here reprinted; and an excell cal modern edition of the play will be found in Mr collection of the works of Webster, who contribut portions of the later copy. The additions were made in the year 1600.

6. *Eastward Hoe.*—At least three different ed this play appeared in 1605, and the several copie edition frequently vary from each other, but the v are generally of small importance. A modern t is given in Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iv. Respect play, there is the following entry in Cunningham's Accounts, Introd. p. 44:—

"To Joseph Taylor for himselfe and the rest fellowes servauntes to the Lady Eliz. her grace u Councells Warraunt dated at Whitehall 21 June presenting before his Ma^ty a Comedy called E Howe on the xxvth of January last past—vj^li. x and by way of his Ma^tes reward lxvj^s. viij^d. In all

In the first impression of Eastward Hoe, is a reflecting upon the Scots, for the publication c

the authors got into serious trouble. The story is thus related in Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond:—"He was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarly imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself." Eastward Hoe was altered by Tate in 1685, and represented at Dorset Gardens under the title of Cuckolds Haven, or an Alderman no Conjuror.

7. *The Dutch Courtezan.*—Published in 1605, 4to. It is mentioned in the Black Yeare, 1606, as "corrupting English conditions." This play "was some few years since reviv'd with success on the present stage, under the title of the Revenge, or the Match in Newgate," Langbaine's Account of the English Dramatick Poets, 1691. "Cockledemoy's cheating Mrs. Mulligrub the Vintner's Wife, of the Goblet and the Salmon, is borrow'd from an old French Book called *Les Contes du Monde:* see the same Story in English, in a Book of Novels, call'd The Palace of Pleasure, in the last Novel," *ibid.*

8. *Parasitaster*.—Two editions of this play wer lished in 1606, and the latter being issued as "co of many faults, which, by reason of the author's ab were let slip in the first edition." There is a moder of it in Mr. Dilke's Old Plays, vol. ii. "The pl Dulcimel her cozening the Duke by a pretended disco of Tiberio's love to her, is borrow'd from Bocca Novels, Day 3. Nov. 3. This novel is made use of as incident in several other plays, as Flora's Vagaries, So diers Fortune; and Nymphadoro's humour of loving t whole sex, act iii. sc. 1, is copy'd from Ovid's Amor. ii. 4, Langbaine, ibid., p. 351. It is to this comedy that Woo possibly refers, when he asserts that Marston "was in great renown for his wit and ingenuity in 1606."

9. *Sophonisba*.—The Wonder of Women, or the Tra jedie of Sophonisba, 4to. Lond. 1606. "This play is founded on history; see Livy, Dec. 3. lib. 10, Corn. Nepos in vit. Annibal, Polibius, Appian, Orosius. The English reader may read this story lively describ'd by Sir W. Rawleigh, in his History of the World, book the 5," Langbaine, p. 351. The allusion to quoting authorities, &c., mentioned in the Epistle to the Reader, is said by Langbaine, p. 350, to be directed against Ben Jonson; but this opinion is justly questioned by Gifford. The play itself, however, observes the same author, "I take to be an honest general Satyr, and not (as some malicious Enemies endeavour'd to perswade the World) design'd to strike at any particular Persons." An adaptation of the

story of Sophonisba in another tragedy was written in Dutch, and acted at Amsterdam in 1620.

10. *What You Will.*—Published in 1607, and inserted, with a modern text, in Mr. Dilke's Collection of Old Plays, vol. ii. "Francisco's zanying the person and humour of Albano is an incident in several plays, as Mr. Cowley's Guardian, Albumazer, &c., tho' I presume the design was first copy'd from Plautus his Amphitruo: this I take to be one of our author's best plays," Langbaine, p. 351.

11. *The Insatiate Countess.*—A tragedy, published in 1613, 1616, and 1631. Langbaine mentions an earlier edition of 1603, but no copy printed in that year has yet been discovered. It is a work of so little merit, that the memory of our author will not suffer by an attempt made by some critics to assign it to the hand of William Barksted, whose name appears as the author in some copies of the edition of 1631. The following judicious observations upon it are extracted from a criticism by an anonymous editor:—"For the several personages in this Play, little interest is excited. The heroine is truly a disgusting wretch. Langbaine asserts that the character was intended for a covert satire upon Joan, Queen of Naples; though I believe he has 'found in Homer what was never there,' and imputed to Marston what he had not in his thoughts. Joan, 'tis true, married four husbands, and Isabella, it will be seen, has one husband and three paramours; but there the resemblance, such as it is, completely

ends. Joan, with all her vices, was a woman of tale whilst Isabella is a mere 'remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless' wanton, who spends her life in the commission of every crime, and terminates her career upon the scaffold, quibbling and cursing, an object of contempt and detestation. The remaining characters are too weakly sketched, for us to feel much interest about them. Claridiana and Mizaldus are a couple of pitiful fools, and their wives scarcely better than two strumpets. The indecency which pervades the comic portions of the dialogue, does Marston little honour, and forms a curious commentary upon that part of the Dedication prefixed to his Six Plays published in 1633, wherein the purity of his writings is commended."

"It being a common custom with our author to disguise his story, and to personate real persons under feign'd characters: I am perswaded that in this Play, under the title of Isabella, the Insatiable Countess of Suevia, he meant Joane, the first Queen of Jerusalem, Naples, and Sicily: and I doubt not but the reader who will compare the Play with the History, will assent to my conjecture. Many are the writers that have related her life, as Collenuccio, Simmoneta, Villani, Montius, &c.; but I refer my English reader to Dr. Fuller's Prophane State, ch. 2. That her life has been the subject not only of history, but of poetry and novels also, is manifest from this Play, and the novels of Bandello, who has related her story under the title of the Inordinate Life of the Countess of Celant. This novel is translated into French by

Belleforest, tom. 2, nov. 20, and possibly our author might build his Play on this foundation. The like story is related in God's Revenge against Adultery, under the name of Anne of Werdenberg, Dutchess of Ulme: see Hist. 5," Langbaine, ibid.

12. *City Pageant.*—This "spectacle" is preserved in manuscript in the British Museum, MS. Bibl. Reg. 18 A. xxxi, here reprinted from an edition by P. Hall.

Other pieces have incorrectly been attributed to Marston the dramatist. A sermon by one John Marston, Master of Arts, and Rector of the Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalen in Canterbury, "preached at St. Margarett's in Westminster," Feb. 6th, 1642, is unquestionably by a different author. The Elegiacall Poem on the Death of Lord Grey, Baron of Wilton, inserted in the list of his works in Lowndes' Manual, is by *Robert* Marston; and an unpublished poem, mentioned in the same work, entitled the Newe Metamorphosis, has equally slender claims to be considered the production of our author. It is a long rambling poem, and parts of it resemble in some degree his style; but the anonymous author expressly states that his name was derived from the French language, a condition that is inapplicable to that of Marston. Winstanley, in the Lives of the English Poets, 1687, p. 137, mentions "the Faithful Shepherd, a Pastoral," amongst his writings; another attribution which is equally erroneous with the others above alluded to.

The plays of Marston, with the exception of the Mal-

content and the Insatiate Countess, were collected into one volume in the year 1633 by a publisher named William Sheares, whom Wood, by a curious oversight, has metamorphosed into William Shakespeare, a mistake which was followed by more than one subsequent writer. This little volume is now rare, and copies of it differ in minute particulars, especially in the dedications. The following general Epistle Dedicatory, prefixed by the publisher, is worth reprinting, the rather as it is only occasionally found in copies of the original work:—

"To the Right Honourable, the Lady Elizabeth Carie, Viscountesse Fawkland.

"Many opprobies and aspersions have not long since been cast upon Playes in generall, and it were requisite and expedient that they were vindicated from them; but, I referre that taske to those whose leasure is greater, and learning more transcendent. Yet, for my part, I cannot perceive wherein they should appeare so vile and abominable, that they should bee so vehemently inveighed against. Is it because they are Playes? The name, it seemes, somewhat offends them; whereas, if they were styled Workes, they might have their approbation also. I hope that I have now somewhat pacified that precise sect, by reducing all our Author's severall Playes into one volume, and so stiled them The Works of Mr. John Marston, who was not inferiour unto any in this kinde of writing, in those dayes when these were penned; and, I am perswaded, equall unto the best poets of our times

If the lines bee not answerable to my encomium of him, yet herein beare with him, because they were his JUVENILIA and youthfull recreations. Howsoever, hee is free from all obscene speeches, which is the chiefe cause that makes Playes to bee so odious unto most men. Hee abhorres such writers, and their workes; and hath professed himselfe an enemie to all such as stuffe their scenes with ribaldry, and lard their lines with scurrilous taunts and jests; so that, whatsoever, even in the Spring of his yeeres, hee hath presented upon the private and publike Theater, now, in his Autumne and declining age, hee need not bee ashamed of. And, were it not that hee is so farre distant from this place, hee would have beene more carefull in revising the former impressions, and more circumspect about this, then I can. In his absence, Noble Lady, I have been imboldened to present these WORKES unto your Honour's view; and the rather, because your Honour is well acquainted with the Muses. In briefe, Fame hath given out, that your Honour is the mirror of your sex, the admiration, not onely of this Iland, but of all adjacent countries and dominions, which are acquainted with your rare vertues and endowments. If your Honour shall vouchsafe to accept this Worke, I, with my Booke, am ready prest and bound to be

"Your truly devoted,

"WILLIAM SHEARES."

Marston's wit is much commended by Wood, but one of the few specimens extant of his conversational powers in

this way will scarcely convey a favourable impres modern readers. It is recorded in Manningham's under the date of November 21st, 1602 :—"Jo. M the last Christmas, when he daunct with Alderman wives daughter, a Spaniard borne, fell into a stran mendation of hir witt and beauty. When he ha she thought to pay him home, and told him, she he was a poet. 'Tis true, said he, for poets fei lye, and soe did I, when I commended your be you are exceeding foule," ap. Collier's Annals Stage, i. 335.

The dramas now collected together are reprint lutely from the early editions, which were placed hands of our printers, who thus had the advan following them without the intervention of a tran They are given as nearly as possible in their state, the only modernizations attempted consistin alternations of the letters *i* and *j*, and *u* and *v*, th tion of which would have answered no useful p while it would have unnecessarily perplexed the reader.

TONIO AND MELLIDA.

THE PLAY CALLED

ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

INDUCTION.

¶ *Enter* GALEATZO, PIERO, ALBERTO, ANTONIO, FOROBOSCO, BALURDO, MATZAGENTE, *and* FELICHE, *with parts in their hands; having cloakes cast over their apparell.*

Gal. COME, sirs, come! the musique will sounde straight for entrance. Are yee readie, are yee perfect?

Pie. Faith! we can say our parts; but wee are ignorant in what mould we must cast our actors.

Alb. Whome doe you personate?

Pie. Piero, Duke of Venice.

Alb. O! ho! then thus frame your exterior shape,
To hautie forme of elate majestie;
As if you held the palsey shaking head
Of reeling chaunce, under your fortunes belt
In strictest vassalage: growe big in thought,
As swolne with glory of successfull armes.

Pie. If that be all, fear not, I'le sute it right.
Who cannot be proud, stroak up the haire, and

Alb. Truth; such ranke custome is growne p
And now the vulgar fashion strides as wide,
And stalkes as proud upon the weakest stilts
Of the slight'st fortunes, as if Hercules
Or burly Atlas shouldred up their state.

Pie. Good; but whome act you?

Alb. The necessitie of the play forceth me
parts: Andrugio, the distressed Duke of G
Alberto, a Venetian gentleman, enamoured on
Rossaline; whose fortunes being too weake t
the port of her, he prov'd alwaies desastrous ir
worth being much underpoised by the uneven
currants all thinges by the outwarde stamp of o

Gal. Wel, and what dost thou play?

Bal. The part of all the world.

Alb. The part of all the world? What 's th

Bal. The foole. I, in good deede law n
Balurdo, a wealthie mountbanking burgomasco
Venice.

Alb. Ha! ha! one whose foppish nature r
great, only for wise men's recreation; and, li
lesse barke, to preserve the sap of more strenu
A servile hounde, that loves the sent of
fashion, like an emptie hollow vault, still givin
to wit: greedily champing what any other
judgement had beforehand shew'd.

Foro. Ha! ha! ha! tolerably good; good
wag.

Alb. Umh; why, tolerably good; good
wag? Go, goe; you flatter me.

Foro. Right; I but dispose my speach to the habit of my part.

Alb. Why, what plaies he? [*To* Feliche.

Feli. The wolfe that eats into the breasts of princes; that breeds the lethargy and falling sicknesse in honour; makes justice looke asquint; and blinds the eye of merited rewarde from viewing desertfull vertue.

Alb. What 's all this periphrasis, ha?

Feli. The substance of a supple-chapt flatterer.

Alb. O! doth he play Forobosco the Parasite? Good, i-faith. Sirrah, you must seeme now as glib and straight, in outward semblance as a ladies' buske, though inwardly as crosse as a paire of tailors' legs; having a tongue as nimble as his needle, with servile patches of glavering flattery to stitch up the bracks of (the) unworthily honour'd.

Foro. I warrant you, I warrant you, you shall see mee proove the very perewig to cover the balde pate of brainelesse gentilitie. Ho! I will so tickle the sense of bella gratiosa madonna with the titillation of hyperbolicall praise, that I'le strike it in the nick, in the very nick, chuck.

Feli. Thou promisest more than I hope any spectator gives faith of performance; but why looke you so duskie, ha? [*To* Antonio.

Ant. I was never worse fitted since the nativitie of my actorshippe; I shall be hist at, on my life now.

Feli. Why, what must you play?

Ant. Faith, I know not what: an hermaphrodite; two parts in one; my true person being Antonio, son to the Duke of Genoa; though for the love of Mellida, Piero's daughter, I take this fained presence of an Amazon,

calling myself Florizell, and I know not what. I a v
to play a lady! I shall nere doe it.

Alb. O! an Amazon should have such a voice, vira
like. Not play two parts in one? away, away, 'tis c
mon fashion. Nay, if you cannot bear two subtle fr
under one hood; ideot, goe by, goe by; off this wor
stage! O times impuritie!

Ant. I, but when use hath taught me action to hit
right point of a ladies' part, I shall growe ignorant w
I must turne young prince againe, how but to trusse
hose.

Feli. Tushe, never put them off; for women weare
breaches still.

Mat. By the bright honour of a Millanoise, and
resplendent fulgor of this steele, I will defende the f
nine to death; and ding his spirit to the verge of
that dares divulge a ladies' prejudice.

[*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Alb

Feli. Rampum scrampum, mount tuftie Tamburl
What rattling thunderclappe breakes from his lips?

Alb. O! 'tis native to his part.. For acting a mod
bragadoch under the person of Matzagente, the Duk
Millaines' sonne, it may seeme to suite with good fas
of coherence.

Pie. But me thinks he speakes with a spruce a
accent of adulterate Spanish.

Alb. So 'tis resolv'd. For Millane being halfe Spa
halfe high Dutch, and halfe Italians, the blood of chi
houses is corrupt and mungrel'd; so that you shal s
fellow vaine-glorious for a Spaniard, gluttonous f
Dutchman, proud for an Italian, and a fantastick ideo
all. Such a one conceipt this Matzagente.

Feli. But I have a part allotted mee, which I have neither able apprehension to conceipt, nor what I conceipt gratious abilitie to utter.

Gal. Whoop, in the old cut! Good, shew us a draught of thy spirit.

Feli. 'Tis steddie, and must seme so impregnably fortrest with his own content that no envious thought could ever invade his spirit; never surveying any man so unmeasuredly happie, whome I thought not justly hatefull for some true impoverishment; never beholding any favour of Madam Felicity gracing another, which his well bounded content perswaded not to hang in the front of his owne fortune; and therefore as farre from envying any man, as he valued all men infinitely distant from accomplisht beatitude. These native adjuncts appropriate to me the name of Feliche. But last, good, thy humour.

[*Exit* Alberto.

Ant. 'Tis to be describ'd by signes and tokens. For unlesse I were possest with a legion of spirits, 'tis impossible to be made perspicuous by any utterance: for sometimes he must take austere state, as for the person of Galeatzo, the son of the Duke of Florence, and possesse his exteriour presence with a formall majestie: keepe popularitie in distance, and on the sudden fling his honour so prodigally into a common arme, that hee may seeme to give up his indiscretion to the mercy of vulgar censure. Now as solemne as a travailer, and as grave as a Puritanes ruffe; with the same breath as slight and scattered in his fashion as a—a—any thing. Now, as sweet and neat as a barbour's casting-bottle; straight as slovenly as the yeasty breast of an ale-knight: now lamenting; then chafing; straight laughing; then ——.

Feli. What then?

Ant. Faith, I know not what; 'tad bene a righ for Proteus or Gew. Ho! blinde Gew would ha' rarely, rarely.

Feli. I feare it is not possible to limme so man sons in so small a tablet as the compasse of our afford.

Ant. Right! therefore I have heard that those pe as he and you, Feliche, that are but slightly draw this Comedie, should receive more exact accomplis in a second part; which, if this obtaine gratious a ance, meanes to try his fortune.

Feli. Peace, here comes the Prologue; cleare the

[*E*

¶ *THE PROLOGUE.*

THE wreath of pleasure and delicious sweetes,
Begirt the gentle front of this faire troope;
Select and most respected auditours,
For wit's sake doe not dreame of miracles.
Alas! we shall but falter, if you lay
The least sad weight of an unused hope
Upon our weaknesse; onely we give up
The worthlesse present of slight idlenesse
To your authentick censure. O! that our Muse
Had those abstruse and synowy faculties,
That, with a straine of fresh invention.
She might presse out the raritie of Art;
The pur'st elixed juyce of rich conceipt
In your attentive cares; that with the lip
Of gratious elocution we might drinke
A sound carouse unto your health of wit.
But O! the heathy drynesse of her braine,
Foyle to your fertile spirits, is asham'd
To breath her blushing numbers to such eares;
Yet (most ingenious) deigne to vaile our wants.
With sleek acceptance polish these rude sceanes;
And if our slightnesse your large hope beguiles,
Check not with bended brow, but dimpled smiles.

[*Exit Prologue.*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

¶ *The Cornets sound a battle within.*

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO, *disguised like an Amazon.*

Ant. HEART, wilt not break? and thou abhorred life,
Wilt thou still breath in my enraged bloud?
Vaines, synewes, arteries, why crack yee not?
Burst and divul'st with anguish of my griefe.
Can man by no meanes creepe out of himselfe,
And leave the slough of viperous griefe behinde?
Antonio, hast thou seene a fight at sea,
As horrid as the hideous day of doome,
Betwixt thy father, Duke of Genoa,
And proud Piero, the Venetian Prince?
In which the sea hath swolne with Genoa's bloud,
And made spring tydes with th' warme reeking gore,
That gusht from out our gallies scupper holes;
In which thy father, poore Andrugio,
Lyes sunk, or leapt into the armes of chaunce,
Choakt with the laboring ocean's brackish fome,
Who even, despite Pietro's cancred hate,
Would with an armed hand have seized thy love,
And linkt thee to the beautious Mellida.
Have I outlived the death of all these hopes?

Have I felt anguish pour'd into my heart,
Burning like balsamum in tender wounds,
And yet dost live? Could not the fretting sea
Have rowl'd me up in wrinkles of his browe?
Is death growen coy? or grim confusion nice?
That it will not accompany a wretch,
But I must needs be cast on Venice shoare,
And try new fortunes with this strange disguise?
To purchase my adored Mellida.
[*The Cornets sound a flouris*
Harke how Piero's triumphs beat the ayre;
O, rugged mischiefe, how thou grat'st my heart!
Take spirit, blood; disguise, be confident;
Make a firme stand; here rests the hope of all,—
Lower than hell, there is no depth to fall.

¶ *The Cornets sound a synnet. Enter* FELI ALBERTO, CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *a Pa ing a shield;* PIERO *in armour;* CATZO *an and* BALURDO. *All these* (*saving* PIER *with petronels. Beeing entred, they make in divided foyles.*

Pie. Victorious Fortune, with tryumphant har
Hurleth my glory 'bout this ball of earth,
Whil'st the Venetian Duke is heaved up,
On wings of faire successe, to over-looke
The low cast ruines of his enemies,
To see my selfe ador'd and Genoa quake;
My fate is firmer than mischance can shake.
Feli. Stand; the ground trembleth.
Pie. Hah! an earthquake?
Bal. Oh! I smell a sound.

Feli. Piero, stay, for I descry a fume
Creeping from out the bosome of the deepe,
The breath of darknesse, fatall when 'tis whist
In greatnes stomacke; this same smoake, call'd pride,
Take heede; shee'le lift thee to improvidence,
And breake thy neck from steepe securitie;
Shee'le make thee grudge to let Jehova share
In thy successful battailes. O! shee's ominous;
Inticeth princes to devour heaven,
Swallow omnipotence, out-stare dread fate,
Subdue eternitie in giant thought,—
Heaves up their hurt with swelling, puft conceit,
Till their soules burst with venom'd arrogance.
Beware Piero, Rome itselfe hath tried,
Confusions traine blowes up this babell pride.

Pie. Pish! Dimitto superos, summa votorum attigi.
Alberto, hast thou yeelded up our fixt decree
Unto the Genoan embassadour?
Are they content, if that their duke returne,
To sende his and his sonne Antonio's head
As pledges steept in bloud to gaine their peace?

Alb. With most obsequious sleek-brow'd intertain,
They all embrace it as most gratious.

Pie. Are proclamations sent through Italy,
That whosoever brings Andrugio's head,
Or young Anthonio's, shall be guerdoned
With twentie thousand double pistolets,
And be endeered to Piero's love?

Foro. They are sent every way. Sound policy; sweete lord.

Feli. Confusion to these limber sycophants.
No sooner mischief's borne in regency,
But flattery christens it with policy. [*Tacite.*

Pie. Why then; O me Celitum excelsissimum!
The intestine malice and inveterate hate
I alwaies bore to that Andrugio,
Glories in triumph ore his misery;
Nor shall that carpet-boy Antonio
Match with my daughter, sweet-cheekt Mellida.
No; the publick power makes my faction strong.
Feli. Ill; when public power strengthneth private
Pie. 'Tis horse-like not for a man to know his fo
Feli. 'Tis god-like for a man to feele remorse.
Pie. Pish! I prosecute my families revenge,
Which I'le pursue with such a burning chace,
Till I have dri'd up all Andrugio's bloud;
Weake rage that with slight pittie is withstoode
[*The Cornets sound a fl*
What meanes that fresh triumphall florish sound?
Alb. The prince of Millane, and young Florence
Approach to gratulate your victorie.
Pie. Weele girt them with an ample waste of lo
Conduct them to our presence royally.
Let vollies of the great artillery
From of our gallies banks play prodigall,
And sound lowd welcome from their bellowing mou
Exit Piero

¶ *The Cornets sound a cynet. Enter above,* Me Rossaline, *and* Flavia. *Enter belowe,* Ga *with Attendants;* Piero *meeteth him, emb at which the Cornets sound a florish;* Pie Galeatzo *exeunt; the rest stand still.* [

Mel. What prince was that passed through my
Fla. 'Twas Galeatzo, the young Florentine.
Ros. Troth, one that will besiege thy maidenhea

Enter the wals, yfaith (sweet Mellida)
If that thy flankers be not canon-proofe.
Mel. Oh, Mary Ambree! good, thy judgement, wench;
Thy bright elections cleere: what will he proove?
Ros. Hath a short finger and a naked chinne,
A skipping eye; dare lay my judgement (faith)
His love is glibbery; there's no hold ont, wench.
Give me a husband whose aspect is firme;
A full cheekt gallant with a bouncing thigh:
Oh, he is the paradizo dell madonne contento.
Mel. Even such a one was my Antonio.
[*The Cornets sound a cynet.*
Ros By my nine and thirteth servant (sweete)
Thou art in love, but stand on tiptoed faire;
Here comes Saint Tristram Tirlery Whiffe, yfaith.

¶ *Enter* MATZAGENTE; PIERO *meetes him; embraceth; at which the Cornets sound a florish: they two stand, using seeming complements, whilst the sceane passeth above.*

Mel. S. Marke, S. Marke! what kind of thing appears?
Ros. For fancies passion, spit upon him; figh!
His face is varnisht. In the name of love,
What country bred that creature?
Mel. What is he, Flavia?
Fla. The heire of Millane, Segnior Matzagent.
Ros. Matzagent! now, by my pleasures hope,
He is made like a tilting staffe; and lookes
For all the world like an ore-roasted pigge:
A great tobacco taker too, that's flat;
For his eyes looke as if they had bene hung
In the smoake of his nose.

Mel. What husband wil he proove, sweete Rossaline?

Ros. Avoid him; for he hath a dwindled legge,
A lowe forehead, and a thinne cole-black beard;
And will be jealous too, beleeve it, sweete;
For his chin sweats, and hath a gander neck,
A thinne lippe, and a little monkish eye;
Pretious, what a slender waste he hath!
He lookes like a may-pole, or notched stick;
Heele snap in two at every little straine.
Give me a husband that will fill mine armes,
Of steddie judgement, quicke and nimble sense;
Fooles relish not a ladies excellence.

[*Exeunt all on the lower Stage; at which the Cornets sound a flourish, and a peale of shot is given.*

Mel. The tryumph's ended, but looke, Rossaline,
What gloomy soule in strange accustrements
Walkes on the pavement.

Ros. Good sweete, let's to her; pree thee, Mellida.

Mel. How covetous thou art of novelties!

Ros. Pish! 'tis our nature to desire things
That are thought strangers to the common cut.

Mel. I am exceedingly willing, but——

Ros. But what? pree thee goe downe; let's see her face.
God send that neither wit nor beauty wants
Those tempting sweets, affections adamants. [*Exeunt.*

Ant. Come downe, she comes like—O, no simile
Is pretious, choyce, or elegant enough
To illustrate her descent; leape heart she comes,—
She comes! smile heaven, and softest southern winde
Kisse her cheeke gently with perfumed breath.
She comes: creations puritie, admir'd,
Ador'd amazing raritie,—she comes!

O, now, Antonio, presse thy spirit forth
In following passion, knit thy senses close,
Heape up thy powers, double all thy man.

¶ *Enter* MELLIDA, ROSSALINE, *and* FLAVIA.

She comes! O, how her eyes dart wonder on my heart!
Mount bloode, soule to my lips, taste Hebe's cup;
Stand firme on decke, when beauties close fight's up.

Mel. Ladie, your strange habit doth beget
Our pregnant thoughts, even great of much desire,
To be acquaint with your condition.

Ros. Good, sweete lady, without more ceremonies,
What country claims your birth? and, sweet, your name?

Ant. In hope your bountie will extend itselfe
In selfe same nature of faire curtesie;
I'le shunne all nicenesse; my nam's Florizell,
My country Scythia; I am Amazon
Cast on this shore by furie of the sea. [names.

Ros. Nay, faith, sweete creature, weele not vaile our
It pleas'd the font to dip me Rossaline;
That ladie beares the name of Mellida,
The Duke of Venice daughter.

Ant. Madam, I am oblig'd to kisse your hand,
By imposition of a now dead man.
[*To* Mellida, *kissing her hand.*

Ros. Now, by my troth, I long, beyond all thought,
To know the man; sweete beauty, deigne his name.

Ant. Ladie, the circumstance is tedious.

Ros. Troth, not a whit; good faire, let's have it all:
I love not, I, to have a jot left out,
If the tale come from a lov'd orator.

Ant. Vouchsafe me, then, your hush't observances,
Vehement in pursuite of strange novelties,

After long travaile through the Asian maine,
I shipt my hopefull thoughts for Brittany;
Longing to viewe great Nature's miracle,
The glorie of our sex, whose fame doth strike
Remotest eares with adoration.
Sayling some two monthes with inconstant winds,
We view'd the glistering Venetian forts,
To which we made: when loe! some three leagues off,
We might descry a horred spectacle;
The issue of black fury strow'd the sea
With tattered carcasses of splitting ships,
Halfe sinking, burning, floating, topsie turvie.
Not farre from these sad ruines of fell rage,
We might behold a creature presse the waves;
Senseless he sprauld, all notcht with gaping wounds;
To him we made, and (short) we tooke him up;
The first thing he spake was,—Mellida!
And then he swooned.

Mel. Aye me!

Ant. Why sigh you, faire?

Ros. Nothing but little humours; good sweet, on.

Ant. His wounds being drest, and life recovered,
We gan discourse; when loe! the sea grewe mad,
His bowels rumbling with winde passion;
Straight swarthy darknesse popt out Phœbus eye,
And blurd the jocund face of bright cheekt-day;
Whilst crudl'd fogges masked even darknesse brow:
Heaven bad 's good night, and the rocks gron'd
At the intestine uprore of the maine.
Now gustie flawes strook up the very heeles
Of our maine mast, whilst the keene lightning shot
Through the black bowels of the quaking ayre;

chops a wave, and in his sliftred panch
ls our ship, and there he breaks his neck:
an instant up was belkt againe.
ıs this martyrd soule began to sigh:
e your hand (quoth he) now doe you graspe
ıal mirrour of ragg'd misery:
ı horrid storme? O, well shap't sweete,
ur quicke eye strike through these gashed wounds,
ld beholde a heart, a heart, faire creature,
ıore wilde then is this franticke sea.
: me a favour, if thou chance survive;
Venice, kisse the pretious white
ost,—nay, all epithites are base
ıute to gratious Mellida:
the spirit of Antonio
his last gaspe breath'd upon her breast."
Why weepes soft hearted Florisell?
Alas, the flintie rocks groand at his plaints.
(quoth he) that her obdurate sire
ckt his bosome; therewithall he wept,
ı sigh't on. The sea is merciful;
ɔw it gapes to bury all my griefe:
ɔu shalt have it, thou shalt be his toumbe:
in my love live; in thee, dy woe,
atcht anguish, dye Antonio:
t he totterd from the reeling decke,
ne he sunke.
Pleasures bodie, what makes my Lady weepe?
Nothing, sweet Rossaline, but the ayer's sharpe.
rs palace, Madam, will be proud
taine your presence, if youle daine
: repose within. Aye me!

Ant. Ladie, our fashion is not curious.

Ros. Faith, all the nobler, tis more generous.

Mel. Shall I then know how fortune fell at last,
What succour came, or what strange fate insew'd?

Ant. Most willingly: but this same court is vast,
And publike to the staring multitude.

Ros. Sweet Lady, nay good sweet, now by my troth
Weele be bedfellowes: durt on complement froth.

[*Exeunt;* Rossaline *giving* Antonio *the way.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

¶ *Enter* CATZO (*with a Capon*) *eating,* DILDO *following him.*

Dil. HAH, Catzo, your master wants a cleane trencher: doe you heare? Balurdo cals for your diminutive attendance.

Cat. The belly hath no eares, Dildo.

Dil. Good pugge, give me some capon.

Cat. No capon, no not a bitte, yee smooth bully; capon's no meat for Dildo: milke, milke, yee glibbery urchin, is foode for infants.

Dil. Upon mine honour.

Cat. Your honour with a paugh? slid, now every Jack-an-apes loads his backe with the golden coat of honour; every asse puts on the lyons skinne and roars his honour; upon your honour! By my ladies pantable, I feare I shall live to heare a vintners boy cry, Tis rich neat canary, upon my honour.

Dil. My stomack's up.

Cat. I think thou art hungry.

Dil. The match of furie is lighted, fastned to the linstock of rage, and will presently set fire to the touch-hole of intemperance, discharging the double coulvering of my incensement in the face of thy opprobrious speach.

Cat. Ile stop the barrell thus; good Dildo, set not fire to the touch-hole.

Dil. My rage is stopt, and I will eate to the health of the foole, thy master Castilio.

Cat. And I will suck the juyce of the capon, health of the idiot, thy master Balurdo.

Dil. Faith, our masters are like a case of r sheathed in one scabberd of folly.

Cat. Right Dutch blades. But was't not rare sp the sea-battle, whilst rounce robble hobble roared the ship sides, to viewe our masters pluck their plum droppe their feathers, for feare of being men of marl

Dil. Slud (cri'd Signior Balurdo) O for Don Bes armour, in the mirror of knighthood: what coil's O for an armour, canon proofe: O, more cable, fetherbeds, more fetherbeds, more cable, till hee h much as my cable hatband, to fence him.

¶ *Enter* FLAVIA *in haste, with a rebato.*

Cat. Buxome Flavia: can you sing? song, song.

Fla. My sweete Dildo, I am not for you at this Madam Rossaline stayes for a fresh ruffe to appeare presence: sweete, away.

Dil. Twill not be so put off, delicate, delicious, eyed, sleek skind, slender wasted, clean legd, rarely

Fla. Who, Ile be at all your service another se my faith, ther 's reason in all things.

Dil. Would I were reason then, that I might be things.

Cat. The breefe and the semiquaver is, wee must the descant you made upon our names, ere you depa

Fla. Faith, the song will seeme to come off hard

Cat. Troth not a whit, if you seeme to come off qu

Fla. Peart Catzo, knock it lustily then.

CANTANT.

¶ *Enter* FOROBOSCO, *with two torches:* CASTILIO *singing fantastically;* ROSSALINE *running a caranto pase, and* BALURDO, FELICHE *following, wondering at them all.*

Foro. Make place, gentlemen; pages, hold torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Dil. What squeaking cart-wheel have we here? ha? Make place, gentlemen; pages, holde torches, the prince approacheth the presence.

Ros. Faugh, what a strong sent 's here, some bodie meth to weare socks.

Bal. By this faire candle light, tis not my feete; I never wore socks since I suckt pappe.

Ros. Savourly put off.

Cast. Hah, her wit stings, blisters, galles off the skinne with the tart acrimony of her sharpe quicknesse: by sweetenesse, she is the very Pallas that flewe out of Jupiter's brainepan. Delicious creature, vouchsafe mee your service: by the puritie of bounty, I shall be proud of such bondage.

Ros. I vouchsafe it; be my slave. Signior Balurdo, wilt thou be my servant too?

Bal. O god: forsooth in very good earnest, law, you wold make me as a man should say, as a man should say.

Feli. Slud, sweet beauty, will you deign him your service?

Ros. O, your foole is your only servant. But good Feliche, why art thou so sad? a pennie for thy thought, man.

Feli. I sell not my thought so cheap: I valewe my meditation at a higher rate.

Bal. In good sober sadnesse, sweet mistris, yo have had my thought for a penny: by this crims that cost eleven shillings, thirteene pence, thr halfepennie a yard, that you should, law!

Ros. What was thy thought, good servant?

Bal. Marrie forsooth, how many strike of pea feed a hog fat against Christide.

Ros. Paugh! servant, rub out my rheum, it s presence.

Cast. By my wealthiest thought, you grace with an unmeasured honour: I will preserve the it, as a most sacred relique for this service.

Ros. Ile spit in thy mouth, and thou wilt, to gr

Feli. O that the stomack of this queasie age
Digestes, or brookes such raw unseasoned gobs,
And vomits not them forth. O! slavish sots.
Servant, quoth you? faugh! if a dogge should c
And beg her service, he should have it straight:
Shee'd give him favours too; to licke her feete,
Or fetch her fanne, or some such drudgery:
A good dogs office, which these amorists
Tryumph of: tis rare, well give her more asse,
More sot, as long as dropping of her nose
Is sworne rich pearle by such low slaves as those.

Ros. Flavia, attend me to attire me.

[*Exeunt* Rossaline *and*

Bal. In sad good earnest, sir, you have toucht bare of naked truth; my silk stocking hath a goo and I thanke my planets, my legge is not altoge propitiously shap't. There 's a word: unpropiti thinke I shall speake unpropitiously as well as a tier in Italy.

Foro. So helpe me your sweete bounty, you have the most gracefull presence, applausive elecuty, amazing volubility, polisht adornation, delicious affabilitie.

Feli. Whop: fut, how he tickles yon trout under the gilles! you shall see him take him by and by, with groping flattery.

Foro. That ever ravisht the eare of wonder. By your sweete selfe, then whome I knowe not a more exquisite, illustrate, accomplished, pure, respected, ador'd, observed, pretious, reall, magnanimous, bountious: if you have an ille rich cast jerkin, or so, it shall not be cast away, if; hah? heres a foreheade, an eye, a heade, a haire, that would make a: or if you have any spare paire of silver spurs, ile doe you as much right in all kinde offices.

Feli. Of a kinde parasite.

Foro. As any of my meane fortunes shall be able to.

Bal. As I am a true Christian now, thou hast wonne the spurres.

Feli. For flattery.

O how I hate that same Egyptian louse;
A rotten maggot, that lives by stinking filth
Of tainted spirits: vengeance to such dogs,
That sprout by gnawing senselesse carion.

¶ *Enter* ALBERTO.

Alb. Gallants, saw you my mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline?

Foro. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, left the presence even now.

Cast. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, withdrewe her gratious aspect even now.

Bal. My mistresse, the Ladie Rossaline, withdrewe her gratious aspect even now.

Feli. Well said, eccho.

Alb. My mistresse, and his mistresse, and y
tresse, and the dogs mistresse: pretious dear hea
Alberto lives to have such rivals.
Slid, I have bin searching every private rome,
Corner, and secret angle of the court:
And yet, and yet, and yet she lives conceal'd.
Good sweete Feliche, tell me how to finde
My bright fac't mistresse out.

Feli. Why man, cry out for lanthorne and can
For tis your onely way, to find your bright flamin
with your light burning torch: for most commor
light creatures live in darknesse.

Alb. Away you heretike, youle be burnt for —

Feli. Goe, you amorous hound, follow the sent
mistresse shooe; away.

Foro. Make a faire presence, boyes, advance you
The princesse makes approach.

Bal. And please the gods, now in very goo
law, you shal see me tickle the measures for the
Doe my hangers showe?

¶ *Enter* PIERO, ANTONIO, MELLIDA, ROSSAL
LEATZO, MATZAGENTE, ALBERTO, *and* FLA
they enter, FELICHE *and* CASTILIO *make a*
the DUKE *to pass through.* FOROBOSCO *u*
DUKE *to his state: then whilst* PIERO *spe*
first speech, MELLIDA *is taken by* GALEA
MATZAGENTE, *to daunce; they supporting h*
SALINE, *in like manner, by* ALBERTO *and* B.
FLAVIA, *by* FELICHE *and* CASTILIO.

Pie. Beautious Amazon, sit and seat your thou

In the reposure of most soft content.
Sound musick there. Nay, daughter, cleare your eyes,
From these dull fogs of mistie discontent:
Look sprightly, girl. What? though Antonio's droun'd,
That peevish dotard on thy excellence,
That hated issue of Andrugio:
Yet maist thou tryumph in my victories;
Since, loe, the high borne bloodes of Italy
Sue for thy seate of love. [*Let musique sound.*
Beautie and youth run descant on loves ground.

Mat. Ladie, erect your gratious simmetry:
Shine in the spheare of sweete affection:
Your eye as heavie, as the heart of night.

Mel. My thoughts are as black as your bearde; my fortunes as ill proportioned as your legs; and all the powers of my minde as leaden as your wit, and as dustie as your face is swarthy.

Gal. Faith, sweet, ile lay thee on the lips for that jest.

Mel. I pree thee intrude not on a dead mans right.

Gal. No, but the livings just possession.
Thy lips, and love, are mine.

Mel. You nere tooke seizin on them yet: forbeare:
There's not a vacant corner of my heart,
But all is fild with deade Antonios losse.
Then urge no more; O leave to love at all;
Tis lesse disgracefull, not to mount, then fall.

Mat. Bright and refulgent ladie, daine your eare:
You see this blade,—had it a courtly lip,
It would divulge my valour, plead my love,
Justle that skipping feeble amorist
Out of your loves seat; I am Matzagent.

Gal. Harke thee, I pray thee taint not thy sweete eare

With that sots gabble; by thy beautious cheeke,
He is the flagging'st bulrush that ere droopt
With each slight mist of raine. But with pleas'd eye
Smile on my courtshippe.

Mel. What said you, sir? alas my thought was fixt
Upon another object. Good, forbeare:
I shall but weepe. Aye me, what bootes a teare!
Come, come, lets daunce. O musicke, thou distill'st
More sweetnesse in us then this jarring world:
Both time and measure from thy straines doe breath,
Whilst from the channell of this durt doth flowe
Nothing but timelesse griefe, unmeasured woe.

Ant. O how impatience cramps my cracked veins,
And cruddles thicke my blood, with boiling rage!
O eyes, why leape you not like thunderbolts,
Or canon bullets in my rivals face;
Oy me infeliche misero, o lamentevol fato?

Alb. What meanes the lady fal upon the ground?

Ros. Belike the falling sicknesse. [wild

Ant. I cannot brooke this sight, my thoughts gr
Here lies a wretch, on whome heaven never smilde.

Ros. What, servant, nere a word, and I here man?
I would shoot some speach forth, to strike the time
With pleasing touch of amorous complement.
Say sweete, what keepes thy minde, what think'st thou c

Alb. Nothing.

Ros. Whats that nothing?

Alb. A womans constancie.

Ros. Good, why, would'st thou have us sluts, and ne
shift the vestur of our thoughts? Away for shame.

Alb. O no, thart too constant to afflict my heart,
Too too firme fixed in unmooved scorne.

Ros. Pish, pish; I fixed in unmooved scorne?
Why, Ile love thee to night.

Alb. But whome to morrow?

Ros. Faith, as the toy puts me in the head.

Bal. And pleased the marble heavens, now would I might be the toy, to put you in the head, kindly to conceipt my my my: pray you give in an epithite for love.

Feli. Roaring, roaring.
O love, thou hast murdred me, made me a shadowe, and you heare not Balurdo, but Balurdos ghost.

Ros. Can a ghost speake?

Bal. Scurvily, as I doe.

Ros. And walke?

Bal. After their fashion.

Ros. And eate apples?

Bal. In a sort, in their garbe.

Feli. Pree thee, Flavia, be my mistresse.

Fla. Your reason, good Feliche?

Feli. Faith, I have nineteene mistresses alreadie, and I not much disdeigne that thou shold'st make up the ful score.

Fla. Oh, I heare you make common places of your mistresses, to performe the office of memory by. Pray you, in auncient times were not those satten hose? In good faith, now they are new dyed, pinkt and scoured, they showe as well as if they were new.
What, mute, Balurdo?

Feli. I, in faith, and twere not for printing, and painting, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.

Bal. I, an faith, and twere not for printing, and pointing, my breech and your face would be out of reparation.

Feli. Good againe, Echo.

Fla. Thou art, by nature, too foule to be affected.

Feli. And thou, by art, too faire to be beloved.
By wits life, most sparke spirits, but hard chance.
La ty dine.

Pie. Gallants, the night growes old; and downy slee
Courts us, to entertaine his company:
Our tyred limbes, brus'd in the morning fight,
Intreat soft rest, and gentle husht repose.
Fill out Greeke wines; prepare fresh cressit light:
Weele have a banquet: Princes, then good night.

¶ *The cornets sound a synnet, and the* DUKE *goes in state. As they are going out,* ANTONIO *sta* MELLIDA; *the rest exeunt.*

Ant. What meanes these scattred looks? why trem
Why quake your thoughts, in your distracted eyes? [y
Collect your spirits, Madam; what doe you see?
Dost not beholde a ghost?
Look, look where he stalks, wrapt up in clouds of grie
Darting his sowle upon thy wondring eyes.
Looke, he comes towards thee; see, he stretches out
His wretched armes to girt thy loved waste,
With a most wisht embrace: see'st him not yet?
Nor yet? Ha, Mellida; thou well maist erre:
For looke; he walkes not like Antonio:
Like that Antonio, that this morning shone,
In glistering habilliments of armes,
To seize his love, spight of her fathers spite:
But like himselfe, wretched, and miserable,
Banisht, forlorne, despairing, strook quite through,
With sinking griefe, rowled up in seaven-fould double
Of plagues, vanquishable: harke, he speakes to thee.

Mel. Alas, I can not heare, nor see him.

Ant. Why? al this night about the roome he stalkt,
And groand, and houl'd, with raging passion,
To view his love (life blood of all his hopes,
Crowne of his fortunes) clipt by strangers armes.
Looke but behinde thee.

Mel. O, Antonio; my lord, my love, my——

Ant. Leave passion, sweet, for time, place, aire, and earth,
Are all our foes: feare, and be jealous, faire,
Lets fly.

Mel. Deare heart; ha, whether?

Ant. O, tis no matter whether, but lets fly.
Ha! now I thinke ont, I have nere a home:
No father, friend, no country to imbrace
These wretched limbes: the world, the All that is,
Is all my foe: a prince not worth a doite:
Onelie my head is hoised to high rate,
Worth twentie thousand double pistolets,
To him that can but strike it from these shoulders.
But come, sweete creature, thou shalt be my home;
My father, country, riches, and my friend:
My all, my soule; and thou and I will live:
(Lets thinke like what) and thou and I will live
Like unmatcht mirrors of calamitie.
The jealous eare of night eave-drops our talke.
Holde thee, thers a jewell; and looke thee, thers a note
That will direct thee when, where, how to fly;
Bid me adieu.

Mel. Farewell, bleak misery!

Ant. Stay, sweet, lets kisse before you goe!

Mel. Farewell, deare soule!

Ant. Farewell, my life, my heart!

ACTUS TERTIUS.

¶ *Enter* ANDRUGIO *in armour*, LUCIO *with a sheepeheard gowne in his hand, and a Page.*

And. IS not yon gleame, the shuddering morne that flakes,
With silver tinctur, the east vierge of heaven?

Lu. I thinke it is, so please your excellence.

And. Away, I have no excellence to please.
Pree the observe the custome of the world,
That onely flatters greatnesse, States exalts.
And please my excellence! O Lucio,
Thou hast bin ever held respected deare,
Even pretious to Andrugios inmost love.
Good, flatter not. Nay, if thou giv'st not faith
That I am wretched, O read that, read that!

PIERO SFORZA *to the* ITALIAN PRINCES, *fortune.*

EXCELLENT, the just overthrowe ANDRUGIO *tooke in the Venetian gulfe, hath so assured the Genowaies of the justice of his cause, and the hatefulnesse of his person, that they have banisht him and all his family: and, for confirmation of their peace with us, have vowed, that if he, or his sonne, can be attached, to send us both their heads. Wee therefore, by force of our united league, forbid you to*

harbour him, or his blood: but if you apprehend his person, we intreat you to send him, or his head, to us. For wee vowe, by the honour of our blood, to recompence any man that bringeth his head, with twentie thousand double pistolets, and the indeering to our choysest love.

From Venice: PIERO SFORZA.

And. My thoughts are fixt in contemplation
Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal,
That eates her children, should not have eyes and ears.
Philosophie maintaines that Natur's wise,
And formes no uselesse or unperfect thing.
Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature?
For earthly durt makes all things, makes the man,
Moulds me up honour; and like a cunning Dutchman,
Paints me a puppit even with seeming breath,
And gives a sot appearance of a soule:
Goe to, goe to; thou liest, Philosophy.
Nature formes things unperfect, uselesse, vaine.
Why made she not the earth with eyes and eares?
That she might see desert, and heare men's plaints:
That when a soule is splited, sunke with griefe,
He might fall thus, upon the breast of earth;
And in her eare, halloo his misery:
Exclaming thus, O thou all-bearing earth,
Which men doe gape for, till thou cramst their mouths,
And choakst their throts with dust: O chaune thy brest,
And let me sinke into thee. Looke who knocks;
Andrugio cals. But O, she's deafe and blinde.
A wretch but leane reliefe on earth can finde.

Lu. Sweet lord, abandon passion, and disarme.
Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea,

We are rowl'd up upon the Venice marsh,
Lets clip all fortune, least more lowring fate.
And. More lowring fate? O Lucio, choak that b
Now I defy chance. Fortunes browe hath frown'd,
Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend:
Her venom's spit. Alas, what country rests,
What sonne, what comfort that she can deprive?
Tryumphes not Venice in my overthrow?
Gapes not my native country for my blood?
Lies not my sonne tomb'd in the swelling maine?
And yet more lowring fate? There's nothing left
Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio:
And that nor mischief, force, distresse, nor hel can t
Fortune my fortunes, not my minde shall shake.
Lu. Speake like your selfe; but give me leave, my
To wish your safetie. If you are but seene,
Your armes display you; therefore put them off,
And take ——. [
And. Would'st thou have me go unarm'd amon
Being besieg'd by passion, entring lists,
To combat with despaire and mightie griefe:
My soule beleaguerd with the crushing strength
Of sharpe impatience. Ha Lucio, goe unarm'd?
Come soule, resume the valour of thy birth;
My selfe, my selfe will dare all opposits:
Ile muster forces, an unvanquisht power:
Cornets of horse shall presse th' ungratefull earth;
This hollow wombed masse shall inly grone.
And murmur to sustaine the waight of armes:
Gastly amazement, with upstarted haire,
Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
Whil'st trumpets clamour, with a sound of death.

Lu. Peace, good, my Lord, your speach is al too light.
s, survey your fortunes, looke what 's left
all your forces, and your utmost hopes?
reake old man, a Page, and your poor selfe.
And. Andrugio lives, and a faire cause of armes,—
hy that's an armie all invincible!
e who hath that, hath a battalion
ral, armour of proofe, huge troups of barbed steeds,
ine squares of pikes, millions of harguebush.
, a faire cause stands firme, and will abide.
gions of Angels fight upon her side.
Lu. Then, noble spirit, slide, in strange disguise,
nto some gratious Prince, and sojourne there,
ll time and fortune give revenge firme meanes.
And. No, Ile not trust the honour of a man,
olde is growne great, and makes *perfidiousnesse*
common water in most princes courts:
le's in the Chekle-roule: Ile not trust my blood;
I know none breathing, but will cogge a dye
For twentie thousand double pistolets.
How goes the time?
Lu. I saw no sunne to day.
And. No sun wil shine, where poor Andrugio breaths:
My soule growes heavie: boy, let's have a song:
Weele sing yet, faith, even despite of fate.

CANTANT.

And. Tis a good boy, and by my troth, well sung.
), and thou felt'st my griefe, I warrant thee,
Thou would'st have strook division to the height,
And made the life of musicke breath: hold, boy: why so?
For Gods sake çall me not Andrugio,

That I may soone forget what I have bin.
For heavens name, name not Antonio,
That I may not remember he was mine.
Well, ere yon sunne set, Ile shew myselfe myselfe
Worthy my blood. I was a Duke; that's all.
No matter whether, but from whence we fall.

¶ *Enter* FELICHE *walking, unbrac't.*

Feli. Castilio? Alberto? Balurdo? none up?
Forobosco? Flattery, nor thou up yet:
Then there's no courtier stirring: that's firme tru
I cannot sleepe: Feliche seldome rests
In these court lodgings. I have walkt all night,
To see if the nocturnall court delights
Could force me envie their felicitie:
And by plaine troth; I will confesse plaine troth
I envie nothing, but the Travense light.
O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues, it might
See sport, heare speach of most strange surquedri
O, if that candle-light were made a Poet,
He would proove a rare firking Satyrist,
And drawe the core forth of impostum'd sin.
Well, I thanke heaven yet, that my content
Can envie nothing, but poore candle-light.
As for the other glistering copper spangs,
That glisten in the tyer of the Court,
Praise God, I eyther hate, or pittie them.
Well, here ile sleepe till that the sceane of up
Is past at Court. O calme husht rich content,
Is there a being blessednesse without thee?
How soft thou down'st the couch where thou dos
Nectar to life, thou sweet Ambrosian feast.

¶ *Enter* CASTILIO *and his Page:* CASTILIO *with a casting bottle of sweete water in his hand, sprinkling himselfe.*

Cast. Am not I a most sweete youth now?

Cat. Yes, when your throat's perfum'd; your verie words
Doe smell of ambergreece. O stay, sir, stay;
Sprinkle some sweete water to your shooes heeles,
That your mistresse may swear you have a sweet foot.

Cast. Good, very good, very passing passing good.

Feli. Fut, what trebble minikin squeaks there? ha? good? very good, very very good?

Cast. I will warble to the delicious concave of my
Mistresse eare: and strike her thoughts with
The pleasing touch of my voice.

CANTANT.

Cast. Feliche, health, fortune, mirth, and wine.

Feli. To thee my love divine.

Cast. I drinke to thee, sweeting.

Feli. Plague on thee for an asse!

Cast. Now thou hast seene the court; by the perfection of it, dost not envie it?

Feli. I wonder it doth not envie me.
Why, man, I have bene borne upon the spirits wings,
The soules swift Pegasus, the fantasie:
And from the height of contemplation,
Have view'd the feeble joynts men totter on.
I envie none; but hate, or pittie all.
For when I viewe, with an intentive thought,
That creature faire, but proud: him rich, but sot:
Th'other wittie, but unmeasured arrogant:
Him great, yet boundlesse in ambition:

Him high borne, but of base life: to'ther feard;
Yet feared feares, and fears most, to be most loved
Him wise, but made a foole for publick use:
Th'other learned, but selfe-opinionate:
When I discourse all these, and see my selfe
Nor faire, nor rich, nor wittie, great, nor fear'd,
Yet amply suted with all full content,
Lord, how I clap my hands, and smooth my brow,
Rubbing my quiet bosome, tossing up
A gratefull spirit to Omnipotence!

Cast. Ha, ha: but if thou knew'st my happiness
Thou wouldst even grate away thy soule to dust,
In envy of my sweete beatitude:
I can not sleepe for kisses; I can not rest
For ladies letters, that importune me
With such unused vehemence of love,
Straight to solicit them, that ——.

Feli. Confusion seize me, but I thinke thou lyest
Why should I not be sought to then as wel?
Fut, me thinks I am as like a man.
Troth, I have a good head of haire, a cheeke
Not as yet wan'd; a legge, faith, in the full.
I ha not a red beard, take not tobacco much:
And S'lid, for other parts of manlinesse—

Cast. Pew waw, you nere accorted them in pomp
Put your good parts in presence, gratiously.
Ha, and you had, why, they would ha come of, spri
To your armes; and su'd, and prai'd, and vow'd;
And opened all their sweetnesse to your love.

Feli. There are a number of such things, as then
Have often urg'd me to such loose beliefe:
But S'lid, you all doe lye, you all doe lie.

. have put on good cloathes, and smugd my face,
Strook a faire wench with a smart speaking eye:
Courted in all sorts, blunt, and passionate;
Had opportunitie put them to the ah!
And, by this light, I finde them wondrous chaste,
Impregnable; perchance a kisse, or so:
But for the rest, O most inexorable!

Cast. Nay then ifaith, pree thee looke here.

Shewes him the superscription of a seeming letter.

Fel. To her most esteemed, lov'd, and generous servant, Sig. Castilio Balthazar.

Pree the from whome comes this? faith, I must see.

From her that is devoted to thee, in most private sweetes of love; Rossaline.

Nay, God's my comfort, I must see the rest;
I must, *sans* ceremonie; faith, I must.

[Feliche *takes away the letter by force.*

Cast. O, you spoyle my ruffe, unset my haire; good, away.

Feli. Item, for strait canvas, thirteene pence halfe penny. Item, for an elle and a halfe of taffata to cover your olde canvas dubblet, foureteen shillings and three pence. S'light, this is a tailors bill.

Cast. In sooth, it is the outside of her letter, on which I tooke the copie of a tailors bill.

Dil. But tis not crost, I am sure of that. Lord have mercie on him, his credit hath given up the last gaspe. Faith, ile leave him; for hee lookes as melancholy as a wench the first night she ——. [*Exit.*

Feli. Honest musk-cod, twill not be so stitched together; take that, and that, and belie no ladies love: sweare no more by Jesu: this madam, that ladie; hence,

goe, forsweare the presence, travaile three years to buy this bastinado: avoide, puffe paste, avoide.

Cast. And tell not my ladie mother. Well, as I am a true gentleman, if she had not wild me on her blessing not to spoyle my face; if I could not finde in my heart to fight, would I might nere eate a potatoe pye more.

¶ *Enter* BALURDO, *backward;* DILDO *following him with a looking-glasse in one hand, and a candle in the other hand:* FLAVIA *following him backward, with a looking glasse in one hand, and a candle in the other;* ROSSALINE *following her.* BALURDO *and* ROSSALINE *stand setting of faces: and so the Sceane begins.*

Feli. More foole, more rare fooles! O, for time and place, long enough, and large enough, to acte these fooles! Here might be made a rare Scene of folly, if the plat could beare it.

Bal. By the suger-candy sky, hold up the glasse higher, that I may see to sweare in fashion. O, one locke more would ha made them shine; Gods neakes, they would have shone like my mystresse browe. Even so the Duke frownes for all this cursond world: oh, that germe kils, it kils. By my golden—what's the richest thing about me?

Dil. Your teeth.

Bal. By my golden teeth, hold up; that I may put in: hold up, I say, that I may see to put on my gloves.

Dil. O, delicious, sweet cheekt master, if you discharge but one glance from the levell of that set face, O, you will strike a wench; youle make any wench love you.

Bal. By Jesu, I think I am as elegant a Courtier, as ——. How lik'st thou my suite?

ıll, beyond all, no peregal: you are wondered at se.

Well, Dildo, no Christen creature shall knowe r, what I will doe for thee heretofore.

Here wants a little white, Flavia.

I, but master, you have one little fault; you sleepe ıouth'd.

. Pewe, thou jeststt. In good sadnesse, Ile have a ıg glasse nail'd to the testarn of the bed, that I may rhen I sleep, whether tis so, or not; take heed you ıot: goe to, take heede you lye not.

la. By my troth, you looke as like the princesse, now ıut her lip is lip —— is a little —— redder, a very le redder: but by the helpe of Art, or Nature, ere I ange my perewigge, mine shall be as red.

Fla. O, I, that face, that eye, that smile, that writhing f your bodie, that wanton dandling of your fan, becoms prethely, so sweethly, tis even the goodest Ladie that ɔreathes, the most amiable ——. Faith, the fringe of your ıattin peticote is ript. Good faith, madam, they say you ıre the most bounteous Lady to your women that ever ——) most delitious beautie! Good Madam, let me kith it.

¶ *Enter* PIERO.

Feli. Rare sport, rare sport! A female foole, and a ɛmale flatterer.

Ros. Bodie a mee, the Duke: away the glasse.

Pie. Take up your paper, Rossaline.

Ros. Not mine, my Lord.

Pie. Not yours, my Ladie? Ile see what tis.

Bal. And how does my sweete mistresse? O Ladie ɛare, even as tis an olde say, Tis an old horse can neither

wighy, nor wagge his taile: even so doe I hold face still: even so, tis a bad courtier that can nei course, nor blow his nose.

Pie. Meet me at Abraham's, the Jewes, where my Amazon's disguise. A shippe lies in the port, reac for England; make haste, come private. ANTC

¶ *Enter* CASTILIO, FOROBOSCO.

Forobosco, Alberto, Feliche, Castilio, Balurdo! keepe the Palace, post to the ports, goe to my c ters chamber: whether now? scud to the Jewes, runne to the gates, stop the gundolets, let none pass marsh, doe all at once. Antonio? his head, his l Keep you the Court, the rest stand still, or runne, or er shoute, or search, or scud, or call, or hang, or doe doe, su su su, somthing: I know not who who w what I do do do, nor who who who, where I am.

O trista traditriche, rea, ribalda fortuna,
Negando mi vindetta mi causa fera morte.

Feli. Ha ha ha! I could breake my splene at his i patience.

Ant. Alma et gratiosa fortuna siate favorevole,
Et fortunati siano vuoti del mia dulce Mellida, Mellida.

Mel. Alas, Antonio, I have lost thy note!
A number mount my staires; ile straight returne.

Fel. Antonio,
Be not affright, sweete Prince; appease thy feare,
Buckle thy spirits up, put all thy wits
In wimble action, or thou art surpriz'd.

Ant. I care not.

Fel. Art mad, or desperate? or ——.

Ant. Both, both, all, all: I pree thee let mee ly;
Spight of you all, I can, and I will dy.

Fel. You are distraught; O, this is madnesse breath!
Ant. Each man take hence life, but no man death:
Hee's a good fellow, and keepes open house:
A thousand thousand waies lead to his gate,
To his wide-mouth'd porch: when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.
We wring our selves into this wretched world,
To pule, and weepe, exclaime, to curse and raile,
To fret, and ban the fates, to strike the earth,
As I doe now. Antonio, curse thy birth,
And die!
Feli. Nay, heavens my comfort, now you are perverse;
You know I alwaies lov'd you; pree thee live.
Wilt thou strike deade thy friends, drawe mourning teares?
Ant. Alas, Feliche, I ha nere a friend;
No country, father, brother, kinsman left
To weepe my fate, or sigh my funerall:
I roule but up and downe, and fill a seat
In the darke cave of dusky misery. [key,
Feli. Fore heaven, the Duke comes: hold you, take my
Slinke to my chamber, looke you; that is it:
There shall you finde a suite I wore at sea;
Take it, and slippe away. Nay, pretious,
If youle be peevish, by this light, Ile sweare,
Thou rail'dst upon thy love before thou dyedst,
And call'd her strumpet.
Ant. Sheele not credit thee.
Fel. Tut, that's all one: ile defame thy love;
And make thy deade trunke held in vile regard.
Ant. Wilt needs have it so? why then, Antonio,
Vive esperanza, in despetto dell fato.

¶ *Enter* PIERO, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, FOROE BALURDO, *and* CASTILIO, *with weapons.*

Pie. O, my sweet princes, was't not bravely foun
Even there I found the note, even there it lay.
I kisse the place for joy, that there it lay.
This way he went, here let us make a stand:
Ile keepe this gate my selfe: O gallant youth!
Ile drinke carouse unto your countries health,

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO.

Even in Antonio's scull.

Bal. Lord blesse us: his breath is more fearefull a sergeants voice, when he cries, I arrest.

Ant. Stoppe Antonio, keepe, keepe Antonio.

Pie. Where, where man, where?

Ant. Here, here: let me pursue him down marsh.

Pie. Hold, there's my signet, take a gundelet:
Bring me his head, his head, and, by mine honour,
Ile make thee the wealthiest mariner that breathes.

Ant. Ile sweate my blood out, till I have him saf

Pie. Speake heartily ifaith, good mariner.
O, wee will mount in triumph: soone at night,
Ile set his head up. Lets thinke where.

Bal. Up on his shoulders, that's the fittest place
If it be not as fit as if it were made for them,
Balurdo, thou art a sot, an asse.

¶ *Enter* MELLIDA *in Pages attire, dauncing.*

Pie. Sprightly, ifaith. In troth he's somwhat lik
My daughter Mellida: but alas poore soule,
Her honour heeles, God knowes, are halfe so light.

Mel. Escap't I am, spite of my fathers spight.
Pie. Ho, this will warm my bosome ere I sleepe.

¶ *Enter* FLAVIA *running.*

Fla. O my Lord, your daughter.
Pie. I, I, my daughter's safe enough, I warrant thee.
This vengeance on the boy will lengthen out
My daies unmeasuredly.
It shall be chronicled, time to come;
Piero Sforza slewe Andrugio's sonne.
Fla. I, but my Lord, your daughter.
Pie. I, I, my good wench, she is safe enough.
Fla. O, then, my Lord, you know she's run away.
Pie. Run away, away, how run away?
Fla. She's vanisht in an instante, none knowes whether.
Pie. Pursue, pursue, fly, run, post, scud away!
[FELICHE *sing; And was not good king Salomon.*
Fly, call, run, rowe, ride, cry, shout, hurry, haste:
Haste, hurry, shoute, cry, ride, rowe, run, call, fly
Backward and forward, every way about.
Maldetta fortuna chy condura sorta
Che faro, che diro, pur fugir tanto mal!
Cast. Twas you that struck me even now: was it not?
Fel. It was I that struck you even now.
Cast. You bastinadoed me, I take it.
Fel. I bastinadoed you, and you tooke it.
Cast. Faith, sir, I have the richest tobacco in the court for you; I would be glad to make you satisfaction, if I have wronged you. I would not the sun should set upon your anger; give me your hand.
Feli. Content faith, so thou'lt breed no more such lies. I hate not man, but man's lewd qualities.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO, *in his sea gowne running.*

Ant. STOP, stop Antonio, stay, Antonio.
Vaine breath, vaine breath, Antonio's lost;
He can not finde himselfe, not seize himselfe.
Alas, this that you see is not Antonio,
His spirit hovers in Piero's court,
Hurling about his agill faculties,
To apprehend the sight of Mellida:
But poore, poore soule, wanting apt instruments
To speake or see, stands dumbe and blinde, sad spirit,
Roul'd up in gloomie clouds as black as ayer,
Through which the rustie coach of Night is drawne.
Tis so, ile give you instance that tis so.
Conceipt you me. As having clasp't a rose
Within my palme, the rose being tane away,
My hand retaines a little breath of sweete:
So may man's trunke; his spirit slipt awaie,
Holds still a faint perfume of his sweet ghest.
Tis so; for when discursive powers flie out,
And rome in progresse through the bounds of heaven,
The soule itselfe gallops along with them,
As chiefetaine of this winged troope of thought,
Whilst the dull lodge of spirit standeth waste,

Untill the soule returne from ——. What wast I said?
O, this is naught, but speckling melancholie.
I have beene—
That Morpheus tender skinp—Cosen germane
Beare with me good—
Mellida: clod upon clod thus fall.
Hell is beneath; yet heaven is over all.

¶ *Enter* ANDRUGIO, LUCIO, COLE, *and* NORWOD.

And. Come, Lucio, lets goe eat: what hast thou got?
Rootes, rootes? alas, they are seeded, new cut up.
O, thou hast wrong'd Nature, Lucio:
But bootes not much; thou but pursu'st the world,
That cuts off vertue, fore it comes to growth,
Least it should seed, and so orerun her sonne,
Dull pore-blind error. Give me water, boy.
There is no poison in't I hope, they say
That lukes in massie plate: and yet the earth
Is so infected with a generall plague,
That hee's most wise, that thinks there's no man foole:
Right prudent, that esteemes no creature just:
Great policy the least things to mistrust.
Give me Assay ——. How we mock greatnesse now!

Lu. A strong conceit is rich, so most men deeme.
If not to be, tis comfort yet to seeme.

And. Why man, I never was a Prince till now.
Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Guilt tipstaves, Tyrrian purple, chaires of state,
Troopes of pide butterflies, that flutter still
In greatnesse summer, that confirme a prince:
Tis not the unsavory breath of multitudes,
Showting and clapping, with confused dinne;

That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares doe aught, save wron
Feares nothing mortall, but to be unjust,
Who is not blowne up with the flattering puffes
Of spungy sycophants: Who stands unmov'd,
Despight the justling of opinion:
Who can enjoy himselfe, maugre the throng
That strive to presse his quiet out of him:
Who sits upon Jove's footestoole, as I doe,
Adoring, not affecting, majestie:
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crowne
Of cleare content: this, Lucio, is a king.
And of this empire, every man's possest,
That's worth his soule.

Lu. My Lord, the Genowaies had wont to say—

And. Name not the Genowaies: that very word
Unkings me quite, makes me vile passions slave.
O, you that made open the glibbery ice
Of vulgar favour, viewe Andrugio.
Was never prince with more applause confirm'd,
With louder shouts of tryumph launched out
Into the surgy maine of government:
Was never Prince with more despight cast out,
Left shipwrackt, banisht, on more guiltlesse groun
O rotten props of the craz'd multitude,
How you stil double, faulter, under the lightest ch
That straines your vaines. Alas, one battle lost, [
Your whorish love, your drunken healths, your ho
Your smooth God save's, and all your divels last,
That tempts our quiet, to your hell of throngs.
Spit on me, Lucio, for I am turned slave:
Observe how passion domineres ore me.

Lu. No wonder, noble Lord, having lost a sonne,
A country, crowne, and ——.
And. I, Lucio, having lost a sonne, a sonne,
A country, house, crowne, sonne. *O lares, misereri lares.*
Which shall I first deplore? My sonne, my sonne,
My deare sweete boy, my deare Antonio.
Ant. Antonio.
And. I, eccho, I; I meane Antonio.
Ant. Antonio, who means Antonio?
And. Where art? what art? know'st thou Antonio?
Ant. Yes.
And. Lives hee?
Ant. No.
And. Where lies hee deade?
Ant. Here.
And. Where?
Ant. Here.
And. Art thou Antonio?
Ant. I thinke I am.
And. Dost thou but think? What dost not know thy selfe?
Ant. He is a foole that thinks he knowes himselfe.
And. Upon thy faith to heaven, give thy name.
Ant. I were not worthy of Andrugio's blood,
If I denied my name's Antonio.
And. I were not worthy to be call'd thy father,
If I denied my name Andrugio.
And dost thou live? O, let me kisse thy cheeke,
And deaw thy browe with trickling drops of joy.
Now heavens will be done: for I have lived
To see my joy, my sonne Antonio.
Give me thy hand; now fortune doe thy worst,

His blood, that lapt thy spirit in the wombe,
Thus (in his love) will make his armes thy tombe.
Ant. Blesse not the bodie with your twining arme
Which is accurst of heaven. O, what black sinne
Hath bin committed by our auntient house,
Whose scalding vengeance lights upon our heads,
That thus the world, and fortune casts us out,
As loathed objects, ruines branded slaves.
And. Doe not expostulate the heavens will:
But, O, remember to forget thy selfe:
Forget remembrance what thou once hast bin.
Come, creepe with me from out this open ayre.
Even trees have tongues, and will betray our life.
I am a raising of our house, my boye:
Which fortune will not envie, tis so meane,
And like the world (all durt) there shalt thou rippe
The inwards of thy fortunes, in mine eares,
Whilst I sit weeping, blinde with passions teares:
Then ile begin, and weele such order keepe,
That one shall still tell greefes, the other weepe.
[*Exit* Andrugio, *leaving* Antonio, *and his P*
Ant. Ile follow you. Boy, pree thee stay a little.
Thou hast had a good voice, if this colde marshe,
Wherein we lurke, have not corrupted it.

¶ *Enter* MELLIDA, *standing out of sight, in her Pages s*
I pree thee sing, but sirra (marke you me)
Let each note breath the heart of passion,
The sad extracture of extreamest griefe.
Make me a straine; speake, groning like a bell,
That towles departing soules.
Breath me a point that may inforce me weepe,

To wring my hands, to breake my cursed breast,
Rave, and exclaime, lie groveling on the earth,
Straight start up frantick, crying, Mellida!
Sing but, Antonio hath lost Mellida,
And thou shalt see mee (like a man possest)
Howle out such passion, that even this brinish marsh
Will squease out teares from out his spungy cheekes:
The rocks even groane, and—
Pree thee, pree thee sing:
Or I shall nere ha done when I am in,
Tis harder for me end, then to begin.
[*The Boy runnes a note*, Antonio *breakes it.*
For looke thee, boy, my griefe that hath no end,
I may begin to playne, but —— pree thee sing.

CANTANT.

Mel. Heaven keep you, sir!
Ant. Heaven keepe you from me, sir!
Mel. I must be acquainted with you, sir.
Ant. Wherefore? Art thou infected with misery,
Sear'd with the anguish of calamitie?
Art thou true sorrow, hearty griefe? canst weepe?
I am not for thee if thou canst not rave,
[Antonio *falls on the ground.*
Fall flat on the ground, and thus exclaime on heaven;
O trifling Nature, why enspiredst thou breath?
Mel. Stay, sir, I thinke you named Mellida.
Ant. Know'st thou Mellida?
Mel. Yes.
Ant. Hast thou seene Mellida?
Mel. Yes.
Ant. Then hast thou seene the glory of her sex,

The musick of Nature, the unequall'd lustre
Of unmatched excellence, the united sweete
Of heavens graces, the most adored beautie,
That ever strooke amazement in the world!

Mel. You seeme to love her.

Ant. With my very soule.

Mel. Shele not requite it: all her love is fixt
Upon a gallant, on Antonio,
The Duke of Genoas sonne. I was her page:
And often as I waited, she would sigh;
O, deere Antonio! and to strengthen thought,
Would clip my neck, and kisse, and kisse me thus.
Therefore leave loving her: fa, faith me thinks
Her beautie is not halfe so ravishing
As you discourse of; she hath a freckled face,
A lowe forehead, and a lumpish eye.

Ant. O heaven, that I should heare such blasphemie
Boy, rogue, thou liest! and
Spavento dell mio core dolce Mellida,
Di grava morte restoro vero dolce Mellida,
Celesta salvatrice sovrana Mellida
Del mio sperar; trofeo vero Mellida.

Mel. Diletta e soave anima mia Antonio,
Godevole belezza cortese Antonio.
Signior mio e virginal amore bell' Antonio
Gusto delli mei sensi, car' Antonio.

Ant. O suamisce il cor in un soave baccio,

Mel. Murono i sensi nel desiato dessio:

Ant. Nel Cielo puo lesser belta pia chiara?

Mel. Nel mondo pol esser belta pia chiara?

Ant. Dammi un baccio da quella bocca beata,

Bassiammi, coglier l'aura odorata
Che in sua neggia in quello dolce labra.
Mel. Dammi pimpero del tuo gradit' amore
Che bea me, cosempiterno honore,
Cosi, cosi mi converra morir.

Good sweet, scout ore the marsh: for my heart trembles
At every little breath that strikes my eare.
When thou returnest, then ile discourse
How I deceiv'd the court: then thou shall tell
How thou escapt'st the watch: weele point our speech
With amorous kissing, kissing commaes, and even suck
The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Ant. Dul clod, no man but such sweete favour clips.
I goe, and yet my panting blood perswades me stay.
Turne cowarde in her sight? away, away!

Luc. I thinke confusion of Babell is falne upon those lovers, that they change their language; but I feare mee, my master having but fained the person of a woman, hath got their unfained imperfection, and is growne double tongu'd: as for Mellida, she were no woman, if shee could not yeelde strange language. But howsoever, if I should sit in judgement, tis an errour easier to be pardoned by the auditors, then excused by the authours; and yet some private respect may rebate the edge of the keener censure.

¶ *Enter* PIERO, CASTILIO, MATZAGENTE, FOROBOSCO, FELICHE, GALEATZO, BALURDO, *and his Page, at another dore.*

Pie. This way shee took: search, my sweet gentlemen.
How now, Balurdo, canst thou meete with any body?

Bal. As I am a true gentleman, I made my horse

sweat, that he hath nere a dry thread on him: and I can meete with no living creature, but men and beastes. In good sadnesse, I would have sworne I had seene Mellida even now: for I sawe a thing stirre under a hedge, and I peep't, and I spyed a thing: and I peer'd, and I tweerd underneath: and truly a right wise man might have beene deceived: for it was ——.

Pie. What, in the name of heaven?

Bal. A dun cowe.

Feli. Sh'ad nere a kettle on her head?

Pie. Boy, didst thou see a yong lady passe this way?

Gal. Why speake you not?

Bal. Gods neakes, proude elfe, give the Duke reverence, stand bare with a ——.
Whogh! heavens bless me: Mellida, Mellida!

Pie. Where man, where?

Bal. Turnd man, turnd man: women weare the breaches, loe here!

Pie. Light and unduteous! kneele not, peevish elfe,
Speake not, entreate not, shame unto my house,
Curse to my honour. Where's Antonio?
Thou traitresse to my hate, what is he shipt
For England now? well, whimpering harlot, hence!

Mel. Good father!

Pie. Good me no goods. Seest thou that sprightly youth? ere thou canst tearme to morrow morning old, thou shalt call him thy husband, lord, and love.

Mel. Ay me.

Pie. Blirt on your ay mees, gard her safely hence.
Drag her away, ile be your gard to night.
Young Prince, mount up your spirits, and prepare
To solemnise your nuptials eve with pompe.

Gal. The time is scant: now nimble wits appeare:
Phœbus begins gleame, the welkin's cleare.

[*Exeunt all, but* Balurdo *and his Page.*

Bal. Now nimble wits appeare: ile my selfe appeare,
Balurdo's selfe, that in quick wit doth surpasse,
Will shew the substance of a compleat ——.

Dil. Asse, asse.

Bal. Ile mount my courser, and most gallantly prick ——.

Dil. Gallantly prick is too long, and stands hardly in the verse, sir.

Bal. Ile speake pure rime, and will so bravely pranke it, that ile tosse love like a pranke, pranke it: a rime for pranke it?

Dil. Blankit.

Bal. That ile tosse love, like a dogge in a blanket: ha ha, in deede law. I thinke, ha ha; I thinke, ha ha, I think I shall tickle the Muses. And I strike it not deade, say, Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

Dil. Balurdo, thou art an arrant sot.

¶ *Enter* ANDRUGIO *and* ANTONIO *wreathed together,* LUCIO.

And. Now, come, united force of chap-falne death:
Come, power of fretting anguish, leave distresse.
O, thus infoulded, we have breasts of proofe
Gainst all the venom'd stings of misery.

Ant. Father, now I have an antidote
Gainst all the poyson that the world can breath:
My Mellida, my Mellida doth blesse
This bleak waste with her presence. How now, boy,
Why dost thou weepe? alas! where's Mellida?

Ant. Ay me, my Lord.

And. A sodden horror doth invade my blood,
My sinewes tremble, and my panting heart
Scuds round about my bosome to goe out,
Dreading the assailant, horrid passion.
O, be no tyrant, kill me with one blowe.
Speake quickly, briefely, boy.

Pa. Her father found, and seis'd her; she is gone.

And. Son, heat thy bloode, be not frose up with grief.
Courage, sweet boy, sinke not beneath the waight
Of crushing mischiefe. O where's thy dantlesse heart,
Thy fathers spirit! I renounce thy blood,
If thou forsake thy valour.

Lu. See how his grief speakes in his slow-pac't steps:
Alas, tis more than he can utter, let him goe.
Dumbe solitary path best suteth woe.

And. Give me my armes, my armour, Lucio. [use

Lu. Deare Lord, what means this rage, when lacking
Scarce safes your life, will you in armour rise?

And. Fortune feares valour, presseth cowardize.

Lu. Then valour gets applause, when it hath place,
And meanes to blaze it.

And. Nunquam potest non esse.

Lu. Patience, my lord, may bring your ils some end.

And. What patience, friend, can ruin'd hopes attend?
Come, let me die like old Andrugio:
Worthy my birth. O blood-true-honor'd graves
Are farre more blessed then base life of slaves. [*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

¶ *Enter* BALURDO, *a Painter with two pictures, and* DILDO.

Bal. AND are you a painter? sir, can you drawe, can you drawe?

Pa. Yes sir.

Bal. Indeede, lawe! now so can my fathers forehorse. And are these the workmanshippe of your hands?

Pa. I did lymne them.

Bal. Lymne them? a good word, lymne them: whose picture is this? *Anno Domini* 1599. Beleeve me, master Anno Domini was of a good settled age when you lymn'd him. 1599 yeares old? Lets see the other. *Etatis suæ* 24. Bir Ladie, he is somewhat younger. Belike master Etatis suæ was Anno Dominies sonne.

Pa. Is not your master a——

Dil. He hath a little proclivitie to him.

Pa. Proclivitie, good youth? I thank you for your courtly proclivitie.

Bal. Approach, good sir. I did send for you to drawe me a devise, an Imprezza, by Sinecdoche a Mott. By Phœbus crymson taffata mantle, I thinke I speake as melodiously,—looke you, sir, how thinke you on't? I wold have you paint mee, for my device, a good fat legge

of ewe mutton, swimming in stewde broth of pl
(boy, keele your mouth, it runnes over) and the wor
be, Holde my dish, whilst I spill my pottage. S
my conscience, twould be the most sweete device, n

Pa. Twould sent of kitchin-stuffe too much.

Bal. Gods neakes, now I remember mee, I ha the
devise in my head that ever breathed. Can you pa
a driveling reeling song, and let the word be, Uh.

Pa. A belch.

Bal. O, no, no: Uh, paint me uh, or nothing.

Pa. It can not be done, sir, but by a seeming
drunkennesse.

Bal. No? well, let me have a good massie rin
your owne poesie graven in it, that must sing a
trebble, worde for word, thus;

And if you will my true lover be,
Come followe me to the greene wodde.

Pa. O Lord, sir, I can not make a picture sing. [

Bal. Why? z'lid, I have seen painted things
But I hav't will tickle it, for a conceipt ifaith.

¶ *Enter* FELICHE *and* ALBERTO.

Alb. O deare Feliche, give me thy device.
How shall I purchase love of Rossaline?

Feli. S'will, flatter her soundly.

Alb. Her love is such, I can not flatter her:
But with my utmost vehemence of speach,
I have ador'd her beauties.

Feli. Hast writ good moving unaffected rimes to

Alb. O, yes, Feliche, but she scornes my writ.

Feli. Hast thou presented her with sumptuous gi

Alb. Alas, my fortunes are too weake to offer them.

Feli. O, then I have it, ile tell thee what to doe.

Alb. What, good Feliche?

Feli. Goe and hang thy selfe; I say, goe hang thy selfe,
If that thou canst not give, goe hang thy selfe:
Ile time thee dead, or verse thee to the rope.
How thinkst thou of a poet that sung thus:
Munera sola pacant, sola addunt munera formam:
Munere solicites Pallada, Cypris erit.
Munera, munera.

Alb. Ile goe and breath my woes unto the rocks,
And spend my griefe upon the deafest seas.
Ile weepe my passion to the senselesse trees,
And loade most solitarie ayre with plaints.
For wods, trees, sea, or rocky Appenine,
Is not so ruthlesse as my Rossaline.
Farewell, deare friend, expect no more of mee,
Here ends my part, in this loves Comedy.

[*Exit* Alberto. *Exit Paynter.*

Feli. Now, master Balurdo, whether are you going, ha?

Bal. Signior Feliche, how doe you, faith, and by my troth, how doe you?

Feli. Whether art thou going, bully?

Bal. And as heaven helpe mee, how doe you?
How, doe you ifaith he?

Feli. Whether art going, man?

Bal. O God, to the court; ile be willing to give you grace and good countnance, if I may but see you in the presence.

Feli. O, to court? farewell.

Bal. If you see one in a yellow taffata dubblet, cut upon carnation velure, a greene hat, a blewe paire of

velvet hose, a gilt rapier, and an orenge tawny pair of worsted silk stockings, thats I, thats I.

Feli. Very good, farewell.

Bal. Ho, you shall knowe me as easily; I ha bought mee a newe greene feather with a red sprig; you shall see my wrought shirt hang out at my breeches; you shall know me.

Feli. Very good, very good, farewell.

Bal. Marrie, in the maske twill be somewhat harde. But if you heare any bodie speake so wittily, that hee makes all the roome laugh; that's I, that's I. Farewell, good Signior.

¶ *Enter* FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *a Boy carrying a gilt harpe:* PIERO, MELLIDA *in night apparrell,* ROSSALINE, FLAVIA, *two Pages.*

Pie. Advance the musiques prize; now, capring wits,
Rise to your highest mount; let choyce delight
Garland the browe of this tryumphant night.
Sfoote, a sits like Lucifer himselfe.

Ros. Good sweete Duke, first let their voyces strain for musicks price. Give mee the golden harpe: faith with your favour, ile be umperesse.

Pie. Sweete neece, content: boyes, cleare your voice and sing.

1. CANTAT.

Ros. By this goulde, I had rather have a servant with a short nose, and a thinne haire, than have such a high stretcht minikin voice.

Pie. Faire neece, your reason?

Ros. By the sweete of love, I should feare extreamely that he were an eunuch.

Cas. Sparke spirit, how like you his voice?

Ros. Spark spirit, how like you his voice? So helpe me, youth, thy voice squeakes like a dry cork shoe: come, come; lets heare the next.

2. CANTAT.

Pie. Trust me, a stronge meane. Well sung, my boy.

¶ *Enter* BALURDO.

Bal. Hold, hold, hold: are yee blind? could ye not see my voice comming for the harpe? And I knock not division on the head, take hence the harpe, make mee a slip, and let me goe but for nine pence. Sir Marke, strike up for master Balurdo.

3. CANTAT.

Judgement, gentlemen, judgement. Wast not above line? I appeale to your mouthes that heard my song.
Doe me right, and dub me knight, Balurdo.

Ros. Kneele downe, and ile dub thee knight of the golden harpe.

Bal. Indeed law, doe, and ile make you ladie of the silver fiddlestick.

Ros. Come, kneele, kneele.

¶ *Enter a Page to* BALURDO.

Bal. My troth, I thank you, it hath never a whistle in't.

Ros. Naie, good sweet cuz, raise up your drooping eies; and I were at the point of To have and to hold, from this day forward, I would be asham'd to looke thus lumpish. What, my prettie cuz, tis but the losse of an od maiden-

head: shall's daunce? thou art so sad, harke in mi
I was about to say, but ile forbeare.

Bal. I come, I come; more then most hunn
sweete ladies, pine not for my presence, ile re
pompe. Well spoke, sir Jeffrey Balurdo. As I a
knight, I feele honourable eloquence begin to gr
alreadie.

Pie. Faith, mad neece, I wonder when thou wilt

Ros. Faith, kinde uncle, when men abandor
forsake taking of tobacco, and cease to weare thei
so rudely long. Oh, to have a husband with
continually smoaking, with a bush of furs on the
his chinne, readie still to flop into his foming ch
tis more than most intollerable.

Pie. Nay faith, sweete neece, I was mightie s
thought we should have shut up night with
comedie: the Prince of Millane shall have Mel
thou shouldst have ——.

Ros. No bodie, good sweete uncle. I tell y
have thirty-nine servants, and my munkey that m
fortieth. Now I love al of them lightly for someth
affect none of them seriously for anything. One'
sionate foole, and hee flatters mee above beli
second's a teastie ape, and hee railes at mee bey
son: the third's as grave as some Censor, and he
up his mustachoes three times, and makes six
set faces, before he speakes one wise word: the
as dry as the burre of an heartichoke; the fifth
and hath alwaies a good colour for what hee spea
sixt——.

Pie. Stay, stay, sweet neece, what makes you
pect young gallants worth?

Ros. Oh, when I see one were a perewig, I dreade his haire; another wallowe in a greate sloppe, I mistrust the proportion of his thigh; and weares a ruffled boot, I feare the fashion of his legge. Thus, something in each thing, one tricke in every thing makes me mistrust imperfection in all parts; and there's the full point of my addiction.

The Cornets sound a cynet.

¶ *Enter* GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, *and* BALURDO *in maskery.*

Pie. The roome's too scant: boyes, stand in there, close.

Mel. In faithe, faire sir, I am too sad to daunce.

Pie. How's that, how's that? too sad? By heaven, And grace him to, or, goe to,—I say no more. [dance,

Mel. A burning glasse, the word *splendente Phœbo?* Tis too curious, I conceipt it not.

Gal. Faith, ile tel thee. Ile no longer burne, then youle shine and smile upon my love. For looke yee, fairest, by your pure sweets,
I doe not dote upon your excellence.
And faith, unlesse you shed your brightest beames
Of sunny favour, and acceptive grace
Upon my tender love, I doe not burne:
Marry but shine, and ile reflect your beames,
With fervent ardor. Faith! I wuld be loath to flatter thee, faire soule, because I love, not doat, court like thy husband, which thy father sweares, to morrowe morne, I must be. This is all; and now from henceforth, trust me, Mellida, Ile not speake one wise word to thee more.

Mel. I trust yee.

Gal. By my troth, Ile speak pure foole to thee now.

Mel. You will speake the liker your selfe.

Gal. Good faith, Ile accept of the cockescombe, so you will not refuse the bable.

Mel. Nay, good sweet, keepe them both; I am enamour'd of neither.

Gal. Goe to, I must take you downe for this. Lende me your eare.

Ros. A glowe worme? the word,—*Splendescit tantùm tenebris.*

Mat. O, ladie, the glowe worme figurates my valour, which shineth brightest in most darke, dismal, and horrid atchievements.

Ros. Or rather, your glowe worme represents your wit, which only seems to have fire in it, though indeed tis but an *ignis fatuus*, and shines onely in the darke, deade night of fooles admiration.

Mat. Ladie, my wit hath spurs, if it were dispos'd to ride you.

Ros. Faith, sir, your wits spurs have but walking rowels; dull, blunt, they will not drawe blood: the gentlemen ushers may admit them the presence, for anie wrong they can doe to ladies.

Bal. Truely, I have strained a note above Ela for a devise; looke you, tis a faire rul'd singing booke: the word, *Perfect, if it were prickt.*

Fla. Though you are mask't, I can guesse who you are by your wit. You are not the exquisite Balurdo, the most rarely shap't Balurdo.

Bal. Who, I? No, I am not Sir Jeffrey Balurdo. I am not as well knowne by my wit as an alehouse by a red lattice. I am not worthy to love and be beloved of Flavia.

Fla. I will not scorne to favour such good parts as are applauded in your rarest selfe.

Bal. Truely, you speake wisely, and like a jantlewoman of foureteene yeares of age. You know the stone called *lapis;* the nearer it comes to the fire, the hotter it is: and the bird, which the geometricians cal *avis*, the farther it is from the earth, the nearer it is to the heaven; and love, the nigher it is to the flame, the more remote (ther's a word, remote), the more remote it is from the frost. Your wit is quicke; a little thinge pleaseth a young ladie, and a smal favour contenteth an ould courtier; and so, sweete mistresse, I trusse my codpeece point.

¶ *Enter* FELICHE.

Pie. What might import this florish? Bring us word.

Feli. Stand away: here's such a companie of flibotes, hulling about this galleasse of greatnesse, that there's no boarding him.

Doe you heare yon thing call'd duke?

Pie. How now, blunt Feliche; what's the newes?

Feli. Yonder's a knight, hath brought Andrugio's head, and craves admittance to your chaire of state.

¶ *Cornets sound a cynet. Enter* ANDRUGIO, *in armour.*

Pie. Conduct him with attendance sumptuous;
Sound all the pleasing instruments of joy;
Make tryumph stand on tiptoe whil'st we meete:
O sight most gratious, O revenge most sweete!

And. We vowe, by the honour of our birth, to recompence any man that bringeth Andrugio's head, with twentie thousand double pistolets, and the endeering to our choysest love.

Pie. We still with most unmov'd resolv'd confirme
Our large munificence: and here breath

A sad and solemne protestation:
When I recall this vowe, O, let our house
Be even commaunded, staind, and trampled on,
As worthlesse rubbish of nobilitie.
And. Then here, Piero, is Andrugio's head,
Royally casked in a helme of steele:
Give me thy love, and take it. My dauntlesse soule
Hath that unbounded vigor in his spirits
That it can beare more ranke indignitie,
With lesse impatience than thy cancred hate
Can sting and venome his untainted worth
With the most viperous sound of malice. Strike;
O, let no glimse of honour light thy thoughts,
If there be any heat of royall breath
Creeping in thy vaines, O stifle it.
Be still thy selfe, bloodie and trecherous.
Fame not thy house with an admired acte
Of princely pittie. Piero, I am come
To soyle thy house with an eternall blot
Of savage crueltie; strike, or bid me strike.
I pray my death; that thy nere dying shame
Might live immortall to posteritie.
Come, be a princely hangman, stoppe my breath.
O dread thou shame, no more then I dread death.
Pie. We are amaz'd, our royall spirits numm'd,
In stiffe astonisht wonder at thy prowesse,
Most mightie, valiant, and high towring heart.
We blush, and turne our hate upon our selves,
For hating such an unpeer'd excellence.
I joy my state: him whome I loath'd before,
That now I honour, love, nay more, adore.
[*The still flutes sound a mournfull cynet. Enter a c*

But stay; what tragic spectacle appeares!
Whose bodie beare you in that mournefull hearse?
Lu. The breathlesse trunke of young Antonio.
Mel. Antonio (aye me), my lord! my love! my ——.
And. Sweete pretious issue of most honor'd blood,
Rich hope, ripe vertue, O untimely losse!
Come hither, friend. Pree thee, doe not weepe.
Why, I am glad hee's deade; he shall not see
His fathers vanquisht by his enemie.
Even in princely honour; nay, pree thee, speake!
How dy'd the wretched boy?
Lu. My lord!
And. I hope he dyed yet like my sonne, ifaith.
Lu. Alas, my lord!
And. He died unforst, I trust, and valiantly.
Lu. Poore gentleman, being ——
And. Did his hand shake, or his eye looke dull,
His thoughts reele, fearefull when he struck the stroke?
And if they did, Ile rend them out the hearse,
Rip up his cearecloth, mangle his bleake face,
That when he comes to heaven, the powers divine
Shall nere take notice that he was my sonne.
Ile quite disclaime his birth. Nay, pree thee, speake:
And twere not hoopt with steele, my brest wold break.
Mel. O that my spirit in a sigh could mount
Into the spheare, where thy sweet soule doth rest!
Pie. O that my teares, bedeawing thy wan cheeke,
Could make new spirit sprout in thy could blood!
Bal. Verely, he lookes as pittifully as a poore John; as I am true knight, I could weepe like a ston'd horse.
And. Villaine, tis thou hast murdred my sonne!
Thy unrelenting spirit (thou black dogge,

That took'st no passion of his fatall love)
Hath forst him give his life untimely end.

Pie. Oh! that my life, her love, my dearest blood
Would but redeeme one minute of his breath!

Ant. I seize that breath. Stand not amaz'd, great st
I rise from death that never liv'd till now.
Piero, keepe thy vowe, and I enjoy
More unexpressed height of happinesse
Then power of thought can reach; if not, loe here
There stands my toumbe, and here a pleasing stage:
Most wisht spectators of my tragedie,
To this end have I fain'd, that her faire eye,
For whom I liv'd, might blesse me ere I die.

Mel. Can breath depaint my unconceived thoughts
Can words describe my infinite delight
Of seeing thee, my lord Antonio?
O no; conceipt, breath, passion, words, be dumbe,
Whilst I instill the deawe of my sweete blisse,
In the soft pressure of a melting kisse!
Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Pie. Faire sonne (now Ile be proud to call thee so
Enjoy me thus: my verie breast is thine;
Possesse me freely, I am wholly thine.

Ant. Deare father.

And. Sweet son, sweet son, I can speake no more
My joyes passion flowes above the shoare,
And choakes the current of my speach.

Pie. Young Florence prince, to you my lips must
For a remittance of your interest.

Gal. In your faire daughter, with all my thought
So helpe me faith, the naked truth Ile unfold;
He that was here hot will soone be cold.

Pie. No man els makes claime unto her?

Mat. The valiant speake truth in briefe: no—

Bal. Trulie, for Sir Jeffrey Balurdo, he disclaimes to have had anie thing in her.

Pie. Then here I give her to Antonio.
Royall, valiant, most respected prince,
Let's clippe our hands; Ile thus observe my vowe:
I promised twenty thousand double pistolets,
With the indeering to my dearest love,
To him that brought thy head; thine be the golde,
To solemnize our houses unitie;
My love be thine, the all I have be thine.
Fill us fresh wine, the forme weele take by this;
Weele drinke a health, while they two sip a kisse.
Now there remaines no discord that can sound
Harsh accents to the eare of our accord:
So please your neece to match.

Ros. Troth, uncle, when my sweet fac't cuz hath tolde me how she likes the thing called wedlock, may be Ile take a survey of the checkroll of my servants; and he that hath the best parts of, Ile pricke him downe for my husband.

Bal. For passion of love now, remember me to my mistresse, lady Rossaline, when she is pricking down the good parts of her servants. As I am true knight, I grow stiffe; I shall carry it.

Pie. I will.
Sound Lidian wires, once make a pleasing note,
On Nectar streames of your sweete ayres, to flote.

Ant. Here ends the comick crosses of true love;
Oh! may the passage most succesfull prove!

FINIS.

EPILOGUS.

GENTLEMEN, though I remaine an armed Epilogue I stand not as a peremptory chalenger of desert either for him that composed the Comedy, or for us tha acted it; but a most submissive supplyant for both. Wha imperfection you have seene in us, leave with us, and weel amend it; what hath pleased you, take with you, and cherisl it. You shall not be more ready to embrace anything com mendable, then we will endeavour to amend all thing reproveable. What we are, is by your favour. What w shall be, rests all in your applausive incouragements.

[*Exit*

ANTONIOS REVENGE.

The Second Part of the Historie of

ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

ANTONIOS REVENGE.

¶ *THE PROLOGUE.*

THE rawish danke of clumzie winter ramps
The fluent summers vaine; and drizling sleete
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juyceles leaves,
From the nak't shuddring branch; and pils the skinne
From off the soft and delicate aspectes.
O now, me thinks, a sullen tragick sceane
Would suite the time, with pleasing congruence.
May we be happie in our weake devoyer,
And all parte pleas'd in most wisht content;
But sweate of Hercules can nere beget
So blest an issue. Therefore, we proclaime,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncapable of waightie passion
(As from his birth, being hugged in the armes,
And nuzzled twixt the breastes of happinesse),
Who winkes, and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were, and are,
Who would not knowe what men must be—let such
Hurrie amaine from our black visag'd showes:

We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast
Nail'd to the earth with griefe, if any heart
Pierc't through with anguish pant within this ring,
If there be any blood whose heate is choakt
And stifled with true sense of misery,
If ought of these straines fill this consort up—
Th' arrive most welcome. O that our power
Could lackie or keepe wing with our desires,
That with unused paize of stile and sense,
We might waigh massy in judicious scale.
Yet heere 's the prop that doth support our hopes,
When our sceanes falter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults. [

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMUS.

¶ *Enter* PIERO, *unbrac't, his armes bare, smeer'd in blood, a poniard in one hand bloodie, and a torch in the other;* STROTZO, *following him with a corde.*

Pie. HO, Gasper Strotzo, binde Feliches trunke
Unto the panting side of Mellida. [*Exit* Str.
'Tis yet dead night, yet al the earth is cloucht
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleepe.
No breath disturbs the quiet of the ayre,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night crowes, and screeching owls,
Save meager ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
One, two. Lord, in two houres what a toplesse mount
Of unpeer'd mischiefe have these hands cast up!

¶ *Enter* STROTZO.

I can scarce coope triumphing vengeance up
From bursting forth in bragart passion.

Str. My lord, 'tis firmely saide that ——.

Pie. Andrugio sleepes in peace: this braine hath choakt
The organ of his breast. Feliche hangs
But as a baite upon the line of death,
To tice on mischiefe. I am great in blood,
Unequald in revenge. You horrid scouts
That centinell swart night, give lowde applause
From your large palms. First know, my hart was rais'd
Unto Andrugios life upon this ground.

Str. Duke, 'tis reported ——

Pie. We both were rivals in our May of blood,
Unto Maria, faire Ferraras heire.
He wan the ladie to my honours death,
And from her sweetes cropt this Antonio;
For which I burnt in inward sweltring hate,
And festred rankling malice in my breast,
Till I might belke revenge upon his eyes:
And now (O blessed now!) 'tis done. Hell, night,
Give lowde applause to my hypocrisie.
When his bright valour even dazled sense,
In offring his owne heade, publick reproach
Had blurd my name. Speake, Strotzo, had it not?
I had ——If then ——

Str. It had, so please ——

Pie. What had so please? Unseasoned sycophant,
Piero Sforza is no nummed lord,
Senselesse of all true touch; stroake not the head
Of infant speach, till it be duly borne;
Goe to.

Str. How now! Fut, Ile not smother your speach.

Pie. Nay, right thine eyes: twas but a little spleene;
(Huge plunge!
Sinn's growne a slave, and must observe slight evils;
Huge villaines are inforc't to clawe all divels.)
Pish, sweete thy thoughts and give me ——.

Str. Stroake not the heade of infant speach! Goe to!

Pie. Nay, calme this storme. I ever held thy breast
More secret, and more firme in league of blood,
Then to be struck in heate with each slight puffe.
Give me thy eares; huge infamie
Presse downe my honour; if even then, when

is fresh act of prowesse bloom'd out full,
had tane vengeance on his hated head ——.
Str. Why it had ——.
Pie. Could I avoyde to give a seeming graunt
nto fruition of Antonios love?
Str. No.
Pie. And didst thou ever see a Judas kisse,
ith a more covert touch of fleering hate?
Str. No.
Pie. And having clipt them with pretence of love,
ıre I not crush't them with a cruell wring?
Str. Yes.
Pie. Say, faith, didst thou ere heare, or reade, or see
ch happie vengeance, unsuspected death?
at I should drop strong poyson in the boawle,
ıich I my selfe carous't unto his health
d future fortune of our unitie,
ıt it should worke even in the husht of night,
l strangle him on sodaine; that faire showe
death, for the excessive joy of his fate,
ght choake the murder? Ha Strotzo, is't not rare?
y, but waigh it. Then Feliche stabd
hose sinking thought frightned my conscious hart),
d laid by Mellida, to stop the match,
d hale on mischiefe. This all in one night?
to be equall'd, thinkst thou? O, I could eate
y fumbling throat, for thy lagd censure. Fut,
not rare?
Str. Yes.
Pie. No? yes? nothing but no, and yes, dull lumpe?
ıst thou not hony me with fluent speach,
d even adore my toplesse villany?

Will I not blast my owne blood for revenge?
Must not thou straight be perjur'd for revenge?
And yet no creature dreame tis my revenge.
Will I not turne a glorious bridall morne
Unto a Stygian night? Yet naught but no, and yes!

Str. I would have told you, if the incubus
That rides your bosome would have patience.
It is reported that, in private state,
Maria, Genoas dutchesse, makes to court,
Longing to see him, whom she nere shall see,
Her lord Andrugio. Belike she hath receiv'd
The newes of reconciliation:
Reconciliation with a death?
Poore ladie, shall but finde poore comfort in't.

Pie. O, let me swoone for joy. By heaven, I thinke
I ha said my prayers, within this month at least;
I am so boundlesse happie. Doth she come?
By this warme reeking goare, Ile marrie her.
Looke I not now like an inamorate?
Poyson the father, butcher the son, and marrie the mother, ha!
Strotzo, to bed: snort in securest sleepe;
For see, the dapple gray coursers of the morne
Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves,
And chase it through the skye. To bed, to bed!
This morne my vengeance shall be amply fed. [*Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter* LUCEO, MARIA, *and* NUTRICHE.

Mar. Stay, gentle Luceo, and vouchsafe thy hand.
Lu. O, Madam ——.

Mar. Nay, pree thee give me leave to say, vouchsafe;
Submisse intreats beseeme my humble fate.
Here let us sit. O Luceo, fortunes gilt
Is rubd quite off from my slight tin-foild state,
And poore Maria must appeare ungrac't
Of the bright fulgor of gloss'd majestie.

Lu. Cheer up your spirits, Madam, fairer chance
Then that which courts your presence instantly
Can not be formed by the quick mould of thought.

Mar. Art thou assur'd the dukes are reconcil'd?
Shall my wombes honour wed faire Mellida?
Will heaven at length grant harbour to my head?
Shall I once more clip my Andrugio?
And wreath my armes about Antonios necke?
Or is glib rumor growne a parasite,
Holding a false glasse to my sorrowes eyes,
Making the wrinkl'd front of griefe seeme faire,
Though tis much riveld with abortive care.

Lu. Most virtuous princesse, banish straggling feare,
Keepe league with comfort. For these eyes beheld
The dukes united; yon faint glimmering light
Nere peeped through the crannies of the east,
Since I beheld them drinke a sound carouse,
In sparkling Bacchus,
Unto eache others health;
Your sonne assur'd to beatious Mellida,
And all clouds clear'd of threatning discontent.

Mar. What age is morning of?

Lu. I thinke 'bout five.

Mar. Nutriche, Nutriche.!

Nut. Beshrow your fingers marry, you have disturb'd the pleasure of the finest dreame. O God! I was even

comming to it, lawe. O Jesu! twas comming of the swetest Ile tell you now, me thought I was maried, and mee though I spent (O Lord, why did you wake mee?), and mee though I spent three spur roials on the fidlers for striking up a fresh hornepipe. Saint Ursula, I was even going to bed and you, mee thought, my husband, was even putting out the tapers, when you, Lord—I shall never have such a dreame come upon mee, as long as ——.

Mar. Peace, idle creature, peace!
When will the court rise?

Lu. Madam, twere best you tooke some lodging up,
And lay in private till the soile of griefe
Were cleard your cheeke, and new burnisht lustre
Cloath'd your presence, 'fore you sawe the dukes,
And enterd 'mong the proud Venetian States.

Mar. No, Lucio, my deare lord's wise, and knowes
That tinsill glitter, or rich purfled robes,
Curled haires, hung full of sparkling carcanets,
Are not the true adornements of a wife.
So long as wives are faithfull, modest, chaste,
Wise lords affect them. Vertue doth not waste,
With each slight flame of crackling vanitie.
A modest eye forceth affection,
Whilest outward gainesse light lookes but entice.
Fairer then natures faire is fowlest vice.
She that loves art to get her cheeke more lovers,
Much outward gaudes slight inward grace discovers.
I care not to seeme faire but to my lord.
Those that strive most to please most strangers sight,
Follie may judge most faire, wisdome most light.

¶ *Musique sounds a short straine.*

But harke, soft musique gently mooves the ayre:

ıke the bridegroom's up. Lucio, stand close.
)w Marya, chalenge griefe to stay
joyes encounter. Looke, Lucio, tis cleare day.

SCENA TERTIA.

'nter ANTONIO, GALEATZO, MATZAGENTE, BALURDO, PANDULPHO FELICHE, ALBERTO, FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, *and a Page.*

ut. Darknesse is fled: looke, infant morn hath drawne
ht silver curtains 'bout the couch of night;
now Auroras horse trots azure rings,
ıthing faire light about the firmament.
ıd, what's that?
lat. And if a horned divell should burst forth,
)uld passe on him with a mortall stocke.
'lb. Oh, a horned divell would proove ominous
o a bridegroomes eyes.
lat. A horned divell? Good: ha, ha, ha!—very good!
'lb. Good tand prince, laugh not. By the joyes of love,
:n thou dost girne, thy rusty face doth looke
: the head of a rosted rabbit: fie upont.
'al. By my troth, me thinks his nose is just colour de roy.
lat. I tel thee, foole, my nose will abide no jest.
'al. No, in truth, I do not jeast; I speake truth. Truth
ıe touchstone of all things; and, if your nose will not
le the truth, your nose will not abide the touch; and,
)ur nose will not abide the touch, your nose is a copper
:, and must be nail'd up for a slip.
lat. I scorne to retort the obtuse jeast of a foole.
[Balurdo *drawes out his writing tables, and writes.*

Bal. Retort and obtuse, good words, very good words.

Gal. Young prince, looke sprightly; fie, a bridegroom sadde!

Bal. In truth, if he were retort, and obtuse, no question, hee would bee merrie; but and please my genius, I will be most retort and obtuse ere night. Ile tell you what Ile beare soone at night in my shielde, for my device.

Gal. What, good Balurdo?

Bal. O, doe me right, Sir Gefferey Balurdo; sir, sir, as long as ye live, sir.

Gal. What, good Sir Gefferey Balurdo?

Bal. Marry forsooth, Ile carrie for my device my grandfathers great stone-hors, flinging up his head, and jerking out his left legge. The word "Wighy Purt," as I am a true knight, wil't not bee most retort and obtuse, ha?

Ant. Blowe hence these saplesse jestes. I tell you, bloods!
My spirit's heavy, and the juice of life
Creepes slowly through my stifned arteries.
Last sleep, my sense was steep't in horrid dreames;
Three parts of night were swallow'd in the gulfe
Of ravenous time, when to my slumbring powers,
Two meager ghosts made apparition.
The on's breast seem'd fresh pauncht with bleeding wounds,
Whose bubling gore sprang in frighted eyes;
The other ghost assum'd my fathers shape:
Both cride, "Revenge!" At which my trembling joynts
(Iced quite over with a froz'd cold sweate)
Leap't forth the sheets. Three times I gasp't at shades;
And thrice, deluded by erroneous sense,
I forc't my thoughts make stand—when loe, top't
A large bay window, through which the night
Struck terror to my soule. The verge of heaven

ringd with flames, and all the upper vault
k lac't with flakes of fire; in midst whereof
lazing comet shot his threatning traine
; on my face. Viewing these prodigies,
w'd my naked knee and pierc't the starre,
h an outfacing eye; pronouncing thus:
s imperat astris. At which, my nose straight bled;
n doubl'd I my word, so slunke to bed.

Bal. Verely, Sir Gefferey had a monstrous strange
am the last night. For mee thought I dreamt I was
epe, and me thought the ground yaun'd and belkt up
abhominable ghost of a misshapen simile, with two ugly
ges; the one called master, even as going before; and
e other mounser, even so following after; whilst Signior
mile stalked most prodigiously in the midst. At which
bewrayed the fearefulnesse of my nature, and being
adie to forsake the fortresse of my wit, start up, called
r a cleane shirt, eate a messe of broth, and with that I
wakt.

Ant. I pree thee, peace. I tell you, gentlemen,
he frightfull shades of night yet shake my braine:
y gellied blood's not thaw'd: the sulphur damps,
hat flowe in winged lightning 'bout my couch,
et stick within my sense, my soule is great
n expectation of dire prodigies.

Pan. Tut, my young prince, let not thy fortunes see
heir lord a coward. He that 's nobly borne
bhorres to feare. Base feare's the brand of slaves.
ee that observes, pursues, slinks back for fright,
as never cast in mould of noble spright.

Gal. Tush, there's a sun will straight exhale these damps
f chilling feare. Come, shal's salute the bride?

Ant. Castilio, I pree thee mixe thy breath with his:
Sing one of Signior Renaldo's ayres,
To rouse the slumbring bride from gluttoning,
In surfet of superfluous sleepe. Good signior, sing.

CANTANT.

What meanes this silence and unmooved calme!
Boy, winde thy cornet: force the leaden gates
Of lasie sleepe fly open, with thy breath.
My Mellida not up? nor stirring yet? umh!

Mar. That voice should be my sonnes Antonio! Antonio!

Ant. Here, who cals? here stands Antonio.

Mar. Sweete sonne.

Ant. Deare mother.

Mar. Faire honour of a chaste and loyall bed,
Thy father's beautie, thy sad mother's love,
Were I as powerfull as the voice of fate,
Felicitie compleat should sweete thy state;
But all the blessings that a poore banisht wretch
Can powre upon thy heade, take, gentle sonne:
Live, gratious youth, to close thy mothers eyes,
Lov'd of thy parents, till their latest hower:
How cheares my lord, thy father? O sweet boy,
Part of him thus I clip, my deare, deare joy.

Ant. Madam, last night I kissed his princely hand,
And tooke a treasur'd blessing from his lips:
O mother, you arrive in jubilee,
And firme attonement of all boystrous rage;
Pleasure, united love, protested faith,
Guard my lov'd father, as sworne pensioners:
The dukes are leagu'd in firmest bond of love,

. you arrive even in the solsticie
l highest point of sun-shine happinesse.
[*One windes a cornet within.*
rke, madam, how yon cornet jerketh up
s straind shrill accents, in the capering ayre;
proud to summon up my bright cheek't love.
ow, mother, ope wide expectation:
t loose your amplest sense, to entertaine
i' impression of an object of such worth,
iat life's too poore to.
Gal. Nay, leave hyperboles.
Ant. I tel thee, prince, that presence straight appears,
f which thou canst not forme hyperboles:
he trophy of tryumphing excellence,
he heart of beautie, Mellida appeares.
ee, looke, the curtaine stirs, shine natures pride,
oves vitall spirit, deare Antonio's bride.
[*The curtain 's drawne, and the bodie of* Feliche, *stabd thick with wounds, appeares hung up.*
What villaine bloods the window of my love?
What slave hath hung yon gorie ensigne up
In flat defiance of humanitie?
Awake, thou faire unspotted puritie.
Death 's at thy windowe, awake, bright Mellida,
Antonio cals!

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter* PIERO *as at first, with* FOROBOSCO.

Pie. Who gives these il-befitting attributes
Of chast, unspotted, bright, to Mellida?
He lies as lowde as thunder, shee 's unchast,

Tainted, impure, blacke as the soule of hell.

[*He drawes his rapier, offers to run at* Piero, *but* Maria *holds his arme and staies him.*

Ant. Dog! I will make thee eate thy vomit up,
Which thou hast belk't gainst taintlesse Mellida.

Pie. Ramm't quicklie downe, that it may not rise up
To imbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomack:
Strike me quite through with the relentlesse edge
Of raging furie. Boy, Ile kill thy love.
Pandulfe Feliche, I have stabd thy sonne:
Looke, yet his lifeblood reekes upon this steele.
Albert, yon hangs thy friend. Have none of you
Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your duke,
Thinke Mellida is not Pieros bloode.
Imagine on slight ground, Ile blast his honour!
Suppose I sawe not that incestuous slave,
Clipping the strumpet with luxurious twines:
O, numme my sense of anguish, cast my life
In a dead sleepe, whilst lawe cuts off yon maine,
Yon putred ulcer of my roiall bloode.

For. Keepe league with reason, gratious soveraigne.

Pie. There glowe no sparkes of reason in the world;
All are rak't up in ashie beastlinesse.
The bulke of man's as darke as Erebus,
No branch of reasons light hangs in his trunke:
There lives no reason to keepe league withall.
I ha no reason to be reasonable.
Her wedding eve, linkt to the noble blood
Of my most firmely reconciled friend,
And found even clingd in sensualitie!
O heaven! O heaven! Were she as neare my heart
As is my liver, I would rend her off.

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter* STROTZO.

Whither, O whither shall I hurle vast griefe?
Here, into my breast: tis a place built wide
to give receipt to boundlesse woes.
O no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleave
y keene pearcing newes. Andrugio 's dead.
Dead?
O me, most miserable!
Dead, alas, how dead? [*Give seeming passion.*
epe, act, faine. Dead! alas, how dead?
The vast delights of his large sodaine joyes
his powers so wide, that 's native heate
ligally flow'd t' exterior parts,
inner citadell was left unmand,
surpriz'd on sodaine by colde death.
O fatal, disastrous, cursed, dismall!
breath and life. I breath, I live too long.
io, my lord, I come, I come!
Be cheerefull, princesse; help, Castilio,
ie 's swouned; helpe to beare her in.
mfort to huge cares is swiftest sin.
Courage, courage, sweet ladie, tis sir Gefferey
bids you courage. Truly I am as nimble as an
t about a ladie.
Dead?
Dead?
Dead?
Why, now the womb of mischiefe is deliver'd,
prodigious issue of the night.

Pan. Ha, ha, ha!
Ant. My father dead? my love attaint of lust:
That 's a large lye, as vast as spatious hell:
Poore guiltlesse ladie! O, accursed lye!
What, whome, whether, which shall I first lament?
A deade father, a dishonour'd wife. Stand.
Me thinkes I feele the frame of nature shake.
Cracks not the joynts of earth to beare my woes?
Alb. Sweet prince, be patient.
Ant. S'lid, sir, I will not in despight of thee.
Patience is slave to fooles: a chaine that 's fixt
Onely to postes, and senselesse log-like dolts.
Alb. Tis reasons glorie to commaund affects.
Ant. Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed eyes
New closed up by thy sad mothers hands?
Hast thou a love as spotlesse as the browe
Of clearest heaven, blurd with false defames?
Are thy moyst entrals crumpled up with griefe
Of parching mischiefs? Tel me, does thy hart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come and let's sit and weep and wreath our arn
Ile heare thy counsell.
Alb. Take comfort.
Ant. Confusion to all comfort! I defie it.
Comfort 's a parasite, a flattering Jack:
And melts resolv'd despaire. O boundlesse woe,
If there be any black yet unknowen griefe,
If there be any horror yet unfelt,
Unthought of mischiefe in thy fiendlike power,
Dash it upon my miserable heade:
Make me more wretch, more cursed if thou canst.
O, now my fate is more than I could feare:
My woes more waightie than my soule can beare. [*J*

Pan. Ha, ha, ha!

Alb. Why laugh you, uncle? That's my cuz, your son,
Whose brest hangs cased in his cluttered gore.

Pan. True, man, true: why, wherefore should I weepe?
Come, sit, kinde nephew: come on; thou and I
Will talke as chorus to this tragedie.
Intreat the musick straine their instruments,
With a slight touch, whilst we.—Say on, faire cuz.

Alb. He was the very hope of Italy,
[*Musick sounds softly.*
The blooming honour of your drooping age.

Pan. True, cuz, true. They say that men of hope are
Good are supprest by base desertlesse clods, [crusht:
That stifle gasping vertue. Look, sweet youth,
How provident our quick Venetians are,
Least hoves of jades should trample on my boy:
Looke how they lift him up to eminence,
Heave him, bove reach of flesh. Ha, ha, ha!

Alb. Uncle, this laughter ill becomes your griefe.

Pan. Would'st have me cry, run raving up and down,
For my sons losse? would'st have me turn rank mad,
Or wring my face with mimic action;
Stampe, curse, weepe, rage, and then my bosom strike?
Away, tis aspish action, player-like.
If hee is guiltlesse, why should teares be spent?
Thrice blessed soule that dyeth innocent.
If he is leapred with so foule a guilt,
Why should a sigh be lent, a teare be spilt?
The gripe of chaunce is weake to wring a teare
From him that knowes what fortitude should beare.
Listen, young blood. Tis not true valors pride
To swagger, quarrell, sweare, stampe, rave, and chide,

To stab in fume of blood, to keepe lowde coyle,
To bandie factions in domestick broyles,
To dare the act of sins, whose filth excels
The blackest customes of blinde infidels.
No, my lov'd youth: he may of valour vaunt
Whom fortunes lowdest thunder can not daunt,
Whom fretful gaules of chance, sterne fortunes sie
Makes not his reason slinke, the soules faire liege
Whose well pais'd action ever rests upon,
Not giddie humours, but discretion.
This heart in valour, even Jove out-goes:
Jove is without, but this 'bove sense of woes:
And such a one, eternitie: Behold—
Good morrow, sonne; thou bidst a fig for colde.
Sound lowder musick: let my breath exact,
You strike sad tones unto this dismal act.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMUS.

The cornets sound a cynet.

¶ *Enter two mourners with torches, two, with streamers;* CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *with torches; a Heralde bearing* ANDRUGIO'S *helme and sword; the coffin;* MARIA *supported by* LUCIO *and* ALBERTO; ANTONIO, *by himselfe;* PIERO *and* STROZZO, *talking;* GALEATZO *and* MATZAGENTE, BALURDO *and* PANDULFO: *the coffin set downe; helme, sworde and streamers hung up, placed by the Herald; whilst* ANTONIO *and* MARIA *wet their handkerchers with teares, kisse them, and lay them on the hearse, kneeling; all goe out but* PIERO. *Cornets cease, and he speakes.*

Pie. ROT ther, thou cearcloth that infolds the flesh [dust;
Of my loath'd foe; moulder to crumbling
Oblivion choake the passage of thy fame.
Trophees of honor'd birth droppe quickly downe:
Let naught of him, but what was vitious, live.
Though thou art deade, thinke not my hate is dead:
I have but newly twone my arme in the curld locks
Of snakie vengeance. Pale, beetle-brow'd hate
But newly bustles up. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts.
O let me hug my bosome, rub thy breast,

In hope of what may happe. Andrugio rots :
Antonio lives : umh : how long? ha, ha! how long?
Antonio packt hence, Ile his mother wed,
Then cleare my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to Florence heire. O excellent!
Venice, Genoa, Florence at my becke,
At Piero's nod. Balurdo, O ho!
O twill be rare, all unsuspected donne.
I have bin nurst in blood, and still have suckt
The steeme of reeking gore. Balurdo, ho!

¶ *Enter* BALURDO *with a beard, halfe of, halfe on.*

Bal. When my beard is on, most noble prince, whe my beard is on.

Pie. Why, what dost thou with a beard?

Bal. In truth, one tolde me that my wit was balde, an that a meremaide was halfe fish, and halfe flesh, and there fore to speake wisely, like one of your counsell, as indeed it hath pleased you to make me, not onely being a fool of your counsell, but also to make me of your counsel being a foole. If my wit be bald, and a mermaid be hal fish and halfe cunger, then I must be forced to conclud the tyring man hath not glewd on my beard halfe fa enough. Gods bores, it wil not stick to fal off.

Pie. Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all th while?

Bal. O lord Duke, I would be sorie of that. Many m can utter that which no man, but themselves, can conceiv but I thanke a good wit, I have the gift to speake th which neither any man els, nor my selfe, understands.

Pie. Thou art wise. He that speaks he knows n what, shal never sin against his own conscience : go t thou art wise.

Bal. Wise? O no, I have a little natural discretion, or so; but for wise, I am somewhat prudent; but for wise, O lord!

Pie. Hold, take those keyes, open the castle vault, and put in Mellida.

Bal. And put in Mellida? Well, let me alone.

Pie. Bid Forobosco and Castilio guard,
Indeere thy selfe Pieros intimate.

Bal. Indeere, and intimate; good, I assure you. I will indeere and intimate Mellida into the dungeon presently.

Pie. Will Pandulfo Feliche waite on me?

Bal. I will make him come, most retort and obtuse, to you presently. I thinke, Sir Jeffrey talks like a counseller. Go to, gods neaks, I thinke I tickle it.

Pie. Ile seeme to winde yon foole with kindest arme.
He that 's ambitious minded, and but man,
Must have his followers beasts, dubd slavish sots,
Whose service is obedience, and whose wit
Reacheth no further then to admire their lord,
And stare in adoration of his worth.
I love a slave rak't out of common mud
Should seeme to sit in counsell with my heart.
High honour'd blood 's too squemish to assent,
And lend a hand to an ignoble act.
Poyson from roses who could ere abstract?
How now, Pandulfo, weeping for thy sonne?

SCENA SECUNDA.

Enter PANDULFO.

Pan. No, no, Piero, weeping for my sinnes:
Had I bin a good father, he had bin a gratious sonne.

Pie. Pollution must be purg'd.

Pan. Why tainst thou then the ayre with stench of flesh
And humane putrifactions noysome sent?
I pray his bodie. Who lesse boone can crave
Than to bestowe upon the deade his grave?

Pie. Grave? why? think'st thou he deserves a grave
That hath defil'd the temple of ——.

Pan. Peace, peace!
Me thinks I heare a humming murmur creepe
From out his gelli'd wounds. Looke on those lips,
Those now lawne pillowes, on whose tender softnesse,
Chaste modest speach, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to reste it selfe, as loath to poast
From out so faire an inne: look, look, they seeme to stir
And breath defyance to black obloquie.

Pie. Think'st thou thy sonne could suffer wrongfully!

Pan. A wise man wrongfully, but never wrong
Can take; his breast 's of such well tempered proofe,
It may be rac'd, not pearc't, by savage tooth
Of foaming malice: showers of dartes may darke
Heavens ample browe, but not strike out a sparke,
Much lesse pearce the suns cheek; Such songs as these
I often dittied till my boy did sleepe;
But now I turne plaine foole (alas) I weepe;

Pie. Fore heaven he makes me shrug; wold a were dead
He is a vertuous man. What has our court to doe
With vertue, in the divels name! Pandulpho, harke:
My lustfull daughter dies; start not, she dies.
I pursue justice; I love sanctitie,
And an undefiled temple of pure thoughts.
Shall I speake freely? Good Andrugio 's dead:
And I doe feare a fetch; but (umh) would I durst speak

I doe mistrust; but (umh) death: is he all, all man;
Hath he no part of mother in him, ha?
No licorish womanish inquisitivenesse?
Pan. Andrugio's deade!
Pie. I; and I feare, his owne unnaturall blood,
To whome he gave life, hath given death for life.
How could he come on? I see false suspect
Is vicde; wrung hardly in a vertuous heart.
Well, I could give you reason for my doubts.
You are of honour'd birth, my very friende.
You know how god-like tis to roote out sin.
Antonio is a villaine. Will you joyne
In oath with me, against the traitors life,
And sweare, you knewe he sought his fathers death?
I lov'd him well, yet I love justice more.
Our friends we should affect, justice adore.
Pan. My lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glibd
With court oyle, twill not strike on both sides yet.
Pie. Tis just that subjectes acte commaunds of kings.
Pan. Commaund then just and honorable things.
Pie. Even so, my selfe then will traduce his guilt.
Pan. Beware, take heed, least guiltlesse blood be spilt.
Pie. Where onely honest deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a beggery.
Pan. Where more than noble deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a tyranny.
Pie. Tush, juicelesse graybeard, tis immunity,
Proper to princes, that our state exactes,
Our subjects not alone to beare, but praise our acts.
Pan. O, but that prince that worthfull praise aspires,
From hearts, and not from lips, applause desires.

Pie. Pish, true praise, the brow of common men doth rin
False, only girts the temple of a king.
He that hath strength and 's ignorant of power,
He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.

Pan. Tis praise to doe, not what we can, but should.

Pie. Hence, doting Stoick: by my hope of blisse,
Ile make thee wretched.

Pan. Defyance to thy power, thou rifted jawne.
Now, by the lov'd heaven, sooner thou shalt
Rince thy foule ribs from the black filth of sinne
That soots thy heart, then make me wretched. Pish,
Thou canst not coupe me up. Hadst thou a jaile
With trebble walles, like antic Babilon,
Pandulpho can get out. I tell thee, duke,
I have ould Fortunatus wishing cappe:
And can be where I list, even in a trice.
Ile skippe from earth into the armes of heaven:
And from tryumphall arch of blessednesse,
Spit on thy froathy breast. Thou canst not slave
Or banish me; I will be free at home,
Maugre the bearde of greatnesse. The port holes
Of sheathed spirit are nere corb'd up:
But still stand open readie to discharge
Their pretious shot into the shrouds of heaven.

Pie. O torture! slave, I banish thee the towne,
Thy native seat of birth. [blast

Pan. How proud thou speak'st! I tell thee, duke, th
Of the swolne cheekt winds, nor all the breath of kings
Can puffe me out my native seat of birth.
The earth 's my bodies, and the heaven 's my soules
Most native place of birth, which they will keepe,

Despite the menace of mortalitie.
Why, duke,
That's not my native place, where I was rockt.
A wise mans home is wheresoere he is wise;
Now that, from man, not from the place, doth rise.
Pie. Wold I were deafe (O plague!)? Hence, dotard wretch:
Tread not in court. All that thou hast, I seize.
His quiet's firmer then I can disease.
Pan. Goe, boast unto thy flattring sycophants;
Pandulpho's slave, Piero hath orethrowne.
Loose fortunes rags are lost; my owne 's my owne.
[Piero's *going out, lookes backe. Exeunt at severall doores.*
Tis true, Piero, thy vext heart shall see,
Thou hast but tript my slave, not conquered mee.

SCENA TERTIA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO *with a booke,* LUCIO, ALBERTO, ANTONIO *in blacke.*

Alb. Nay, sweet, be comforted, take counsell and ——.
Ant. Alberto, peace: that griefe is wanton sick,
Whose stomacke can digest and brooke the dyet
Of stale ill relisht counsell. Pigmie cares
Can shelter under patience shield; but gyant griefes
Will burst all covert.
Lu. My lord, tis supper time.
Ant. Drinke deepe, Alberto; eate, good Lucio;
But my pin'd heart shall eat on naught but woe.
Alb. My lord, we dare not leave you thus alone.
Ant. You cannot leave Antonio alone.
The chamber of my breast is even throngd
With firme attendance that forsweares to flinch.

I have a thing sits here; it is not griefe,
Tis not despaire, nor the most plague
That the most wretched are infected with;
But the most greefull, despairing, wretched,
Accursed, miserable. O, for heavens sake
Forsake me now; you see how light I am,
And yet you force me to defame my patience.

Lu. Faire gentle prince ——.

Ant. Away, thy voice is hatefull: thou dost buzze,
And beat my eares with intimations,
That Mellida, that Mellida is light,
And stained with adulterous luxury!
I cannot brook't. I tell the, Lucio,
Sooner will I give faith, that vertue's scant
In princes courts, will be adorn'd with wreath
Of choyce respect, and indeerd intimate.
Sooner will I beleeve that friendships raine
Will curbe ambition from utilitie,
Then Mellida is light. Alas, poore soule,
Didst ere see her (good heart), hast heard her speake?
Kinde, kinde soule. Incredulitie it selfe
Would not be so brasse hearted, as suspect so modest cheek

Lu. My lord ——.

Ant. Away, a selfe-one guilt doth onely hatch distrust
But a chaste thought's as farre from doubt as lust.
I entreat you, leave me.

Alb. Will you endeavour to forget your griefe?

Ant. I faith I will, good friend, I faith I will.
Ile come and eate with you. Alberto; see,
I am taking physicke, heer's philosophie.
Good honest, leave me, Ile drinke wine anone.

Alb. Since you enforce us, faire prince, we are gone.
[*Exeunt* Alberto *and* Lucio.

¶ ANTONIO *reades.*

A. Ferte fortiter: hoc est quo deum antecedatis. Ille enim ira patientiam malorum, vos supra. Contemnite dolorem: aut solvetur, aut solvet. Contemnite fortunas: nullus eis, quo feriret animum habet.

ah, thy mother was not lately widdowed,
ty deare affied love lately defam'd
ith blemish of foule lust, when thou wrot'st thus,
hou wrapt in furres, beaking thy lymbs 'fore fiers,
rbidst the frozen zone to shudder. Ha, ha! tis naught
t foamie bubling of a fleamie braine,
aught els but smoake. O what danke marrish spirit,
t would be fyred with impatience,
t my——No more, no more; he that was never blest
ith height of birth, faire expectation
f mounted fortunes, knowes not what it is
o be the pittied object of the worlde.
O, poore Antonio, thou maist sigh!

Mel. Aye me.

Ant. And curse.

Pan. Black powers.

Ant. And cry.

Mar. O Heaven.

Ant. And close laments with——.

Alb. O me, most miserable!

Pan. Woe for my deare, deare sonne.

Mar. Woe for my deare, deare husband.

Mel. Woe for my deare, deare love.

Ant. Woe for me all, close all your woes in me:

In me, Antonio, ha? Where live these sounds?
I can see nothing; griefe 's invisible,
And lurkes in secret angles of the heart.
Come, sigh againe, Antonio beares his part.
Mel. O here, here is a vent to passe my sighes.
I have surcharged the dungeon with my plaints.
Prison and heart will burst, if void of vent.
I, that is Phœbe, empresse of the night,
That gins to mount; O chastest deitie:
If I be false to my Antonio,
If the least soyle of lust smeers my pure love,
Make me more wretched, make me more accurst
Then infamie, torture, death, hell, and heaven.
Can bound with amplest power of thought: if not,
Purge my poore heart with defamations blot.
Ant. Purge my poore heart from defamations bl
Poore heart, how like her vertuous selfe she speak
Mellida, deare Mellida, it is Antonio:
Slinke not away, tis thy Antonio.
Mel. How found you out, my lord (alas!), I kn
'Tis easie in this age to find out woe.
I have a sute to you.
Ant. What is 't, deare soule?
Mel. Kill me; ifaith Ile winke, not stir a jot.
For God sake kill mee; insooth, lov'd youth,
I am much injur'd; looke, see how I creepe.
I cannot wreake my wrong, but sigh and weepe.
Ant. May I be cursed, but I credit thee.
Mel. To-morrowe I must die.
Ant. Alas, for what?
Mel. For loving thee. Tis true, my sweetest br
I must die falsely: so must thou, deare heart.

Iets are a knitting to intrappe thy life.
Thy fathers death must make a Paradice
To my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me, sweet,
Shall I die thine? dost love mee still, and still?

Ant. I doe.

Mel. Then welcome Heavens will.

Ant. Madam, I will not swell, like a Tragedian, in forced passion of affected straines.
If I had present power of ought but pittying you, I would be as readie to redresse your wrongs as to pursue your love. Throngs of thoughts crowde for their passage; somewhat I will doe.
Reach me thy hand; thinke this is honors bent,
To live unslav'd, to die innocent.

Mel. Let me entreat a favour, gratious love.
Be patient, see me die; good, doe not weepe:
Goe sup, sweete chuck, drinke, and securely sleepe.

Ant. I faith I cannot; but Ile force my face
To palliate my sicknesse.

Mel. Give me thy hand. Peace on thy bosome dwel.
Thats all my woe can breath: kisse. Thus farewell.

Ant. Farewell: my heart is great of thoughts;
Stay, dove:
And therefore I must speake: but what? O love!
By this white hande: no more: reade in these teares,
What crushing anguish thy Antonio beares.

[Antonio *kisseth* Mellida's *hand: then* Mellida *goes from the grate.*

Mel. Good nighte, good harte.

Ant. Thus heate from blood, thus soules from bodies part.

¶ *Enter* PIERO *and* STROTZO.

Pie. He greeves; laughe, Strotzo, laugh. He weep
Hath he teares? O pleasure! hath he teares?
Now doe I scourge Andrugio with steele whips
Of knottie vengeance. Strotzo, cause me straight
Some plaining dittie to augment despaire.
Tryumph, Piero: harke, he groanes. O rare!
Ant. Beholde a prostrate wretch laid on his toumbe.
His epitaph, thus: *Ne plus ultra.* Ho!
Let none out-woe me: mine 's Hurculean woe.

CANTANT.

[*Exit* Piero *at the end of the so*

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter* MARIA.

Ant. May I be more cursed then Heaven can make i
If I am not more wretched
Then man can conceive me. Sore forlorne
Orphant, what omnipotence can make thee happie?
Mar. How now, sweete sonne? Good youth,
What dost thou?
Ant. Weepe, weepe.
Mar. Dost naught but weepe, weepe?
Ant. Yes, mother, I do sigh, and wring my hands,
Beat my poore breast, and wreath my tender armes.
Harke yee; Ile tel you wondrous strange, strange new

Mar. What, my good boy, starke mad?
Ant. I am not.
Mar. Alas! is that strange newes?
Ant. Strange newes? why, mother, is 't not wondrous
I am not mad—I run not frantic, ha? [strange
Knowing my fathers trunke scarce colde, your love
Is sought by him that doth pursue my life!
Seeing the beautie of creation,
Antonio's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stoad
Under the hatches of obscuring earth.
Heu quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea!

Enter PIERO.

Pie. Good evening to the faire Antonio;
Most happie fortune, sweete succeeding time,
Rich hope: think not thy face a bankrout though.
Ant. Umh! the divell in his good time and tide forsake thee.
Pie. How now? harke ye, prince.
Ant. God be with you.
Pie. Nay, noble blood, I hope yee not suspect——
Ant. Suspect! I scorn't. Here's cap and leg good night:
Thou that wants power, with dissemblance fight.
[*Exit* Antonio.
Pie. Madam, O that you could remember to forget——
Mar. I had a husband and a happie sonne.
Pie. Most powreful beautie, that inchanting grace——
Mar. Talke not of beautie, nor inchanting grace,—
My husband's deade, my son's distraught, accurst!
Come, I must vent my griefes, or heart will burst.
[*Exit* Maria.

Pie. Shee 's gone (and yet she 's here): she hath left print
Of her sweete graces fixt within my heart,
As fresh as is her face. Ile marrie her.
Shee 's most fair, true, most chaste, most false; because
Most faire, tis firme Ile marrie her.

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter* STROTZO.

Str. My lord,

Pie. Ha, Strotzo, my other soule, my life!
Deare, hast thou steel'd the point of thy resolve?
Wilt not turne edge in execution?

Str. No.

Pie. Doe it with rare passion, and present thy guilt
As if twere wrung out with thy conscience gripe.
Sweare that my daughter 's innocent of lust,
And that Antonio brib'd thee to defame
Her maiden honour, on inveterate hate
Unto my bloode; and that thy hand was feed
By his large bountie for his fathers death.
Sweare plainly that thou chok'tst Andrugio,
By his sons onely egging. Rush me in
Whil'st Mellida prepares herself to die,
Halter about thy necke, and with such sighs,
Laments, and applications lyfen it,
As if impulsive power of remorse ——

Str. Ile weepe.

Pie. I, I fall on thy face and cry: why suffer you
So lewde a slave as Strotzo is to breath?

Str. Ile beg a strangling, growe importunate ——

Pie. As if thy life were loathsome to thee: then I
Catch straight the cords end; and, as much incens'd
With thy damn'd mischiefes, offer a rude hand
As readie to girde in thy pipe of breath;
But on the sodaine straight Ile stand amaz'd,
And fall in exclamations of thy vertues.

Str. Applaud my agonies and penitence.

Pie. Thy honest stomack, that could not digest
The crudities of murder; but surcharg'd,
Vomited'st them up in Christian pietie.

Str. Then clip me in your armes.

Pie. And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state,
Make thee of counsell: tut, tut, what not? what not?
Thinke ont, be confident, pursue the plot.

Str. Looke, here 's a troop, a true rogues lips are mute;
I doe not use to speake, but execute.

[*He layes finger on his mouth, and drawes his dagger.*

Pie. So, so; run headlong to confusion:
Thou slight brain'd mischiefe, thou art made as durt,
To plaster up the bracks of my defects.
Ile wring what may be squeas'd from out his use:
And good night, Strotzo. Swell, plump, bold heart;
For now thy tide of vengeance rowleth in:
O now *Tragœdia Cothurnata* mounts,
Piero's thoughts are fixt on dire exploites.
Pell mell—confusion and black murder [illegible]
The organs of my spirit: shrinke [illegible]
Capienda rebus in malis præceps

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *A dumbe showe. The cornets sounding for t*

¶ *Enter* CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, ALBERTO LURDO, *with polaxes:* STROTZO, *talking wi seemeth to send out* STROTZO. *Exit* STROT STROTZO, MARIA, NUTRICHE, *and* LUCE *passeth through his guard, and talkes with seeming amorousnesse; she seemeth to suite, flyes to the toumbe, kneeles, and* PIERO *bribes* NUTRICHE *and* LUCIO; *they seeming to solicite his suite. She riseth, o out,* PIERO *stayeth her, teares open his braceth and kisseth her, and so they goe state.*

¶ *Enter two Pages, the one with tapers, the oth chafing dish: a perfume in it.* ANTONI *night gowne and a night cap, unbrac't, after.*

Ant. THE black jades of swart night t rings
Bout heavens browe. Tis no deade night.
Is this Saint Markes Church?

1*st Pa.* It is, my lord.

Ant. Where stands my fathers hearse?

2*nd Pa.* Those streamers beare his armes. I,

Ant. Set tapers to the toumbe, and lampe the church.
Give me the fire. Now depart and sleepe. [*Exeunt Pages.*
I purifie the ayre with odorous fume.
Graves, valts, and toumbes, groane not to beare my weight;
Colde flesh, bleake trunkes, wrapt in your half-rot shrowdes,
I presse you softly with a tender foote.
Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch
Leave to weepe ore thee. Toumbe, Ile not be long
Ere I creepe in thee, and with bloodlesse lips
Kisse my cold fathers cheeke. I pree thee, grave,
Provide soft mould to wrap my carcasse in.
Thou royal spirit of Andrugio, where ere thou hoverst
(Ayrie intellectt) I heave up tapers to thee (viewe thy son)
In celebration of dewe obsequies.
Once every night, Ile dewe thy funerall hearse
With my religious teares.
O, blessed father of a cursed son,
Thou diedst most happie, since thou livedst not
To see thy sonne most wretched, and thy wife
Pursu'd by him that seekes my guiltlesse blood!
O, in what orbe thy mightie spirit soares,
Stoop and beat downe this rising fog of shame,
That strives to blur thy blood, and girt defame
About my innocent and spotlesse browes.
Non est mori miserum, sed miserè mori.

And. Thy pangs of anguish rip my cerecloth up:
And loe the ghoast of ould Andrugio
Forsakes his coffin. Antonio, revenge!
I was impoyson'd by Piero's hand:
Revenge my bloode; take spirit, gentle boy;
Revenge my bloode. Thy Mellida is chaste:
Onely to frustrate thy pursuite in love,

Is blaz'd unchaste. Thy mother yeelds consent
To be his wife, and give his bloode a sonne,
That made her husbandlesse, and doth complot
To make her sonlesse; but before I touch
The banks of rest, my ghost shall visite her.
Thou vigor of my youth, juyce of my love,
Seize on revenge, graspe the sterne bended front
Of frowning vengeance with unpaized clutch.
Alarum Nemesis, rouse up thy blood;
Invent some stratageme of vengeance,
Which, but to thinke on, may like lightning glide
With horor through thy breast. Remember this.
Scelera non ulcisceris, nisi vincis. [*Exit* Andrugio's *Ghost*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter* MARIA, *her haire about her eares;* NUTRICHE *and* LUCIO, *with pages, and torches.*

Mar. Where left you him? shewe mee, good boyes, away.
Nut. Gods mee, your haire!
Mar. Nurse, tis not yet prowde day:
The neat gay mistes of the light's not up,
Her cheekes not yet slurd over with the paint
Of borrowed crimsone; the unpranked world
Wears yet the night-clothes: let flare my loosed hair.
I scorne the presence of the night.
Where 's my boy? Run: Ile range about the church,
Like frantick Bachanell or Jasons wife,
Invoking all the spirits of the graves
To tell me where. Hah? O my poore wretched blood!
What dost thou up at midnight, my kinde boy?
Deare soule, to bed! O thou hast struck a fright

Unto thy mothers panting
O quisquis nova
Supplicia functis dirus umbrarum arbiter
Disponis, quisquis exeso jaces
Pavidus sub antro, quisquis venturi times
Montis ruinam, quisquis avidorum feres,
Rictus leonum, et dira furiarum agmina
Implicitus horres, Antonii vocem excipe
Properantis ad vos—Ulciscar.

Mar. Alas! my son 's distraught. Sweete boy, appease
Thy mutinous affections.

Ant. By the astonning terror of swart night,
By the infectious damps of clammie graves,
And by the mould that presseth downe
My deade fathers sculle, Ile be revenged!

Mar. Wherefore? on whom? for what? Go, go to bed,
Good dutious sonne. Ho, but thy idle ——

Ant. So I may sleepe toumb'd in an honour'd hearse,
So may my bones rest in that sepulcher,——

Mar. Forget not dutie, sonne: to bed, to bed.

Ant. May I be cursed by my fathers ghost,
And blasted with incensed breath of Heaven,
If my heart beat on ought but vengeance.
May I be numd with horror, and my vaines
Pucker with sing'ing torture, if my braine
Disgest a thought but of dire vengeance;
May I be fetter'd slave to coward Chaunce,
If blood, heart, braine, plot ought save vengeance.

Mar. Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou sleepst!
Ifaith thou look'st sunk-ey'd; go couch thy head:
Now, faith, tis idle: sweet, sweet sonne, to bed.

Ant. I have a prayer or two to offer up

For the good, good prince, my most deare, deare lord,
The duke Piero, and your vertuous selfe;
And then, when those prayers have obtain'd successe,
In sooth Ile come (beleeve it now) and couch
My heade in downie moulde. But first Ile see
You safely laide: Ile bring yee all to bed.
Piero, Maria, Strotzo, Luceo,
Ile see you all laid: Ile bringe you all to bed,
And then, ifaith, Ile come and couch my head,
And sleepe in peace.

Mar. Looke then, wee goe before.

[*Exeunt all but* Anton

Ant. I, so you must, before we touch the shore
Of wisht revenge. O, you departed soules,
That lodge in coffin'd trunkes, which my feet presse
(If *Pythagorian Axiomes* be true,
Of spirits transmigration), fleete no more
To humane bodies, rather live in swine,
Inhabit wolves flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads,
Rather then man. The curse of Heaven raines
In plagues unlimited through all his daies.
His mature age growes onely mature vice,
And ripens onely to corrupt and rot
The budding hopes of infant modestie.
Still striving to be more then man, he prooves
More then a divell, divelish suspect, divelish crueltie:
All hell-straid juyce is powred to his vaines,
Making him drunke with fuming surquedries,
Contempt of Heaven, untam'd arrogance,
Lust, state, pride, murder.

And. Murder.
Fel. Murder.
Pan. Murder.
} *From above and beneath.*

Ant. I, I will murder: graves and ghosts
Fright me no more, Ile suck red vengeance
Out of Pieros wounds. Pieros wounds.

Enter two boyes, with PIERO *in his night gown and night cap.*

Pie. Maria, love, Maria! she tooke this Ile.
Left you her here? On, lights, away!
I thinke we shall not warme our beds to day.

Enter JULIO, FOROBOSCO, *and* CASTILIO.

Jul. Ho, father! father!

Pie. How now, Julio, my little prettie sonne?
Why suffer you the child to walke so late?

For. He will not sleepe, but calls to followe you,
Crying that bug-beares and spirits haunted him.

[Antonio *offers to come nere and stab;* Piero *presently withdrawes.*

Ant. No, not so.
This shall be sought for; Ile force him feede on life
Till he shall loath it. This shall be the close
Of vengeance straine.

Pie. Away there, pages, lead on fast with light;
The church is full of damps; tis yet deade night.

[*Exit all, saving* Julio.

SCENA TERTIA.

Jul. Brother Antonio, are you here, ifaith?
Why doe you frowne? Indeed my sister said
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Busse me: good

Truth, I love you better then my father, deede.

Ant. Thy father? Gratious, O bounteous Heaven!
I doe adore thy justice: *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.

Jul. Truth, since my mother dyed, I lov'd you best.
Something hath angred you; pray you, look merily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thinne cheeke
With capring joy; chuck, my heart doth leape
To graspe thy bosome. Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close togither! Heavens tones
Strike not such musick to immortall soules
As your accordance sweetes my breast withall.
Me thinks I pase upon the front of Jove,
And kick corruption with a scornefull heele,
Griping this flesh, disdaine mortalitie.
O that I knewe which joynt, which side, which lim,
Were father all, and had no mother in 't,
That I might rip it vaine by vaine, and carve revenge
In bleeding races; but since 'tis mixt together,
Have at adventure, pel mell, no reverse.
Come hither, boy. This is Andrugio's hearse.

Jul. O God, youle hurt me. For my sisters sake,
Pray you doe not hurt me. And you kill me, deede,
Ile tell my father.

Ant. O, for thy sisters sake, I flagge revenge.

And. Revenge!

Ant. Stay, stay, deare father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth,
And cleares his heart. Come, prettie tender childe,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.
Thy fathers blood that flowes within thy veines,
Is it I loath; is that, revenge must sucke.

love thy soule: and were thy heart lapt up
ı any flesh but in Piero's bloode,
would thus kisse it; but being his, thus, thus,
ınd thus Ile punch it. Abandon feares.
Whil'st thy wounds bleede, my browes shall gush out teares.

Jul. So you will love me, doe even what you will.

Ant. Now barkes the wolfe against the fulle cheekt moon;
Now lyons half-clamd entrals roare for food;
Now croakes the toad, and night crowes screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed soules;
Now gapes the graves, and through their yawnes let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth;
And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,
Behold I spurt warme bloode in thy blacke eyes.

[*From under the stage a groane.*

Ant. Howle not, thou pury mould; groan not, ye graves.
Be dumbe, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's sonne,
Worthie his father. So: I feele no breath.
His jawes are falne, his dislodg'd soule is fled:
And now there 's nothing but Piero left.
He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all:
Whome thus I mangle. Spirit of Julyo,
Forget this was thy trunke. I live thy friend.
Maist thou be twined with the softst imbrace
Of clere eternitie: but thy fathers blood
I thus make incense of, to vengeance.
Ghost of my poysoned syre, sucke this fume:
To sweet revenge perfume thy circling ayre,
With smoake of bloode. I sprinkle round his goare,
And dewe thy hearse with these fresh reeking drops.
Loe thus I heave my blood-died handes to heaven,

Even like insatiate hell, still crying, More.
My heart hath thirsting dropsies after goare.
Sound peace and rest to church, night ghosts, and grave
Blood cries for bloode; and murder, murder craves.

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter two pages with torches;* MARYA, *her hayre l*
and NUTRICHE.

Nut. Fy, fie; to morrowe your wedding day, weepe! Gods my comfort! Andrugio could do w Piero may doe better. I have had foure husbands my s The first I called, sweet duck; the second, deare he the third, prettie pugge; but the fourth, most swe deare, prettie, all in all: he was the very cockeall husband. What, ladie? your skinne is smooth, bloode warme, your cheeke fresh, your eye quick: cha of pasture makes fat calves; choice of linnen, cleane boo and (no question) variety of husbands, perfect wive would you should knowe it: as fewe teeth as I have in heade, I have red *Aristotles Problemes*, which saith, woman receiveth perfection by the man. What then the men? Goe to, to bed, lye on your backe, dream no Piero; I say no more. To morrowe is your wedding: dreame not of Piero.

¶ *Enter* BALURDO *with a base vyole.*

Mar. What an idle prate thou keep'st, good nurse; I have a mightie taske of teares to weepe. [sle

Bal. Ladie, with a most retort and obtuse legge, I kisse the curled locks of your loose haire. The d hath sent you the most musical Sir Gefferey, with his

but most innobled viole, to rock your baby thoughts
: cradle of sleepe.
ır. I give the noble Duke respective thanks.
l. Respective; truely a verie prettie word. Indeed,
m, I have the most respective fiddle; did you ever
a more sweete sounde? My dittie must goe thus;
wittie, I assure you: I myselfe in an humorous
ion made it, to the tune of my mistresse Nutriches
tie. Indeede, verie prettie, verie retort, and obtuse;
ssure you tis thus:—

My mistresse eye doth oyle my joints,
And makes my fingers nimble:
O love, come on, untrusse your points,
My fiddlestick wants rozzen.
My ladies dugges are all so smooth,
That no flesh must them handle:
Her eyes doe shine, for to say sooth,
Like a newe snuffed candle.

ar. Truelie, verie patheticall, and unvulgar.
l. Patheticall, and unvulgar; words of worth, ex-
t words. In sooth, madam, I have taken a murre,
h makes my nose run most patheticallie, and unvul-
. Have you any tobacco?
ır. Good Signior, your song.
l. Instantlie, most unvulgarlie, at your service.
lie, here 's the most patheticall rozzen. Umh.

CANTANT.

ır. In sooth, most knightlie sung, and like Sir Gef-

l. Why, looke you, ladie, I was made a knight only
y voice; and a counseller, only for my wit.

Mar. I beleeve it. Good night, gentle sir, good ni
Bal. You will give me leave to take my leave of mistresse, and I will do it most famously in rime.

Farewell, adieu! saith thy love true,
As to part loath.
Time bids us parte, mine own sweete heart,
God blesse us both. [*Exit* Balu

Mar. Good night, Nutriche. Pages, leave the roo
The life of night growes short, tis almost dead.
[*Exeunt Pages and* Nutric
O thou cold widdowe bed, sometime thrice blest,
By the warme pressure of my sleeping lord:
Open thy leaves, and whilst on thee I treade,
Groane out, Alas, my deare Andrugio's deade!
[Maria *draweth the courtaine: and the ghost of* Andr
is displayed, sitting on the bed.
Amazing terror, what portent is this?

SCENA QUINTA.

And. Disloyal to our hymniall rites,
What raging heat rains in thy strumpet blood?
Hast thou so soone forgot Andrugio?
Are our love-bands so quickly cancelled?
Where lives thy plighted faith unto this breast?
O weake Marya! Go to, calme thy feares.
I pardon thee, poore soule! O shed no teares;
Thy sexe is weake. That black incarnate fiende
May trippe thy faith that hath orethrowne my life:

ras impoyson'd by Piero's hand.
me with my sonne to bend up straind revenge.
aintaine a seeming favour to his suite,
l time may forme our vengeance absolute.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO, *his armes bloody: a torch and a poniard.*

Ant. See, unamazed, I will beholde thy face;
utstare the terror of thy grimme aspect,
aring the horred'st object of the night.
ooke how I smoake in blood, reeking the steame
f foming vengeance. O my soule 's inthroan'd
i the tryumphant chariot of revenge!
e thinks I am all ayre, and feele no waight
f humane dirt clogge. This is Julios blood.
ich musique, father; this is Julios blood.
hy lives that mother?

And. Pardon ignorance. Fly, deare Antonio:
nce more assume disguise, and dog the court
n fained habit, till Piero's blood
lay even ore-flowe the brimme of full revenge.

[*Exit* Antonio.

eace, and all blessed fortunes to you both.
ly thou from court, be pearelesse in revenge:
leepe thou in rest, loe here I close thy couch.

[*Exit* Maria *to her bed*, Andrugio *drawing the curtaines.*

nd now yee sootie coursers of the night,
lurrie your chariot into hels black wombe.
arkenesse, make flight; graves, eat your dead again:
et's repossesse our shrowdes. Why lags delay?
lount sparkling brightnesse, give the world his day.

[*Exit* Andrugio.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO *in a fooles habit, with a little toy of a walnut shell, and sope, to make bubbles:* MARIA *and* ALBERTO.

Mar. AWAY with this disguise in any hand.

Alb. Fie, tis unsuting to your elate spirite:
Rather put on some transhap't cavalier,
Some habit of a spitting critick, whose mouth
Voids nothing but gentile and unvulgar
Rheume of censure: rather assume ——

Ant. Why, then, should I put on the verie flesh
Of solid folly? No, this cockscombe is a crowne
Which I affect, even with unbounded zeale.

Alb. Twil twhart your plot, disgrace your high resolve.

Ant. By wisdomes heart there is no essence mortal,
That I can envie, but a plumpe cheekt foole:
O, he hath a patent of immunities
Confirm'd by custome, seald by pollicie,
As large as spatious thought.

Alb. You can not press among the courtiers,
And have accesse to ——

Ant. What? not a foole? Why, friend, a golden asse,
A babl'd foole are sole canonicall,
Whil'st pale cheekt wisdome, and leane ribd arte

are kept in distance at the halberts point:
All held Apocrypha, not worth survey.
Why, by the genius of that Florentine,
Deepe, deepe observing, sound brain'd Macheveil,
He is not wise that strives not to seeme foole.
When will the Duke holde feed Intelligence,
Keepe warie observation in large pay,
To dogge a fooles act?

Mar. I, but faining, known, disgraceth much.

Ant. Pish! Most things that morally adhere to soules,
Wholly exist in drunke opinion:
Whose reeling censure, if I valew not,
It valewes naught,

Mar. You are transported with too slight a thought,
If you but meditate of what is past,
And what you plot to passe.

Ant. Even in that, note a fooles beatitude:
He is not capeable of passion;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He beares an unturned sayle with every winde:
Blowe east, blowe west, he stirs his course alike.
I never sawe a foole leane: the chub-fac't fop
Shines sleeke with full cramm'd fat of happinesse,
Whil'st studious contemplation sucks the juyce
From wisards cheekes: who making curious search
For natures secrets, the first innating cause
Laughes them to scorne, as man doth busie apes
When they will zanie men. Had Heaven bin kinde,
Creating me an honest senselesse dolt,
A good poore foole, I should want sense to feele
The stings of anguish shoot through every vaine;
I should not know what twere to loose a father;

I should be deade of sense, to viewe defame
Blur my bright love; I could not thus run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischiefe,
Staggerd, starke feld with brusing stroke of chance.
I should not shoote mine eyes into the earth,
Poring for mischiefe, that might counterpoise

¶ *Enter* LUCEO.

mischiefe, murder and —— How now, Lucio?

Lu. My lord, the Duke, with the Venetian states,
Approach the great hall to judge Mellida.

Ant. Askt he for Julio yet?

Lu. No motion of him: dare you trust this habit?

Ant. Alberto, see you streight rumour me dead.
Leave me, good mother; leave me, Luceo;
Forsake me, all. Now patience hoope my sides
[*Exeunt omnes, saving* Antonio.
With steeled ribs, least I doe burst my breast
With struggling passions. Now disguise, stand bolde,
Poore scorned habits, oft choyce soules infould.

¶ *The cornets sound a cynet,*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter* CASTILIO, FOROBOSCO, BALUEDO, *and* ALBERTO, *with pol-axes:* LUCEO *bare.* PIERO *and* MARIA *talking together: two* SENATORS, GALEATZO, *and* MATZAGENTE, NUTRICHE.

Pie. Intreat me not: ther's not a beauty lives
Hath that imperiall predominance
Ore my affectes, as your inchanting graces:
Yet give me leave to be my selfe.

Ant. A villaine.

Pie. Just.

Ant. Most just.

Pie. Most just and upright in our judgement seat.
Were Mellida mine eye, with such a blemish
Of most loath'd loosenesse, I would scratch it out.
Produce the strumpet in her bridall robes,
That she may blush t'appeare so white in showe,
And blacke in inward substance. Bring her in.

[*Exeunt* Forobosco *and* Castilio.

I holde Antonio, for his fathers sake,
So verie dearely, so entirely choyce,
That knewe I but a thought of prejudice
Imaign'd 'gainst his high innobled blood,
I would maintaine a mortall feude, undying hate,
Gainst the conceivers life. And shall justice sleepe
In fleshly lethargie, for myne own bloods favour,
When the sweete prince hath so apparant scorne
By my (I wil not call her) daughter? Goe,
Conduct in the loved youth Antonio:

[*Exit* Alberto *to fetch* Antonio.

He shall beholde me spurne my private good;
Piero loves his honour more then 's blood.

Ant. The divell he does more then both.

Bal. Stand backe there, foole; I do hate a foole most most pathetically. O, these that have no sappe of retort and obtuse wit in them: faugh!

Ant. Puffe, holde world; puffe, hold bubble; puffe, holde world; puffe, breake not behind; puffe, thou art full of winde; puffe, keep up by winde; puffe, 'tis broake! and now I laugh like a good foole at the breath of mine owne lips, he, he, he, he, he!

Bal. You foole!

Ant. You foole, puffe!

Bal. I cannot disgest thee, the unvulgar foole. Goe foole.

Pie. Forbeare, Balurdo; let the foole alone,
Come hither (*ficto*). Is he your foole?

Mar. Yes, my lov'd lord.

Pie. Would all the states in Venice were like thee!
O then I were secur'd.
He that 's a villaine, or but meanely sowl'd,
Must stil converse, and cling to routes of fooles,
That can not search the leakes of his defectes.
O, your unsalted fresh foole is your onely man:
These vinegar tart spirits are too pearcing,
Too searching in the unglewd joynts of shaken wits.
Finde they a chinke, they 'l wriggle in and in,
And eat like salt sea in his siddowe ribs,
Till they have opened all his rotten parts
Unto the vaunting surge of base contempt,
And sunke the tossed galleasse in depth
Of whirlepoole scorne. Give me an honest fopp.
Dud a dud a! Why loe, sir, this takes he
As grateful now as a monopolie.

SCENA TERTIA.

¶ *The still flutes sound softly.*

¶ *Enter* FOROBOSCO *and* CASTILIO: MELLIDA *supported by two waiting women.*

Mel. All honour to this royall confluence.

Pie. Forbeare (impure) to blot bright honours name

With thy defiled lips. The fluxe of sinne
Flowes from thy tainted bodie: thou so foule,
So all dishonour'd, canst no honour give,
No wish of good, that can have good effect
To this grave senate, and illustrate bloodes.
Why staies the doome of death?

1st Sen. Who riseth up to manifest her guilt?

2d Sen. You must produce apparant proofe, my lord.

Pie. Why, where is Strotzo?—he that swore he saw
The verie acte: and vow'd that Feliche fled
Upon his sight: on which I brake the breast
Of the adulterous letcher with five stabbes.
Goe, fetch in Strotzo. Now, thou impudent,
If thou hast any droppe of modest bloode
Shrowded within thy cheeks, blush, blush for shame,
That rumor yet may say, thou felt'st defame.

Mell. Produce the divel; let your Strotzo come:
I can defeat his strongest argument,
With——

Pie. With what?

Mel. With teares, with blushes, sighes, and clasped hands,
With innocent upreared armes to Heaven:
With my unnookt simplicitie. These, these
Must, will, can only quit my heart of guilt.
Heaven permits not taintlesse bloode be spilt,
If no remorse live in your savage breast.

Pie. Then thou must die.

Mel. Yet dying, Ile be blest.

Pie. Accurst by me.

Mel. Yet blest, in that I strove
To live, and die.

Pie. My hate.

Mel. Antonio's love.
Ant. Antonio's love!

¶ *Enter* STROTZO, *a corde about his necke.*

Str. O what vast ocean of repentant teares
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of ulcerous sinne! Supreame Efficient,
Why cleav'st thou not my breast with thunderbolts
Of wing'd revenge?
Pie. What meanes this passion?
Ant. What villanie are they decocting now? Umh
Str. In me convertite ferrum, O proceres.
Nihil iste, nec ista.
Pie. Lay holde on him. What strange portent is t
Str. I will not flinch. Death, hel more grimly sta
Within my heart, then in your threatning browes.
Record, thou threefolde garde of dreadest power,
What I here speake is forced from my lips
By the pulsive straine of conscience.
I have a mount of mischiefe clogs my soule,
As waightie as the high-nol'd Appenine,
Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst.
I have defam'd this ladie wrongfully,
By instigation of Antonio,
Whose reeling love, tost on each fancies surge,
Began to loath before it fully joyed. [*Exit* Forob
Pie. Goe, seize Antonio; guard him strongly in.
Str. By his ambition, being only brib'd,
Feed by his impious hand, I poysoned
His aged father, that his thirstie hope
Might quench their dropsie of aspiring drought
With full unbounded quaffe.

Pie. Seize me, Antonio.

Str. O, why permit you now such scum of filth,
As Strotzo is, to live and taint the ayre
With his infectious breath!

Pie. My selfe will be thy strangler, unmatcht slave.

¶ PIERO *comes from his chaire, snatcheth the cords end, and* CASTILIO *aydeth him: both strangle* STROTZO.

Str. Now change your——

Pie. I pluck Castilio—I change my humour: plucke Castilio.
Dye, with thy deathes intreats even in thy jawes.
Now, now, now, now, now, my plot begins to worke!
Why, thus should statesmen doe,
That cleave through knots of craggie pollicies,
Use men like wedges, one strike out another,
Till by degrees the tough and knurly trunke
Be riv'd in sunder. Where 's Antonio?

¶ *Enter* ALBERTO, *running.*

Alb. O, black accursed fate. Antonio's drowned.

Pie. Speake, on thy faith, on thy allegiance, speake.

Alb. As I do love Piero, he is drownde.

Ant. In an inundation of amazement.

Mel. I, is this the close of all my straines in love?
O me most wretched maide.

Pie. Antonio drownde! how? how? Antonio drownd!

Alb. Distraught and raving, from a turrets top
He threwe his bodie in the swolne sea,
And as he headlong topsie turvie dingd downe,
He still cri'd "Mellida!"

Ant. My loves bright crowne.

Mel. He still cry'd "Mellida!"

Pie. Daughter, methinks your eyes should sparkle joy,
Your bosome rise on tiptoe at this news.

Mel. Aye me.

Pie. How now? Ay me! why, art not great of thanks
To gratious Heaven, for the just revenge
Upon the author of thy obloquies!

Mar. Sweete beautie, I could sigh as fast as you,
But that I knowe that, which I weepe to knowe,
His fortunes should be such he dare not showe
His open presence.

Mel. I knowe he lov'd me dearely, dearely, I:
And since I cannot live with him, I dye.

Pie. Fore Heaven, her speach falters; look, she swoons.
Convey her up into her private bed.

[Maria, Nutriche, *and the Ladies, beare out* Mellida; *as being swouned.*

I hope sheele live. If not——

Ant. Antonio's dead! the foole wil follow too, he, he, he!
Now workes the sceane; quick observation scud
To coate the plot, or els the path is lost:
My verie selfe am gone, my way is fled:
I, all is lost, if Mellida is deade. [*Exit* Antonio.

Pie. Alberto, I am kinde; Alberto, kinde.
I am sorie for thy couz, ifaith I am.
Goe, take him downe, and beare him to his father.
Let him be buried; looke yee, Ile pay the priest.

Alb. Please you to admit his father to the court?

Pie. No.

Alb. Please you to restore his lands and goods againe?

Pie. No.

Alb. Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the city?

Pie. Gods fut, no, thou odde uncivill fellow.
I thinke you doe forget, sir, where you are.
Alb. I know you doe forget, sir, where you must be.
Foro. You are too malepert, ifaith you are.
Your honour might do well to——
Alb. Peace, parasite; thou bur, that only sticks
Unto the nappe of greatnesse:
Pie. Away with that same yelping cur—away.
Alb. I—I am gone; but marke, Piero, this.
There is a thing cald scourging *Nemesis.* [*Exit* Alberto.
Bal. Gods neakes, he has wrong, that he has: and
S'fut, and I were as he, I would beare no coles. Lawe I,
I begin to swell—puffe.
Pie. How now, foole, fop, foole?
Bal. Foole, fop, foole! Marry muffe. I pray you, how manie fooles have you seene goe in a suite of sattin? I hope yet, I doe not looke a foole ifaith! a foole! Gods bores, I scorn't with my heele. S'neaks, and I were worth but three hundred pound a yeare more, I could sweare richly; nay, but as poore as I am, I will sweare the fellowe hath wrong.
Pie. Young Galeatzo! I, a proper man;
Florence, a goodly citie: it shall be so.
Ile marrie her to him instantly.
Then Genoa mine, by my Mariaes match,
Which Ile solemnize ere next setting sun.
Thus Venice, Florence, Genoa, strongly leagu'd.
Excellent, excellent! Ile conquer Rome,
Pop out the light of bright religion;
And then, helter skelter, all cock sure.
Bal. Goe to, tis just, the man hath wrong: go to.
Pie. Goe to, thou shalt have right. Go to, Castilio,

Clap him into the palace dungeon;
Lappe him in rags, and let him feed on slime
That smeares the dungeon cheeke. Away with him.

Bal. In verie good truth, now, Ile nere do so more; this one time and——

Pie. Away with him—observe it strictly—goe!

Bal. Why then, O wight! alas, poor knight!
O, welladay, Sir Geffery. Let poets roare,
And all deplore; for now I bid you good night.
[*Exit* Balurdo *with* Castilio.

Mar. O pittious end of love! O too, too rude hand
Of unrespective death! Alas, sweete maide!

Pie. Forbear me, Heaven. What intend these plaints?

Mar. The beautie of admir'd creation,
The life of modest unmixt puritie,
Our sexes glorie, Mellida is——

Pie. What, O Heaven, what!

Mar. Deade!

Pie. May it not sad your thoughts, how?

Mar. Being laid upon her bed, she grasped my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus: Thou very pore,
Why dost not weepe? The jewell of thy browe,
The rich adornement that inchac't thy breast,
Is lost. Thy son, my love, is lost, is deade.
And doe I live to say Antonio's deade?
And have I liv'd to see his vertues blurd
With guiltlesse blots? O world, thou art too subtile
For honest natures to converse withall,
Therefore Ile leave thee; farewell, mart of woe,
I fly to clip my love, Antonio!
With that her head sunk down upon her brest;
Her cheeke chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest,

ntill my foole, that press'd unto the bed,
rech't out so lowd that he brought back her soule,
alde her againe, that her bright eyes gan ope,
nd starde upon him. He, audatious foole,
ar'd kisse her hand, wisht her soft rest, lov'd bride;
he fumbled out, thanks good, and so she dide.
Pie. And so she dide! I doe not use to weepe;
ut by thy love (out of whose fertile sweete
hope for as faire fruite) I am deepe sad.
will not stay my mariage for all this.
astilio, Forobosco, all,
traine all your wits, winde up invention
nto his highest bent; to sweete this night,
lake us drinke Lethe by your queint conceipts;
hat for two daies oblivion smother griefe.
ut when my daughters exequies approach,
et's all turne sighers. Come, despight of fate,
ound lowdest musick, lets pase out in state.

¶ *The cornets sound.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO *solus, in fooles habit.*

Ant. I Heaven, thou maist, thou maist omnipotence.
Vhat vermine bred of putrifacted slime
hall dare to expostulate with thy decrees!
) Heaven, thou maist indeede: she was all thine,
ll heavenly: I did but humbly beg
o borrowe her of thee a little time.
hou gav'st her me, as some weake breasted dame
iveth her infant, puts it out to nurse;
nd when it once goes high-lone, takes it back.

She was my vitall blood, and yet, and yet,
Ile not blaspheame. Looke here! beholde!
[Antonio *puts off his cap, and lyeth just upon his bo*
I turne my prostrate breast upon thy face,
And vent a heaving sigh. O heare but this!
I am a poore, poore orphant—a weake, weak childe,
The wrack of splitted fortune, the very ouze,
The quicksand that devours all miserie.
Beholde the valiant'st creature that doth breath.
For all this I dare live, and I will live,
Onely to numme some others cursed bloode
With the dead palsie of like misery.
Then death, like to a stifling incubus,
Lie on my bosome. Loe, sir, I am sped.
My breast is Golgotha, grave for the deade.

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter* PANDULPHO, ALBERTO, *and a Page, carrying* FELICHES *trunke in a winding sheete, and lay thwart* ANTONIOS *breast.*

Pan. Antonio, kisse my foote: I honour thee,
In laying thwart my blood upon thy breast.
I tell thee, boy, he was Pandulphos sonne;
And I doe grace thee with supporting him,
Young man.
The dominering monarch of the earth,
He who hath naught that fortunes gripe can seize,
He who is all impregnably his owne,
Hee whose great heart Heaven can not force with force,
Vouchsafes his love. *Non servio Deo, sed assentio.*
Ant. I ha lost a good wife.

Pan. Didst finde her good, or didst thou make her good?
If found, thou maist refinde, because thou hadst her.
If made, the worke is lost; but thou that mad'st her
Liv'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wife?
Thrice blessed man that lost her whilst she was good,
Faire, young, unblemisht, constant, loving, chaste.
I tell thee, youth, age knows, young loves seeme grac't,
Which with gray cares, rude jarres, are oft defac't.

Ant. But shee was full of hope.

Pan. May be, may be; but that which may be, stood,
Stands now without all may. She died good,
And dost thou grieve?

Alb. I ha lost a true friend.

Pan. I live encompast with two blessed soules.
Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a trew friend, ha!
Two of the rarest lendings of the heavens.
But lendings, which at the fixed day of pay
Set downe by fate, thou must restore againe.
O what unconscionable soules are here!
Are you all like the spoke-shaves of the church?
Have you no mawe to restitution?
Hast lost a true friend, cuz? then thou hadst one.
I tell thee, youth, tis all as difficult
To finde true friend in this apostate age
(That balkes all right affiance twixt two hearts)
As tis to finde a fixed modest heart,
Under a painted breast. Lost a true friend!
O happie soule that lost him whilst he was true.
Beleeve it cuz, I to my teares have found,
Oft durts respect makes firmer friends unsound.

Alb. You have lost a good sonne.

Pan. Why there 's the comfort ont, that he was good.
Alas, poore innocent!

Alb. Why weepes mine uncle?

Pan. Ha, dost aske me why? ha, ha!
Good cuz, looke here!

[*He showes him his sonnes breas*

Man will breake out, despight philosophie.
Why, all this while I ha but plaid a part,
Like to some boy, that actes a tragedie,
Speakes burly words, and raves out passion;
But, when he thinks upon his infant weaknesse,
He droopes his eye. I spake more then a god.
Yet am lesse then a man.
I am the miserablest sowle that breathes.

[Antonio *starts up*

Ant. S'lid, sir, ye lye! by the heart of griefe, thou lyest
I scorn't that any wretched should survive,
Outmounting me in that superlative,
Most miserable, most unmatcht in woe.
Who dare assume that, but Antonio?

Pan. Wilt still be so, and shall yon blood-hound live?

Ant. Have I an arme, a heart, a sword, a sowle?

Alb. Were you but private unto what we know.

Pan. Ile knowe it all; first let 's interre the dead.
Let 's dig his grave, with that shall dig the heart,
Liver, and intrals of the murderer.

[*They strike the stage with their daggers, and the grave openeth.*

Ant. Wilt sing a dirge, boy?

Pan. No, no song; twill be vile out of tune.

Alb. Indeede, he 's hoarce; the poor boye's voice is crackt.

. Why cuz! why shold it not be hoarce and crackt,
all the strings of natures symphony
ackt and jar? Why should his voice keepe tune,
ther 's no musick in the breast of man?
an honest antick rime I have,
me, good sorrow-mates, to give him grave).
[*They all helpe to carie* Feliche *to his grave.*
exile, plaints, and woe,
it mans lackies, not his foe.
ortall scapes from fortunes warre
ut a wound, at least a scarre.
have led these to the grave;
l shall followe, none shall save.
of my youth, rot and consume;
, in dirt, doth life assume.
his ould sawe, close up this dust;
blessed man that dyeth just.
. The gloomie wing of night begins to stretch
ie pinion over all the ayre.
ist be stiffe and steddie in resolve;
thus our hands, our hearts, our armes involve.
[*They wreath their armes.*
. Now sweare we by this Gordian knot of love,
fresh turned up mould that wraps my sonne;
deade browe of triple Hecate;
ght shall close the lids of yon bright stars,
sit as heavie on Pieros heart,
na doth on groning Pelorus.
. Thanks, good old man;
cast at royall chaunce.
hinke a plot—then pell mell vengeance!
[*Exeunt, their armes wreathed.*

¶ *The Cornets sound for the Acte.*

¶ *The dumb showe.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Enter at one dore* CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO, *with halberts; foure Pages, with torches;* LUCEO, *bare;* PIERO, MARIA, *and* ALBERTO, *talking;* ALBERTO *drawes out his dagger,* MARIA *her knife, ayming to menace the Duke. Then* GALEATZO, *betwixt two Senators, reading a paper to them, at which they all make semblance of loathing* PIERO, *and knit their fists at him; two Ladies and* NUTRICHE. *All these goe softly over the Stage, whilst at the other doore enters the ghost of* ANDRUGIO, *who passeth by them, tossing his torch about his heade in triumph. All forsake the Stage, saving* ANDRUGIO, *who, speaking, begins the Acte.*

And. *VENIT dies, tempúsque, quo reddat suis*
Animam squallentem sceleribus.
The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutcht,
And sterne Vindicta towreth up aloft,
That she may fal with a more waightie paise,
And crush lives sap from out Pieros vaines.
Now gins the leprous cores of ulcered sins
Wheale to a heade: now is his fate growne mellow,

Instant to fall into the rotten jawes
Of chap-falne death. Now downe lookes Providence,
T'attend the last act of my sons revenge.
Be gratious, observation, to our sceane,
For now the plot unites his scattred limbes
Close in contracted bands. The Florence Prince
(Drawne by firme notice of the Dukes black deeds)
Is made a partner in conspiracie.
The States of Venice are so swolne in hate
Against the Duke for his accursed deeds
(Of which they are confirm'd by some odde letters
Found in dead Strotzos studie, which had past
Betwixt Piero and the murdring slave),
That they can scarce retaine from bursting foorth
In plaine revolt. O, now tryumphes my ghost,
Exclaiming, Heaven's just, for I shal see
The scourge of murder and impietie! [*Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

BALURDO *from under the Stage.*

Bal. Hoe, who 's above there, hoe? A murren on all proverbes. They say, hunger breakes thorough stone walles; but I am as gant as leane ribd famine, yet I can burst through no stone walles. O now, Sir Gefferey, shewe thy valour, breake prison and be hangd. Nor shall the darkest nooke of hell containe the discontented Sir Balurdos ghost. Well, I am out well; I have put off the prison to put on the rope. O poore shotten herring, what a pickle art thou in! O hunger, how thou dominer'st in my guts! O for a fat leg of ewe mutton in stewde broth, or drunken song to feede on. I could belch

rarely, for I am all winde. O colde, colde, colde, colde! O poore knight! O poore Sir Gefferey, sin an unicorne before thou dost dip thy horne in the of death. O cold, O sing, O colde, O poore Sir G sing, sing!

CANTAT.

SCENA TERTIA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO *and* ALBERTO *at severall doores, rapiers drawne, in their masking attyre.*

Ant. Vindicta!

Alb. Mellida!

Ant. Alberto!

Alb. Antonio!

Ant. Hath the Duke supt?

Alb. Yes, and tryumphant revels mount aloft.
The Duke drinkes deepe to overflowe his griefe.
The court is rackt to pleasure; each man straines
To faine a jocund eye. The Florentine——

Ant. Young Galeatzo!

Alb. Even he is mightie on our part. The Sta
Venice——

¶ *Enter* PANDULPHO, *running, in masking atty*

Pan. Like high-swoln floods drive down the r
dammes
Of pent allegeance. O, my lustie bloods,
Heaven sits clapping of our enterprise.
I have beene labouring generall favour firme,
And I doe finde the citizens growne sick
With swallowing the bloodie crudities

Of black Pieros acts; they faine would cast
And vomit him from off their governement.
Now is the plot of mischiefe ript wide ope;
Letters are found twixt Strotzo and the Duke
So cleare apparent, yet more firmely strong
By suiting circumstance; that as I walkt
Muffled, to eves-drop speech, I might observe
The graver statesmen whispering fearefully.
Here one gives nods and hums what he would speake.
The rumour 's got 'mong troope of citizens,
Making lowde murmur, with confused dinne.
One shakes his head and sighes, O illus'd powre!
Another frets, and sets his grinding teeth,
Foaming with rage, and sweares this must not be.
Here one complots, and on a sodaine starts,
And cries, O monstrous, O deepe villanie!
All knit there nerves, and from beneath swoln brows
Appeares a gloting eye of much mislike;
Whilst swart Pieros lips reake steame of wine,
Swallowes lust-thoughts, devours all pleasing hopes,
With strong imagination of, what not?
O now Vindicta, that 's the word we have,
A royall vengeance, or a royall grave!

Ant. Vindicta!

Bal. I am acolde.

Pan. Who's there? Sir Geffrey?

Bal. A poor knight, god wot: the nose of thy knighthoode is bitten off with cold. O poore Sir Geffrey, cold, cold!

Pan. What chance of fortune hath tript up his heels,
And laid him in the kennell, ha?

Alb. I will discourse it all. Poore honest soule,

Hadst thou a bever to clasp up thy face,
Thou shouldst associate us in masquery,
And see revenge.

Bal. Nay, and you talke of revenge, my stomack' for I am most tyrannically hungry. A bever! I a headpeece, a skull, a braine of proofe, I warrant ye

Alb. Slinke to my chamber then, and tyre thee.

Bal. Is there a fire?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Is there a fat leg of ewe mutton?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. And a cleane shirt?

Alb. Yes.

Bal. Then am I for you, most pathetically, and vulgarly, law! [

Ant. Resolved hearts, time curtals night, opport shakes us his foretop. Steel your thoughts, sharp resolve, imboldén your spirit, grasp your swords; al mischief, and with an undanted brow, out scout the opposition
Of most menacing perill.
Harke here, proud pomp shoots mounting tryumph u Borne in lowde accents to the front of Jove.

Pan. O now, he that wants sowle to kill a slave, Let him die slave, and rot in pesants grave.

Ant. Give me thy hand, and thine, most noble hea Thus will wee live, and, but thus, never part.

[*Exeunt, twin'd toge*

¶ *Cornets sound a cynet.*

SCENA QUARTA.

¶ *Enter* CASTILIO *and* FOROBOSCO; *two Pages, with torches;* LUCIO, *bare;* PIERO *and* MARIA, GALEATZO, *two Senators, and* NUTRICHE.

¶ PIERO *to* MARIA.

Pie. Sit close unto my breast, heart of my love,
dvance thy drooping eyes.
ıy sonne is drownde.
ch happinesse that such a sonne is drownde.
y husband 's deade, life of my joyes most blest,
that the saplesse logge, that prest thy bed
h an unpleasing waight, being lifted hence,
n I, Piero, live to warme his place.
ll you, ladie, had you view'd us both
h an unpartiall eye, when first we woo'd
ır maiden beauties, I had borne the prize,
firme I had; for, faire, I ha done that——
Mar. Murder!
Pie. Which he would quake to have adventur'd;
ıu know'st I have ——
Mar. Murdred my husband.
Pie. Borne out the shock of war, and done, what not,
t valour durst. Dost love me, fairest? Say.
Mar. As I doe hate my son, I love thy soule.
Pie. Why then Io to Hymen, mount a loftie note.
red cheekt Bacchus, let Lyeus flote
ɔurnisht gobblets. Force the plump lipt god,
p light lavoltaes in your full sapt vaines.
well brim full. Even I have glut of blood.
quaffe carouse. I drinke this Burdeaux wine

Unto the health of deade Andrugio,
Feliche, Strotzo, and Antonios ghosts.
Would I had some poyson to infuse it with;
That having done this honour to the dead,
I might send one to give them notice ont.
I would indeere my favour to the full.
Boy, sing alowd; make heavens vault to ring
With thy breaths strength. I drink. Now low

CANTAT.

¶ *The song ended, the cornets sound a cyn*

SCENA QUINTA.

¶ *Enter* ANTONIO, PANDULPHO, *and* ALB
maskery; BALURDO, *and a Torchbearer*

Pie. Call Julio hither. Where 's the little so
I sawe him not to-day. Here 's sport alone
For him, ifaith; for babes and fooles, I know,
Relish not substance, but applaud the showe.
[*To the conspirators, as they stand in ranke for th*
Gal. All blessed fortune crown your brave at
[*To A*
I have a troope to second your attempt. [*To P*
The Venice States joyne hearts unto your hands.
[*To A*
Pie. By the delights in contemplation
Of comming joyes, 'tis magnificent.
You grace my mariage eve with sumptuous pom
Sound still, lowde musick. O, your breath giv
To curious feete, that in proud measure pase.

Ant. Mother, is Julios bodie——
Mar. Speake not, doubt not; all is above all hope.
Ant. Then wil I daunce and whirle about the ayre.
Methinks I am all sowle, all heart, all spirit.
Now murder shall receive his ample merite.

¶ *The measure.*

¶ *While the measure is dauncing,* ANDRUGIO'S *ghost is placed betwixt the musick houses.*

Pie. Bring hither suckets, canded delicates.
Weele taste some sweete meats, gallants, ere we sleep.
Ant. Weele cooke your sweete meats, gallants, with tart, sower sawce.
And. Here will I sit, spectator of revenge,
And glad my ghost in anguish of my foe.
[*The maskers whisper with* Piero.
Pie. Marry and shall; ifaith I were too rude,
If I gainesaide so civill fashion.
The maskers pray you to forbeare the roome
Till they have banqueted. Let it be so:
No man presume to visite them, on death.
[*The maskers whisper againe.*
Onely my selfe? O, why with all my heart;
Ile fill your consort. Here Piero sits;
Come on, unmaske, lets fall to.
[*The conspirators binde* Piero, *pluck out his tongue, and tryumph over him.*
Ant. Murder and torture! no prayers, no entreats!
Pan. Weele spoyle your oratory. Out with his tong.
Ant. I have 't, Pandulpho; the vaines panting bleede,
Trickling fresh goare about my fist. Bind fast—so, so!

And. Blest be thy hand! I taste the joyes of hea
Viewing my sonne tryumph in his blacke bloode.

Bal. Downe to the dungeon with him; Ile dun
with him! Ile foole you; Sir Gefferey will be Sir Ge
Ile tickle you.

Ant. Beholde, black dogge!

Pan. Grinst thou, thou snurling curre?

Alb. Eate thy black liver.

Ant. To thine anguish see
A foole tryumphant in thy misery.
Vex him, Balurdo.

Pan. He weepes; now do I glorifie my hands;
I had no vengeance, if I had no teares.

Ant. Fal to, good Duke. O these are worthlesse
You have no stomack to them; looke, looke here:
Here lies a dish to feast thy fathers gorge.
Here 's flesh and blood, which I am sure thou lov'st.
[Piero *seemes to condole his*

Pan. Was he thy flesh, thy son, thy dearest sonne

Ant. So was Andrugio my dearest father.

Pan. So was Feliche my dearest sonne.

¶ *Enter* MARIA.

Mar. So was Andrugio my dearest husband.

Ant. My father found no pittie in thy blood.

Pan. Remorse was banisht, when thou slew'st my

Mar. When thou impoysoned'st my loving lord,
Exilde was pietie.

Ant. Now therefore pittie, piety, remorse,
Be aliens to our thoughts; grim fier-ey'd rage
Possess us wholly.

'an. Thy son? true; and which is my most joy,
)pe no bastard, but thy very blood,
true begotten, most legitimate
l loved issue—there 's the comfort ont.
tnt. Scum of the mud of hell!
tlb. Slime of all filth!
tar. Thou most detested toad!
'al. Thou most retort and obtuse rascall!
tnt. Thus charge we death at thee; remember hel,
let the howling murmurs of black spirits,
horrid torments of the damned ghosts,
ight thy sowle as it descendeth downe
the intrals of the ugly deepe.
an. Sa, sa; no, let him die, and die, and stil be dying.
[*They offer to runne all at* Piero, *and on a sodain stop.*
yet not die till he hath di'd and di'd
thousand deathes in agonie of heart.
nt. Now pel mell; thus the hand of Heaven chokes
throate of murder. This for my fathers blood.
[*He stabs* Piero.
an. This for my sonne.
lb. This for them all.
this, and this, sinke to the heart of hell!
[*They run all at* Piero *with their rapiers.*
an. Murder for murder, blood for blood, doth yell!
nd. Tis done, and now my sowle shal sleep in rest.
s that revenge their fathers blood are blest.
[*The curtaines being drawne, exit* Andrugio.

SCENA SEXTA.

¶ *Enter* GALEATZO, *two Senators*, LUCHO, FOROBOSCO CASTILIO, *and Ladies.*

1*st Sen.* Whose hand presents this gory spectacle?

Ant. Mine.

Pan. No, mine.

Alb. No, mine.

Ant. I will not loose the glorie of the deede,
Were all the tortures of the deepest hell
Fixt to my limbs. I pearc't the monsters heart
With an undaunted hand.

Pan. By yon bright spangled front of heaven twas I;
Twas I sluc't out his life bloode.

Alb. Tush, to say truth, twas all.

2*d Sen.* Blest be you all, and may your honours live
Religiously helde sacred, even for ever and ever.

Gal. (*to* Antonio). Thou art another Hercules to us,
In ridding huge pollution from our State.

1*st Sen.* Antonio, beliefe is fortified
With most invincible approvements of much wrong,
By this Piero to thee. We have found
Beadroles of mischiefe, plots of villany,
Laide twixt the Duke and Strotzo, which we found
Too firmely acted.

2*d Sen.* Alas, poore orphant!

Ant. Poore, standing tryumphant over Belzebub!
Having large interest for blood, and yet deem'd poor?

1*st Sen.* What satisfaction outward pomp can yield,
Or cheefest fortunes of the Venice State,
Claime freely. You are well seasond props,

nd will not warpe, or leane to either part;
alamity gives man a steady heart.

Ant. We are amaz'd at your benignitie;
ut other vowes constraine another course.

Pan. We know the world, and did we know no more,
Wee would not live to know; but since constraint
Of holy bands forceth us keepe this lodge
Of durts corruption, till dread power cals
Our soules appearance, we will live inclos'd
In holy verge of some religious order,
Most constant votaries.

[*The curtaines are drawne,* Piero *departeth.*

Ant. First let 's cleanse our hands,
Purge hearts of hatred, and intombe my love,
Over whose hearse Ile weepe away my braine
In true affections teares.
For her sake, here I vowe a virgine bed.
She lives in me; with her my love is deade.

2d Sen. We will attend her mournfull exequies;
Conduct you to your calme sequestred life,
And then——

Mar. Leave us to meditate on misery,
To sad our thought with contemplation
Of past calamities. If any aske
Where lives the widdowe of the poisoned lord?
Where lies the orphant of a murdered father?
Where lies the father of a butchered sonne?
Where lives all woe?—conduct him to us there,
The downe-cast ruines of calamitie.

And. Sound dolefull tunes, a solemne hymne advance,
To close the last act of my vengeance,
And when the subject of your passion's spent,

Sing Mellida is deade, all hearts will relent,
In sad condolement at that heavie sound.
Never more woe in lesser plot was found.
And, O, if ever time create a muse,
That to th' immortall fame of virgine faith
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,
Presenting it in some black tragedie,
May it prove gratious; may his stile be deckt
With freshest bloomes of purest elegance;
May it have gentle presence, and the sceans suckt up
By calme attention of choyce audience;
And when the closing Epilogue appeares,
Instead of claps, may it obtaine but teares.

CANTANT.

[*Exeunt o*

Antonii vindictæ.

THE WONDER OF WOMEN;

OR,

THE TRAGEDIE OF

SOPHONISBA.

TO THE GENERAL READER.

KNOW, *that I have not laboured in this Poeme, to tye my selfe to relate any thing as an historian, but to inlarge every thing as a poet. To transcribe authors, quote authorities, and translate Latine prose Orations into English blank verse, hath, in this subject, been the least ayme of my studies. Then* (*equall Reader*) *peruse me with no prepared dislike; and, if ought shall displease thee, thanke thy selfe; if ought shall please thee, thanke not me: for I confesse in this it was not my onely end.*

¶ *ARGUMENTUM.*

A GRATEFULL hearts just height: ingratitude
And vowes base breach with worthy shame pur
A womans constant love as firme as fate;
A blamelesse counsellor well borne for state;
The folly to inforce free love. These know,
This subject with full light doth amply show.

INTERLOCUTORES.

MASSINISSA, SYPHAX, } *Kings of Lybia, rivalls for* SOPHONISBA.
ASDRUBALL, *Father to* SOPHONISBA.
GELOSSO, *a Senator of Carthage.*
BYTHEUS, *a Senator of Carthage.*
HANNO MAGNUS, *Captaine for Carthage.*
JUGURTH, MASSINISSA'S *Nephew.*
SCIPIO, LÆLIUS, } *Generalls of Rome.*
VANGUE, *an Æthiopian Slave.*
CARTHALON, *a Senator of Carthage.*
GISCO, *a Surgeon of Carthage.*
NUNTIUS.
SOPHONISBA, *Daughter to* ASDRUBALL *of Carthage.*
ZANTHIA, *her Mayd.*
ERICTHO, *an Inchantresse.*
ARCATHIA, NYCEA, } *Wayting Women to* SOPHONISBA.

THE TRAGEDIE

OF

SOPHONISBA.

PROLOGUS.

¶ *Cornets sound a march.*

Enter at one doore the PROLOGUE, *two Pages with torches,* ASDRUBALL *and* JUGURTH, *two Pages with lights,* MASSINISSA *leading* SOPHONISBA, ZANTHIA *bearing* SOPHONISBAS *traine,* ARCATHIA *and* NICEA, HANNO *and* BYTHEAS: *at the other doore two Pages with targets and javelins, two Pages with lights,* SYPHAX *arm'd from top to toe,* VANGUE *followes.*

These, thus entred, stand still, whilst the PROLOGUE, *resting betweene both troupes, speakes.*

THE sceane is Lybia, and the subject thus:
Whilst Carthage stood the onely awe of Rome,
As most imperiall seate of Lybia,
Govern'd by statesmen, each as great as kings
(For seventeene kings were Carthage feodars);
Whilst thus shee flourisht, whilst her Hanniball

Made Rome to tremble, and the walles yet pale:
Then in this Carthage Sophonisba liv'd,
The farre fam'd daughter of great Asdruball:
For whom ('mongst others) potent Syphax sues,
And well-grac'd Massinissa rivalls him,
Both princes of proud scepters: but the lot
Of doubtfull favour Massinissa grac'd,
At which Syphax growes blacke: for now the night
Yeelds lowd resoundings of the nuptiall pompe:
Apollo strikes his harpe: Himen his torch,
Whilst lowring Juno, with ill-boading eye,
Sits envious at too forward Venus: loe,
The instant night: and now yee worthier minds,
To whom wee shall present a female glory
(The wonder of a constancie so fixt,
That fate it selfe might well grow envious),
Be pleas'd to sit, such as may merit oyle,
And holy deaw, still'd from diviner heat:
For rest thus knowing, what of this you heare,
The Author lowly hopes, but must not feare:

For just worth never rests on popular frowne,
To have done well is fayre deeds onely crowne.

Nec se quæsiverit

Cornets sound a march.

The Prologue *leades* Massinissas *troupes over the and departs:* Syphax *troups onely stay.*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ SYPHAX *and* VANGUE.

Sy. SYPHAX, Syphax! why wast thou curst a king?
What angry god made thee so great, so vile?
Contemn'd, disgraced; think, wert thou a slave,
Though Sophonisba did reject thy love,
Thy low neglected head unpoynted at,
Thy shame unrumour'd, and thy suite unscoft,
Might yet rest quiet. Reputation,
Thou awe of fooles and great men: thou that choakst
Freest addictions, and mak'st mortalls sweat
Blood and cold drops in feare to lose, or hope
To gaine thy never certaine seldome worthy gracings.
Reputation!
Wert not for thee, Syphax could beare this scorne,
Not spouting up his gall among his bloud
In blacke vexations: Massinissa might
Injoy the sweets of his preferred graces
Without my dangerous envie or revenge:

Wert not for thy affliction, all might sleepe
In sweet oblivion: but (O greatnesse scourge!)
Wee cannot without envie keepe high name,
Nor yet disgrac'd can have a quiet shame.
Van. Scipio——
Sy. Some light in depth of hell. Vangue, what h
Van. I have receiv'd assur'd intelligence,
That Scipio, Romes sole hope, hath raisd up men,
Drawne troupes together for invasion——
Sy. Of this same Carthage?
Van. With this pollicie,
To force wild Hannibal from Italy——
Sy. And draw the war to Africk.
Van. Right. [ar
Sy. And strike this secure countrey with unthougl
Van. My letters beare he is departed Rome,
Directly setting course and sayling up——
Sy. To Carthage, Carthage! O thou eternall youth
Man of large fame, great and abounding glory,
Renounefull Scipio, spread thy two-necked eagles,
Fill full thy sailes with a revenging wind,
Strike through obedient Neptune, till thy powers
Dash up our Lybian house, and thy just armes
Shine with amazefull terror on these wals!
O now record thy fathers honord blood
Which Carthage drunke, thy uncle Publius blood
Which Carthage drunke, 30000 soules
Of choice Italians Carthage set on wing:
Remember Hannibal, yet Hannibal
The consul-queller: O then enlarge thy heart,
Be thousand soules in one; let all the breath,
The spirit of thy name and nation, be mixt strong
In thy great heart: O fall like thunder shaft,

he wing'd vengeance of incensed Jove,
pon this Carthage: for Syphax here flies off
rom all allegeance, from all love or service;
[is (now freed) scepter once did yeeld this citie:
ee universall gods, light, heate, and ayre,
'rove all unblessing Syphax, if his hands
)nce reare themselves for Carthage but to curse it!
t had beene better they had chang'd their faith,
)eni'd their gods, then slighted Syphax love.
)o fearefully will I take vengeance:
'le interleague with Scipio;—Vangue,
)eare Ethiopian negro, goe wing a vessell,
And fly to Scipio: say his confederate
Vow'd and confirm'd is Syphax: bid him hast
To mix our palmes and armes; will him make up,
Whilst we are in the strength of discontent,
Our unsuspected forces well in armes;
For Sophonisba, Carthage, Asdruball,
Shall feele their weaknesse in preferring weaknesse,
And one lesse great then we. To our deare wishes,
Haste, gentle negro, that this heape may know
Me and their wrong.

Van. Wrong?

Sy. I, tho' twere not; yet know while kings are strong,
What thei'le but thinke, and not what is, is wrong:
I am disgrac'd in, and by that which hath
No reason, love, and woman; my revenge
Shall therefore beare no argument of right.
Passion is reason when it speakes from might:
I tell thee, man, nor kings nor gods exempt,
But they grow pale if once they find contempt. Haste.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter* ARCATHIA; NYCEA, *with tapers;* SOPHONIS *in her night attire, followed by* ZANTHIA.

So. Watch at the doores: and till wee be repos'd
Let no one enter. Zanthia, undoe me.
Za. With this motto under your girdle,
You had beene undone if you had not beene und humblest service.
So. I wonder, Zanthia, why the custome is,
To use such ceremonie, such strict shape,
About us women: forsooth the bride must steale
Before her lord to bed; and then delayes
Long expectations, all against knowen wishes.
I hate these figures in locution,
These about phrases forc'd by ceremonie;
We must still seeme to fly what we most seeke,
And hide our selves from that wee faine would find;
Let those that thinke and speake and doe just acts,
Know forme can give no vertue to their acts,
Nor detract vice.
Za. Alas! faire princes, those that are strongly fo
And truely shapt, may naked walke; but we,
We things cal'd women, only made for shew
And pleasure, created to beare children,
And play at shuttle-cocke: we imperfect mixtures,
Without respective ceremonie us'd,
And ever complement, alas! what are we?
Take from us formall custome and the curtesies
Which civill fashion hath still us'd to us,

We fall to all contempt. O women, how much,
How much are you beholding to ceremony!

So. You are familiar. Zanthia, my shooe.

Za. 'Tis wonder, madam, you tread not awry.

So. Your reason, Zanthia.

Za. You goe very high.

So. Harke! musicke! musicke!

¶ *The Ladies lay the Princesse in a faire bed, and close the curtaines, whil'st* MASSINISSA *enters.*

Ni. The bridegrome!

Arca. The bridegrome!

So. Haste, good Zanthia: helpe! keepe yet the doores!

Za. Faire fall you, lady; so admit, admit.

¶ *Enter foure Boyes, antiquely attired, with bows and quivers, dauncing to the cornets, a phantastique measure;* MASSINISSA, *in his night-gowne, led by* ASDRUBALL *and* HANNO, *followed by* BYTHEAS *and* JUGURTH. *The Boyes draw the curtaines, discovering* SOPHONISBA, *to whom* MASSINISSA *speakes.*

Ma. You powers of joy,—gods of a happy bed,
Shew you are pleas'd, sister and wife of Jove,
High fronted Juno, and thou Carthage patron,
Smooth chind Apollo, both give modest heate
And temperate graces.

[Massinissa *drawes a white ribbon forth of the bed, as from the waste of* Sophonisba.

Mass. Loe, I unloose thy waste!
She that is just in love is godlike chaste. Io to Hymen.

¶ *Chorus, with cornets, organ and voices.* Io to Hymen

So. A modest silence, tho't bee thought
A virgins beautie and her highest honour,
Though bashfull fainings nicely wrought,
Grace her that vertue takes not in; but on her
What I dare thinke I boldly speake;
After my word, my well bold action rusheth,
In open flame then passion breake,
Where vertue prompts, thought, word, act never blusheth
Revenging gods, whose marble hands
Crush faithlesse men with a confounding terror,
Give me no mercy if these bands
I covet not with an unfained fervor;
Which zealous vow when ought can force me claime,
Load with that plague Atlas would groane at, shame.

[*Io to Hymen*

¶ *Chorus.* Io to Hymen.

Asdru. Live both high parents of so happy birth,
Your stems may touch the skies and shaddow earth;
Most great in fame, more great in vertue shining,
Prosper, O powers! a just, a strong divining.

[*Io to Hymen*

¶ *Chorus.* Io to Hymen.

¶ *Enter* CARTHALO; *his sword drawen, his body wounde his shield strucke full of darts.* MASSINISSA *bei ready for bed.*

Car. To bold hearts Fortune, be not you amaz'd,
Carthage! O Carthage! be not you amaz'd.

Ma. Jove made us not to feare; resolve, speake out
The highest misery of man is doubt. Speake, Carthalo.

Car. The stooping sun, like to some weaker prince,
Let his shades spread to an unnaturall hugenesse,
When we the campe that lay at Utica,
From Carthage distant but five easie leagues,
Descride from of the watch three hundred saile,
Upon whose tops the Roman eagles stretch'd
Their large spread wings, which fann'd the evening aire
To us cold breath; for well we might discerne
Rome swam to Carthage.

Asd. Hanniball, our ancor, is come backe; thy slight,
Thy stratagem, to lead warre unto Rome,
To quite our selves, hath now taught desperate Rome
T'assaile our Carthage: now the warre is here.

Ma. He is nor blest, nor honest, that can feare.

Ha. I but to cast the worst of our distresse——

Ma. To doubt of what shall be, is wretchednesse:
Desire, feare, and hope, receive no bond
By whom, we in our selves are never but beyond. On.

Car. Th' allarum beates necessity of fight;
Th' unsober evening drawes out reeling forces,
Souldiers, halfe men, who to their colours troope
With fury, not with valour: whil'st our ships
Unrigg'd, unus'd, fitter for fire then water,
We save in our barr'd haven from surprize.
By this our army marcheth toward the shore,
Undisciplin'd young men, most bold do doe,
If they knew how, or what, when we descry
A mighty dust, beat up with horses hooves,
Straight Roman ensignes glitter. Scipio.

Asd. Scipio.

Car. Scipio, advanced like the god of blood,
Leades up grim warre, that father of foule wounds,

Whose sinewy feet are steept in gore, whose hideous v
Makes turrets tremble, and whole cities shake;
Before whose browes, flight and disorder hurry;
With whom march burnings, murder, wrong, wast, ra
Behind whom a sad traine is scene, woe, feares,
Tortures, leane need, famine, and helplesse teares.
Now make we equall stand, in mutuall view:
We judg'd the Romans eighteen thousand foote
Five thousand horse; we almost doubled them
In number, not in vertue; yet in heat
Of youth and wine, jolly, and full of blood,
We gave the signe of battaile: shouts are rais'd,
That shooke the heavens; pell-mell our armies joyne;
Horse, targets, pikes, all against each oppos'd,
They give fierce shocke, armes thunder'd as they clos'd
Men cover earth, which straight are covered
With men and earth; yet doubtfull stood the fight:
More faire to Carthage: when loe, as oft we see,
In mines of gold, when labouring slaves delve out
The richest ore, being in sudden hope,
With some unlookt-for veine to fill their buckets,
And send huge treasure up, a sudden dampe
Stifles them all, their hands yet stuffd with gold,
So fell our fortunes; for looke, as we stood proud,
Like hopeful victors, thinking to returne
With spoyles worth triumph, wrathfull Syphax lands
With full ten thousand strong Numidian horse,
And joynes to Scipio; then loe, we all were dampt;
We fell in clusters, and our wearyed troopes
Quit all. Slaughter ran through us straight; we flie,
Romans pursue, but Scipio sounds retreat,
As fearing traines and night: we make amaine

for Carthage most, and some for Utica,
All for our lives; new force, fresh armes with speed.
Ha. You have said truth of all; no more: I bleed.
O wretched fortune!
Mas. Old lord, spare thy haires:
What dost thou thinke baldnesse will cure thy griefe?
What decree the Senate?

¶ *Enter* GELOSSO, *with commissions in his hand, seal'd.*

Gelo. Aske old Gelosso, who returnes from them,
Inform'd with fullest charge, strong Asdruball,
Great Massinissa, Carthage generall,
So speakes the Senate: counsell for this warre,
In Hanno Magnus, Bitheas, Carthalon,
And us Gelosso, rests: imbrace this charge,
You never yet dishonour'd Asdruball.
High Massinissa! by your vowes to Carthage,—
By th' god of great men,—Glory,—fight for Carthage!
Ten thousand strong Massulians, ready troopt,
Expect their king; double that number wayts
The leading of lov'd Asdruball: beat lowd
Our Affricke drummes; and, whil'st our ore-toyl'd foe
Snores on his unlac'd cask, all faint, though proud,
Through his successefull fight, strike fresh alarmes.
Gods are not, if they grace not, bold, just armes.
Mas. Carthage, thou straight shalt know
Thy favours have been done unto a king.
[*Exit with* Asdruball *and the Page.*
So. My lords, tis most unusuall such sad haps
Of suddaine horror should intrude 'mong beds
Of soft and private loves; but strange events
Excuse strange formes. O you that know our blood

Revenge if I doe feigne: I here protest,
Though my lord leave his wife a very mayd,
Even this night, in stead of my soft armes
Clasping his well-strung limbs with glossefull steele,
What's safe to Carthage shall be sweet to me.
I must not, nor am I once ignorant
My choyce of love hath given this sudden danger
To yet strong Carthage: twas I lost the fight;
My choyce vext Syphax, inrag'd Syphax struck
Armes fate; yet Sophonisba not repents.
O we were gods if that we knew events!
But let my lord leave Carthage, quit his vertue,
I will not love him; yet must honour him,
As still good subjects must bad princes. Lords,
From the most ill-grac'd hymeneall bed
That ever Juno frown'd at, I entreat
That you'l collect from our loose-formed speech
This firme resolve: that no low appetite
Of my sex weakenesse can or shall orecome
Due gracefull service unto you or vertue.
Witnesse, ye gods, I never untill now
Repin'd at my creation: now I wish
I were no woman, that my armes might speake
My heart to Carthage. But in vaine: my tongue
Sweares I am woman still, I talke so long.

¶ *Cornets a march. Enter two Pages with targets and javelins; two Pages, with torches.* MASSINISSA *armed capeapee;* ASDRUBAL *armed.*

Mas. Ye Carthage lords: know Massinissa knowes
Not only termes of honour, but his actions;
Nor must I now inlarge how much my cause

h danger'd Carthage, but how I may show
selfe most prest to satisfaction.
loathsome staine of kings ingratitude
m me O much be farre! And since this torrent,
rres rage admits no anchor—since the billow
risen so high, we may not hull, but yield
is simple state to stroke of speedy swords.
hat you with sober hast have well decreed,
ee'l put to sudden armes: no, not this night,
ese daynties, these first fruits of nuptialls,
at well might give excuse for feeble lingrings,
all hinder Massinissa. Appetite,
isses, loves, dalliance, and what softer joyes
he Venus of the pleasingst ease can minister,
quit you all. Vertue perforce is vice;
But he that may, yet holds, is manly wise.
Loe then, ye lords of Carthage, to your trust
I leave all Massinissa's treasure: by the oath
Of right good men stand to my fortune just.
Most hard it is for great hearts to mistrust.

Car. We vow by al high powers.

Mas. No, do not swear;
I was not borne so small to doubt or feare.

So. Worthy, my lord.

Mas. Peace, my eares are steele;
I must not heare thy much inticing voice.

So. My Massinissa, Sophonisba speakes
Worthy thy wife: goe with as high a hand
As worth can reare. I will not stay my lord.
Fight for our countrey; vent thy youthfull heat
In field, not beds: the fruite of honour, Fame,
Be rather gotten then the oft disgrace

Of haplesse parents, children. Goe, best man,
And make me proud to be a souldiers wife,
That valews his renowne above faint pleasures:
Thinke every honour that doth grace thy sword
Trebbles my love. By thee I have no lust
But of thy glory. Best lights of heaven with thee!
Like wonder stand, or fall; so, though thou die,
My fortunes may be wretched, but not I.

Mas. Wondrous creature! even fit for gods, not men:
Nature made all the rest of thy faire sexe
As weake essaies, to make thee a patterne
Of what can be in woman! Long farewell.
He 's sure unconquer'd in whom thou dost dwell,—
Carthage palladium. See that glorious lampe—
Whose lightfull presence giveth suddaine flight
To phansies, fogs, feares, sleepe, and slothfull night—
Spreads day upon the world: march swift amaine;—
Fame got with losse of breath is god-like game.

[*The Ladies draw the curtaines about* Sophonisba; *the rest accompany* Massinissa *forth: the cornets and organs playing loudfull musicke for the Act.*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Whil'st the musicke for the first Act sounds,* HANNO, CARTHALO, BYTHEAS, GELOSSO, *enter: they place themselves to counsell;* GISCO, *the impoisoner, waiting on them;* HANNO, CARTHALO, *and* BYTHEAS *setting their hands to a writing, which being offered to* GELOSSO, *hee denies his hand, and, as much offended, impatiently starts up and speakes.*

¶ *Enter* GELOSSO, HANNO, BITHEAS, CARTHALO.

Gel. MY hand? my hand? rot first; wither in aged shame.
Ha. Will you be so unseasonably wood?
Byt. Hold such preposterous zeale, as stands
The full decree of Senate! all thinke fit! [against
Car. Nay, most inevitable necessary
For Carthage safety, and the now sole good
Of present state, that we must breake all faith
With Massinissa: whil'st he fights abroad,
Let 's gaine backe Syphax, making him our ow[illegible]
By giving Sophonisba to his bed.
Han. Syphax is Massinissa's greater,
Shall give more side to Carthage: as fo[illegible]
And her wise father, they love Carthag[illegible]
Profit and honesty are not one in state.
Gel. And what decrees our very vi[illegible]
Of worthy Massinissa, that now fight[illegible]

And (leaving wife and bed) bleeds in good armes,
For right old Carthage?
Car. Thus tis thought fit:
Her father, Asdruball, on suddain shall take in
Revolted Syphax; so with doubled strength,
Before that Massinissa shall suspect,
Slaughter both Massinissa and his troopes,
And likewise strike, with his deep stratagem,
A sudden weakenesse into Scipio's armes,
By drawing such a limbe from the maine body
Of his yet powerfull army: which being done,
Dead Massinissa's kingdome we decree
To Sophonisba and great Asdruball
For their consent; so this swift plot shall bring
Two crownes to her, make Asdruball a king.
Gel. So first faiths breach, murder, adultery, th
Car. What else?
Gel. Nay, all is done, no mischief left.
Car. Pish! prosprous successe gives blackest
The meanes are unremembred in most storie.
Gel. Let me not say gods are not.
Car. This is fit;
Conquest by blood is not so sweet as wit:
For howsoere nice vertue censures it,
He hath the grace of warre that hath warres profi
But Carthage well advis'd, that states come on
With slow advice, quicke execution,
Have heere an engineere long bred for plots,
Call'd an impoysner, who knowes this sound excu
The onely dew that makes men sprout in court is u
Bee't well or ill, his thrift is to bee mute.
Such slaves must act commands, and not dispute.
Knowing foule deeds with danger doe begin,

But with rewards doe end: sinne is no sinne,
But in respects ——

Gel. Politike lord, speake low: though Heaven beares
A face far from us, gods have most long eares;
Jove has a hundred marble marble hands.

Car. O I, in poetry or tragique sceane!

Gel. I feare gods onely know what poets meane.

Car. Yet heare mee: I will speake close truth and cease;
Nothing in Nature is unserviceable,
No, not even inutilitie it selfe.
Is then for nought dishonesty in being?
And if it bee sometimes of forced use,
Wherein more urgent then in saving nations,
State shapes are souldred up with base, nay faultie,
Yet necessary functions: some must lie,
Some must betray, some murder, and some all;
Each hath strong use, as poyson in all purges:
Yet when some violent chance shall force a state
To breake given faith, or plot some stratagems,
Princes ascribe that vile necessity
Unto Heavens wrath; and sure, though't be no vice,
Yet tis bad chance: states must not sticke to nice,
For Massinissas death sence bids forgive.
Beware t'offend great men, and let them live;
For tis of empires body the maine arme,—
He that wil do no good shal do no harm. You have my mind.

Gel. Although a stagelike passion, and weake heat,
Full of an empty wording, might sute age,
Know Ile speake strongly truth. Lordes, nere mistrust,
That he who'l not betray a private man
For his countrey, will nere betray his countrey
For private men; then give Gelosso faith:

If treachery in state be serviceable,
Let hangmen doe it. I am bound to lose
My life, but not mine honour, for my countrey.
Our vowes, our faith, our oaths, why th'are our sel
And he that's faithlesse to his proper selfe,
May be excus'd if he breake faith with princes.
The gods assist just hearts, and states that trust
Plots before Providence, are tost like dust.
For Massinissa (O, let me slacke a little
Austere discourse, and feele humanity!)
Me thinkes I heare him cry, O fight for Carthage!
Charge home: wounds smart not for that so just, s
So good a city. Me thinks I see him yet
Leave his faire bride, even on his nuptiall night,
To buckle on his armes for Carthage. Harke!
Yet, yet, I heare him cry,—Ingratitude!
Vile staine of man: O ever be most farre
From Massinissa's brest. Up, march amaine;
Fame got by losse of breath is god-like gaine!
And see, by this he bleeds in double fight,
And cryes for Carthage, whil'st Carthage. Memor
Forsake Gelosso; would I could not thinke,
Nor heare, nor be, when Carthage is
So infinitely vile. See, see! looke here!

¶ *Cornets. Enter two Ushers.* SOPHONISBA, ZA ARCATHIA, HANNO, BYTHEAS, *and* CARTHAI *sent* SOPHONISBA *with a paper, which she perused, after a short silence, speakes.*

So. Who speakes? What, mute? Faire plot!
blush to breake it?

How lewd to act when so sham'd but to speake it.
Is this the Senates firme decree?
Car. It is.
So. Is this the senates firme decree?
Car. It is.
So. Hath Syphax entertayned the stratagem?
Car. No doubt he hath or will.
So. My answer's thus,
What 's safe to Carthage shall be sweet to us.
Car. Right worthy.
Ha. Royallest.
Gel. O very woman!
So. But tis not safe for Carthage to destroy;
Be most unjust, cunningly politique;
Your head 's still under heaven: O trust to Fate:
Gods prosper more a just then craftie state;
Tis lesse disgrace to have a pitied losse,
Then shamefull victory.
Gel. O very angell!
So. We all have sworne good Massinissa faith;
Speech makes us men, and ther 's no other bond
Twixt man and man but words. O equall gods!
Make us once know the consequence of vowes—
Gel. And we shall hate faith-breakers worse than maneaters.
So. Ha! good Gelasso, is thy breath not here?
Ge. You doe me wrong, as long as I can die,
Doubt you that old Gelasso can be vile?
States may afflct, tax, torture, but our minds
Are only sworne to Jove. I grieve, and yet am proud
That I alone am honest: high powers, yee know
Vertue is seldome seene with troopes to goe.

So. Excellent man! Carthage and Rome shall fall
Before thy fame: our lords, know I the worst?
Car. The gods foresaw, 'tis fate we thus are forc'd.
So. Gods naught foresee, but see, for to their eyes
Naught is to come or past; nor are you vile
Because the gods foresee; *for gods not we*
See as things are things, are not as we see.
But since affected wisedome in us women
Is our sexe highest folly, I am silent;
I cannot speake lesse well, unlesse I were
More void of goodnesse. Lords of Carthage, thus
The ayre and earth of Carthage owes my body;
It is their servant: what decree they of it?
Car. That you remove to Cirta, to the palace
Of well-form'd Syphax, who with longing eyes
Meets you: he that gives way to Fate is wise. [ex
So. I goe: what power can make me wretched? wh
Is there in life to him that knowes life's losse
To be no evill: shew, shew thy ugliest brow,
O most blacke chaunce; make me a wretched story;
Without misfortune vertue hath no glory:
Opposed trees makes tempests shew their power,
And waves forc'd back by rocks makes Neptune tower-
Tearlesse O see a miracle of life,
A maide, a widdow, yet a haplesse wife!
[*Cornets.* Sophonisba, *accompanied with the Senato*
depart; onely Gelosso *stayes.*
Gel. A prodigie! let Nature run crosse legd.
Ops goe upon his head,—let Neptune burne,—
Cold Saturne cracke with heate,—for now the world
Hath seene a woman!
Leape nimble lightning from Joves ample shield,

at length an end; the proud hot breath
ontemning greatnesse, the huge drought
life loving vast ambition.
urall scorching heate of all those lamps,
d'st to yeeld a temperate fruitfull heate.
e rage, whose heart hath no one drop
ıe pitie. All all loudly cry,
l, O Jove, for know the world is dry!
enerall end save Carthage fame,
rlds doe burne, unseen 's a cities flame.
s in me is great; Carthage must fall;
tes all vice, but vowes breach worst of all.

[*Exit.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

s sound a charge. Enter MASSINISSA, *in his es and shirt, shield, sword; his arme transfixt a dart.* JUGURTH *followes, with his cures and e.*

Mount us againe; give us another horse!
Uncle, your blood flowes fast: pray ye withdraw.
O, Jugurth, I cannot bleed too fast, too much,
so great, so just, so royall Carthage!
d smarts not, bloods losse makes me not faint,
lov'd citie. O nephew, let me tell thee,
d that Carthage is: it nourish'd me,
n full time gave me fit strength for love,
; adored creature of the citie,
fore great Syphax did they yeeld,—
ble, modest, and 'bove all, my,
onisba! O, Jugurth, my strength doubles:

I know not how to turne a coward,—drop
In feeble basenesse I cannot. Give me horse!
Know I am Carthage very creature, and am grac'd
That I may bleed for them. Give me fresh horse!

Jug. He that doth publike good for multitude,
Finds few are truely gratefull.

Mas. O, Jugurth! Fie! you must not say so. Jugu
Some common weales may let a noble heart
Even bleed to death abroad, and not bemoan'd
Neither reveng'd at home. But, Carthage, fie!
It cannot be ungrate, faithlesse through feare:
It cannot, Jugurth. Sophonisba's there:
Beate a fresh charge.

¶ *Enter* ASDRUBALL, *his sword drawne, reading a le*
GISCO *followes him.*

Asd. Sound the retraite, respect your health, brave pr
The waste of blood throws palenesse on your face.

Ma. By light, my heart's not pale: O my lov'd fa
We bleed for Carthage, balsum to my wounds,
We bleed for Carthage; shalt restore the fight?
My squadron of Massalians yet stands firme.

Asd. The day lookes off from Carthage; cease alar
A modest temperance is the life of armes.
Take our best surgeon Gisco, he is sent
From Carthage to attend your chaunce of warre.

Gis. We promise sudden ease.

Ma. Thy comfort's good.

Asd. That nothing can secure us but thy blood?
Infuse it in his wound, t'will worke amaine.

Gis. O Jove!

Asd. What Jove? thy god must be thy gaine,
ınd as for me —— Apollo Pythean,
Thou know'st a statist must not be a man.
[*Exit* Asdruball.

¶ *Enter* GELOSSO *disguised like an old souldier, delivering to* MASSINISSA (*as he preparing to be dressed by* GISCO) *a letter, which* MASSINISSA *reading, starts and speaks to* GISCO.

Ma. Forbeare; how art thou cald?
Gi. Gisco, my lord.
Ma. Um, Gisco. Ha! touch not my arme, most only man. Sirra, sirra, art poore? [*To* Gelasso.
Gi. Not poore.
Ma. Nephew, command.
[Massinissa *begins to drawe.*
Our troopes of horse make indisgrac'd retraite;
Trot easie off; not poore. Jugurth, give charge:
My souldiers stand in square battalia,
[*Exit* Jugurth.
Intirely of themselves. Gisco, th' art old;
Tis time to leave off murder; thy faint breath
Scarce heaves thy ribs, thy gummy blood-shut eyes
Are sunke a great way in thee, thy lanke skinne
Slides from thy fleshlesse veines: be good to men;
Judge him, yee gods: I had not life to kill
So base a creature. Hold, Gisco, live;
The god-like part of kings is to forgive.
Gis. Command astonisht Gisco.
Mas. No returne.
Hast unto Carthage, quit thy abject feares,

Massinissa knowes no use of murderers.

¶ *Enter* JUGURTH, *amaz'd, his sword drawne.*

Speake, speake; let terrour strike slaves mute,
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.

Ju. Uncle, I feare foule armes; my selfe beheld
Syphax on high speed run his well breath'd horse
Direct to Cirta, that most beautious city
Of all his kingdome; whil'st his troops of horse,
With carelesse trot, pase gently toward our campe,
As friends to Carthage, stand on guard, deare uncle;
For Asdruball, with yet his well-rankt army,
Bends a deep threatning brow to us, as if
He wayted but to joyne with Syphax horse,
And hew us all to pieces. O my king,
My uncle, father, captaine, O over all!
Stand like thy selfe, or like thy selfe now fall!
Thy troopes yet hold good ground: unworthy wounds
Betray not Massinissa.

Mas. Jugurth, pluck, pluck, so, good cuz.

Ju. O God! Doe you not feele?

Mas. Not Jugurth, no; now all my flesh is steele.

Gel. Of base disguise; high lights scorne not to view
A true old man. Up, Massinissa, throw
The lot of battel upon Syphax troopes,
Before he joyne with Carthage; then amaine
Make through to Scipio; he yields safe abodes:
Spare treachery, and strike the very gods.

Mas. Why wast thou borne at Carthage, O my fare,
Divinest Sophonisba! I am full
Of much complaint, and many passions,
The least of which express'd would sad the gods,
And strike compassion into ruthlesse hell.

Up, unmaim'd heart, spend all thy griefe and rage
Upon thy foe: the field 's a souldier's stage,
On which his action showes. If you are just,
And hate those that contemne you, O you gods,
Revenge worthy your anger, your anger, O,
Downe man, up heart: stoop Jove, and bend thy chin
To thy large brest; give signe th' art pleas'd, and just
Sweare good mens foreheads must not print the dust.
[*Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter* ASDRUBALL, HANNO, BYTHEAS.

As. What Carthage hath decreed, Hanno, is done;
Advanc'd and borne was Asdrubal for state;
Onely with it, his faith, his love, his hate,
Are of one piece. Were it my daughters life
That fate hath sung to Carthage safety brings,
What deed so red but hath bin done by kings?
Ephygenia, he that 's a man for men,
Ambitious as a god, must like a god
Live free from passions, his full aym'd at end
Immense to others, sole selfe to comprehend
Round in 's owne globe, not to be clasp'd, but holds
Within him all: his heart being of more folds
Then shield of Telamon, not to be pierc'd, though struck,
The god of wise men is themselves, not lucke.

¶ *Enter* GISCO.

See him by whom now Massinissa is not.
Gisco, is 't done?

Gis. Your pardon, worthy lord,
It is not done, my heart sunk in my brest,
His vertue mazd me, faintnesse seizd me all,
Some god 's in kings, that will not let them fall.

As. His vertue mazd thee (umh), why now I see
Th' art that just man that hath true touch of blood,
Of pitty, and soft piety. Forgive?
Yes, honour thee; we did it but to try
What sense thou hadst of blood. Goe, Bytheas,
Take him into our private treasury,
And cut his throat; the slave hath all betrayd.

By. Are you assur'd?

As. Afeard, for this I know,
Who thinketh to buy villany with gold,
Shall ever finde such faith so bought, so sold.
Reward him throughly.

[*A shout; the cornets giving a flour*

Han. What meanes this shout?

Asd. Hanno, tis done. Syphax revolt by this
Hath securd Carthage; and now his force come in,
And joyn'd with us, give Massinissa charge,
And assured slaughter. O ye powers! forgive,
Through rottenst dung best plants both sprout and liv
By blood vines grow.

Han. But yet thinke, Asdruball,
Tis fit at least you beare griefes outward show;
It is your kinsman bleeds. What need men know
Your hand is in his wounds? Tis well in state
To doe close ill, but voyd a publike hate.

Asd. Tush, Hanno! let me prosper, let rowts prate;
My power shall force their silence or my hate.
I scorn their idle malice: men of weight
Know, he that feares envie, let him cease to raigne;
The peoples hate to some hath been their gaine.
For howsoere a monarch faines his parts,
Steale any thing from kings but subjects hearts.

¶ *Enter* CARTHALO *leading in bound* GELOSSO.

Car. Guard, guard the campe!—make to the trench!
—stand firme!
Asd. The gods of boldnes with us!—how runs chance?
Car. Think, think, how wretched thou canst be, thou art;
Short words shall speak long woes.
Gel. Mark, Asdrubal.
Car. Our bloody plot to Massinissas eare
Untimely by this lord was all betrayd.
Gel. By me it was; by me, vile Asdruball;
I joy to speak't.
Asd. Downe, slave!
Gel. I cannot fall.
Car. Our traines disclos'd; strait to his wel usde armes
He tooke himselfe, rose up with all his force,
On Syphax carelesse troupes (Syphax being hurried
Before to Cirta, fearlesse of successe,
Impatient Sophonisba to injoy).
Gelosso rides to head of all our squadrons,
Commands make stand in thy name, Asdruball,
In mine, in his, in all: they all obey;
Whilst Massinissa, now with more then fury,
Chargeth the loose and much amazed rankes
Of absent Syphax, who with broken shoute
(In vaine expecting Carthage secondings)
Give faint repulse: a second charge is given.
Then looke as when a faulcon towres aloft,
Whole shoales of foule, and flockes of lesser birds
Crouch fearefully, and dive, some among sedge,
Some creepe in brakes. So Massinissas sword,
Brandisht aloft, tost 'bout his shining caske,

Organ mixt with recorders for this Act.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ SYPHAX, *with his dagger twound about her haire, dr*
in SOPHONISBA *in her nightgowne and peticote, a*
ZANTHIA *and* VANGUE *following.*

Sy. MUST we intreat? sue to such squeami
eares?
Know, Syphax has no knees, his eies
teares;
Inraged love is senselesse of remorce.
Thou shalt, thou must. Kings glory is their force.
Thou art in Cirta, in my pallace, foole.
Dost thinke he pittieth teares that knowes to rule.
For all thy scornefull eyes, thy proud disdaine,
And late contempt of us, now weele revenge,
Breake stubborne silence. Looke, Ile tack thy head
To the low earth, whilst strength of two blacke knaves,
Thy limbs all wide shall straine: prayer fitteth slaves.
Our courtship be our force: rest calme as sleepe,
Else at this quake; harke, harke, we cannot weepe.

So. Can Sophonisba be inforc'd?

Sy. Can? see.

So. Thou mayst inforce my body, but not me.

Sy. Not?
So. Not.
Sy. No?
So. No, off with thy loathed armes,
That lye more heavy on me then the chaines,
That weare deepe wrinckles in the captives limbes,
I doe beseech thee.
Sy. What?
So. Be but a beast, be but a beast.
Sy. Doe not offend a power
Can make thee more then wretched: yeeld to him
To whom fate yeelds. Know Massinissa's dead?
So. Dead?
Sy. Dead!
So. To gods and good mens shame?
Sy. Help, Vangue, my strong bloud boyles.
So. O yet save thine owne fame.
Sy. All appetite is deafe, I will, I must.
Achilles armour could not beare out lust.
So. Hold thy strong arme, and heare me. Syphax, know
I am thy servant now: I needs must love thee,
For (O, my sex, forgive) I must confesse
We not affect protesting feeblenesse,
Intreats, faint blushings, timorous modestie;
We thinke our lover is but little man,
Who is so full of woman. Know, fayre Prince,
Loves strongest arme 's not rude; for we still prove,
Without some fury there 's no ardent love.
We love our loves impatience of delay;
Our noble sex was onely borne t'obey,
To him that dares command.
Sy. Why, this is well;

Th' excuse is good: wipe thy faire eyes, our Queene,
Make proud thy head; now feele more friendly streng
Of thy lords arme: come touch my rougher skin
With thy soft lip. Zanthia, dresse our bed.
Forget old loves, and clip him that through blood,
And hell, acquires his wish; thinke not but kisse,
The flourish fore loves sight, and Venus blisse.
So. Great dreadfull lord, by thy affection,
Grant me one boone, know I have made a vow.
Sy. Vow! what vow? speak.
So. Nay, if you take offence,
Let my soule suffer first, and yet ——
Sy. Offence?
Not, Sophonisba; hold, thy vow is free,
As —— come thy lips.
So. Alas, crosse misery!
As I doe wish to live, I long t' enjoy
Your warme imbrace; but, O my vow, tis thus,
If ever my lord dy'd, I vow'd to him,
A most, most private sacrifice, before
I touch'd a second spouse. All I implore,
Is but this liberty.
Sy. This? goe obtaine:
What time?
So. One houre.
Sy. Sweet, good speed, speed, adieu!
Yet Syphax trust no more then thou mayst view.
Vangue shall stay.
So. He stayes.

¶ *Enter a Page, delivering a letter to* SOPHONISBA, *which she privately reades.*

Sy. Zanthia, Zanthia!
Thou art not foule, go to; some lords are oft
So much in love with their knowne ladies bodies,
That they oft love their vailes; hold, hold, thou'st find,
To faithfull care kings bounty hath no shore.
Za. You may do much.
Sy. But let my gold do more.
Za. I am your creature.
Sy. Bee, get, tis no staine,
The god of service is however gaine. [*Exit.*
So. Zanthia, where are we now? speak worth my service;
Ha, we done well?
Za. Nay, in height of best.
I fear'd a superstitious vertue would spoyle all,
But now I find you, above women, rare.
Shee that can time her goodnesse hath true care
Of her best good. Nature at home beginnes,
She who's integrity her selfe hurts sinnes.
For Massinissa, he was good, and so;
But he is dead, or worse, distrest, or more
Then dead, or much distressed. O sad, poore,
Who ever held such friends? no, let him goe;
Such faith is prais'd, then laugh'd at; for still know,
Those are the living women that reduce
All that they touch unto their ease and use.
Knowing that wedlock, vertue, or good names,
Are courses and varieties of reason,
To use or leave, as they advantage them,

And absolute within themselves repos'd,
Only to greatnesse ope, to all else clos'd.
Weak sanguine fooles are to their own good nice;
Before I held you vertuous, but now wise.
So. Zanthia, victorious Massinissa lives.
My Massinissa lives. O steddy powers,
Keep him as safe as heaven keepes the earth,
Which looks upon it with a thousand eyes;
That honest valiant man, and Zanthia,
Doe but record the justice of his love,
And my for ever vowes, for ever vowes.
Za. I, true madam; nay, thinke of his great mind,
His most just heart, his all of excellence,
And such a vertue as the gods might envy.
Against this, Syphax, is but —— and you know,
Fame lost, what can be got that 's good for ——
So. Hence,
Take, nay, with one hand.
Za. My service.
So. Prepare our sacrifice.
Za. But yield you, I, or no?
So. When thou dost know.
Za. What then?
So. Then thou wilt know.
Let him that would have counsel 'voyd th' advice
[*Exit* Zant
Of friends, made his with waighty benefits,
Whose much dependance onely strives to fit
Humour, not reason, and to still devise
In any thought to make their friend seeme wise.
But above all, O feare a servants tongue,
Like such as onely for their gaine to serve,

ithin the vaste capacity of place,
know no vilenesse so most truly base.
ıeir lords, their gaine; and he that most will give,
'ith him (they will not dye, but) they will live.
raytors and these are one; such slaves once trust,
'het swords to make thine owne blood like the dust.

Cornets and organs playing full musicke. Enters the solemnity of a sacrifice; which being entered, whilst the attendance furnish the altar, SOPHONISBA *song, which done, she speakes—*

Vithdraw, withdraw; all but Zanthia and Vangue depart.
not invoke thy arme, thou god of sound;
for thine, nor thine, although in all abound
ligh powers immense. But joviall Mercury,
ınd thou, O brightest female of the sky,
'hrice modest Phœbe, you that joyntly fit
ı worthy chastity, and a most chaste wit,
'o you corruptlesse hunny, and pure dew,
Jpbreathes our holy fire; words just and few,
) daine to heare, if in poore wretches cryes
Tou glory not; if drops of withered eyes
Be not your sport, be just; all that I crave
ls but chaste life, or an untainted grave.
I can no more; yet hath my constant tongue
Let fall no weaknesse, tho' my heart were wrung
With pangs worth hell; whilst great thoughts stop our teares,
Sorrow unseene, unpitied inward weares:
Tou see now where I rest, come is my end.
Cannot Heaven, vertue, 'gainst weake chance defend?
When weaknesse hath out-borne what weaknesse can,
What, should I say tis Joves, not sinne of man.

Some stratagem now let wits God be shewen,
Celestiall powers by miracles are knowne.
I hav't; tis done. Zanthia, prepare our bed ——
Van. Your servant,
So. Vangue, we have perform'd
Due rites unto the dead.
[Sophonisba *presents a carouse to* Vangue, &c.
Now to thy lord, great Syphax, healthfull cups, which done,
The king is right much welcome.
Van. Were it as deepe as thought, off it should thus—
[*He drinkes.*
So. My safetie with that draught.
Van. Close the vaults mouth least we doe slip in drinke.
So. To what use, gentle negro, serves this cave,
Whose mouth thus opens so familiarly,
Even in the Kings bed-chamber?
Van. O, my Queene,
This vault with hideous darkness, and much length,
Stretcheth beneath the earth into a grove,
One league from Cirta (I am very sleepy);
Through this when Cirta hath beene strong begirt,
With hostile siege the King hath safely scaped
To, to ——
So. The wine is strong.
Van. Strong?
So. Zanthia!
Za. What meanes my Princesse?
So. Zanthia, rest firme
And silent. Helpe us; nay, doe not dare refuse.
Za. The negros dead!
So. No, drunk!
Za. Alas!

So. Too late!
Her hand is fearefull whose mind 's desperate.
It is but sleepie opium he hath drunke.
Helpe, Zanthia!
[*They lay* Vangue *in* Syphax *bed, and draw the curteines.*
There lie Syphax bride; a naked man is soone undrest;
There bide dishonoured passion.
[*They knock within, forthwith* Syphax *comes.*
Sy. Way for the King!
So. Straight for the King. I fly
Where misery shall see nought but it selfe.
Deare Zanthia, close the vault when I am sunke,
And whilst he slips to bed escape, be true;
I can no more; come to me. Harke, gods, my breath
Scornes to crave life, grant but a well-famde death.
[*She descends.*

¶ *Enter* SYPHAX, *ready for bed.*

Sy. Each man withdraw, let not a creature stay
Within large distance.
Za. Sir!
Sy. Hence, Zanthia,
Not thou shalt heare; all stand without eare-reach
Of the soft cryes nice shrinking brides do yeeld,
When ——
Za. But, Sir ——
Sy. Hence,—stay, take thy delight by steps,
Thinke of thy joyes, and make long thy pleasures.
O silence, thou dost swallow pleasure right;
Words take away some sense from our delight.
Musicke! be proud, my Venus; Mercury, thy tongue;
Cupid, thy flame; 'bove all, O Hercules—

Let not thy backe be wanting; for now I leape
To catch the fruite none but the gods should reape.
[*Offering to leape into bed, he discovers* Vangue.
Hah! can any woman turne to such a devill?
Or—or—Vangue, Vangue ——
Van. Yes, yes.
Sy. Speake, slave.
How cam'st thou here?
Van. Here?
Sy. Zanthia, Zanthia, wher's Sophonisba? speake at full—at full.
Give me particular faith, or know thou art not ——
Za. Your pardon, just mov'd Prince, and private eare.
Sy. Ill actions have some grace, that they can feare.
Van. How came I laid? which way was I made drunke?
Where am I? thinke I, or is my state advanc'd?
O Jove, how pleasant is it but to sleepe
In a kings bed!
Sy. Sleepe there thy lasting sleepe,
Improvident, base, o're-thirsty slave.
[Syphax *kils* Vangue.
Dye pleas'd, a kings couch is thy too proud grave.
Through this vault say'st thou?
Za. As you give me grace
To live, tis true.
Sy. We will be good to Zanthia;
Goe, cheare thy lady, and be private to us.
[*She descends after* Sophonisba.
Za. As to my life.
Sy. I'le use this Zanthia,
And trust her as our dogs drinke dangerous Nile,
Only for thirst; the flie, the crocodile:

Wise Sophonisba knowes loves tricks of art,
Without much hindrance, pleasure hath no heart;
Despight all vertue or weake plots I must,
Seven walled Babell cannot beare out lust.
[*Descends through the vault.*

¶ *Cornets sound marches.*

[*Enter* SCIPIO and LÆLIUS, *with the complements of Roman Generalls before them. At the other doore,* MASSINISSA *and* JUGURTH.

Mas. Let not the vertue of the world suspect
ıd Massinissa's faith; nor once condemne
ur just revolt. Carthage first gave me life;
er ground gave food, her aire first lent me breath.
he earth was made for men, not men for earth.
ipio, I doe not thanke the Gods for life,
uch lesse vile men, or earth; know, best of lords,
is a happy being, breath well fam'd,
ɔr which Jove sees these thus. Men be not fool'd
ith piety to place, traditions feare,
just mans countrey Jove makes every where.
Sci. Well urgeth Massinissa; but to leave
city so ingrate, so faithlesse, so more vile
ıen civill speech can name, feare not, such vice
ɔ scourge is Heavens gratefull sacrifice.
hus all confesse first they have broke a faith
ɔ the most due, so just to be observ'd,
hat barbarousnesse it selfe may well blush at them.
here is thy passion? they have shar'd thy crowne,
he proper right of birth, contriv'd thy death.
here is thy passion? given thy beautious spouse
o thy most hated rivall. Statue, not man;

And last, thy friend Gelosso (man worth gods)
With tortures have they rent to death.
Mas. O Gelosso!
For thee full eyes ——
Sci. No passion for the rest?
Mas. O Scipio! my griefe for him may be exprest,
But for the rest, silence and secret anguish by teares
Shall wast—shall wast! Scipio, he that can weep,
Grieves not like me, private deep inward drops
Of blood! My heart, for Gods right give me leave
To be a short time man.
Sci. Stay, Prince.
Mas. I cease;
Forgive if I forget thy presence. Scipio,
Thy face makes Massinissa more than man,
And here before your steddy power I vow
As firme as fate I make: When I desist
To be commanded by thy vertue (Scipio),
Or fall from friend of Romes, revenging gods,
Afflict me worth your torture. I have given
Of passion and of faith, my heart.
Sci. To counsell then,
Griefe fits weake hearts, revenging vertue men.
Thus I thinke fit, before that Syphax know
How deepely Carthage sinkes, lets beat swift march
Up even to Cirta, and whilst Syphax snores
With his, late thine ——
Mas. With mine? no, Scipio;
Libian hath poyson, aspes, knives, and too much earth
To make one grave, with mine? Not, she can dye,
Scipio, with mine! Jove, say it thou dost lye.
Sci. Temperance be Scipios honour.

Le. Cease your strife, she is a woman.
Mas. But she is my wife.
Le. And yet she is no god!
Mas. And yet she 's more.
loe not praise gods goodnesse, but adore.
ods cannot fall, and for their constant goodnesse
Vhich is necessited) they have a crowne
f never-ending pleasures; but faint man
'ram'd to have his weaknesse made the heavens glory),
'he with steddy vertue holds all siege,
hat power, that speech, that pleasure, that full sweets,
world of greatnesse can assail him with,
aving no pay but selfe wept misery,
nd beggars treasure heapt—that man Ile prayse
bove the gods.
Sci. The Lybian speakes bold sense.
Mas. By that by which all is, proportion,
speake with thought.
Sci. No more.
Mas. Forgive my admiration.
)u toucht a string to which my sense was quick;
n you but thinke? Do, do; my griefe—my griefe—
ould make a saint blaspheme! Give some reliefe;
i thou art Scipio, forgive that I forget
am a souldier. Such woes Joves ribs would burst.
:w speake lesse ill that feele so much of worst.
y eare attends.
Sci. Before then Syphax joyne,
ith new strength'd Carthage, or can once unwind
is tangled sense from out so vilde amaze,
ll wee like suddaine lightning fore his eyes:
)ldnesse and speed are all of victories.

Mas. Scipio, let Massinissa clip thy knees;
May once these eyes view Syphax? shall this arme
Once make him feele his sinne? O yee gods!
My cause, my cause! Justice is so huge ods,
That he who with it feares, Heaven must renounce
In his creation.

Sci. Beate then a close quicke march;
Before the morne shall shake cold dews through skies,
Syphax shall tremble at Romes thicke alarmes.

Mas. Yee powers, I challenge conquest to just armes.

[*With a full flourish of cornets, they depart.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Organs, viols, and voices, play for this Act.*

Enter SOPHONISBA *and* ZANTHIA, *as out of a caves mouth.*

HERE are we, Zanthia?
Vangue, said the cave
Op'ned in Belos forrest.
Lord, how sweet
at the ayre! The huge long vaults close vaine,
it dumps it breath'd! In Belos forrest sayst;
'aliant, Zanthia; how far 's Utica
n these most heavie shades?
z. Ten easie leagues.
). There 's Massinissa, my true Zanthia;
s venture nobly to escape, and touch
lords just armes? Loves wings so justly heave
body up, that as our toes shall trip
: the tender and obedient grasse,
ce any drop of dew is dasht to ground.
see the willing shade of friendly night
es safe our instant haste. Boldnesse and speed
e actions most impossible succeed.

Za. But, madam, know the forrest hath no way
But one to passe, the which holds strictest guard.
So. Doe not betray me, Zanthia.
Za. I, madam?
So. No,
I not mistrust thee, yet but ——
Za. Here you may
Delay your time.
So. I, Zanthia, delay,
By which we may yet hope; yet hope, alas!
How all benumd 's my sense. Chaunce hath so often stı
I scarce can feele. I should now curse the gods,
Call on the furies! stampe the patient earth!
Cleave my stretch'd cheeks with sound, speake from sense,
But loud and full of players eloquence.
No, no; what shall we eate?
Za. Madam, Ile search
For some ripe nuts which autumn hath shooke downe
From the unleav'd hasell, then some cooler ayre
Shall lead me to a spring. Or I will try
The courteous pale of some poore forrestres
For milke.
So. Do, Zanthia. O happinesse! [*Exit* Zant
Of those that know not pride or lust of citie!
Ther 's no man bless'd but those that most men pitty.
O fortunate poore maids, that are not forc'd
To wed for state, nor are for state divorc'd!
Whom policy of kingdomes doth not marry,
But pure affection makes to love or vary;
You feele no love which you dare not to shew,
Nor shew a love which doth not truely grow!

O you are surely blessed of the sky;
You live, that know not death before you dye.
[*Through the vautes mouth, in his night gowne, torch in his hand,* Syphax *enters just behind* Sophonisba.
You are ——
Sy. In Syphax armes. Thing of false lip,
What god shall now release thee?
So. Art a man?
Sy. Thy limbs shall feele. Despight thy vertue, know
I 'le thred thy richest pearle. This forrests deafe
As is my lust. Night and the god of silence
Swels my full pleasures; no more shalt thou delude
My easie credence. Virgin of faire brow,
Well featurde creature, and our utmost wonder,
Queene of our youthfull bed, be proud.
[Syphax *setteth away his light, and prepareth to embrace* Sophonisba.
Ile use thee. [Sophonisba *snatcheth out her knife.*
So. Looke thee—view this—shew but one straine of force,
Bow but to sease this arme, and by my selfe,
Or more, by Massinissa, this good steele
Shall set my soule on wing. Thus form'd gods see,
And men with gods worth envie nought but me.
Sy. Doe strike thy breast; know, being dead, Ile use,
With highest lust of sense, thy senselesse flesh,
And even then thy vexed soule shall see,
Without resistance, thy trunke prostitute
Unto our appetite.
So. I shame to make thee know
How vile thou speakest. Corruption then as much
As thou shalt doe; but frame unto thy lusts

Imaginations utmost sinne! Syphax,
I speake all frightlesse, know I live or die
To Massinissa; nor the force of fate
Shall make me leave his love, or slake thy hate!
I speake no more.

Sy. Thou hast amaz'd us; womans forced use,
Like unripe fruits, no sooner got but waste;
They have proportion, colour, but no taste.
Thinke, Syphax; Sophonisba, rest thy owne!
Our guard!

¶ *Enter a guard.*

Creature of most astonishing vertue,
If with faire usage, love, and passionate courtings,
We may obtaine the heaven of thy bed,
We cease no sute; from other force be free.
We dote not on thy body, but love thee.

So. Wilt thou keep faith?

Sy. By thee, and by that power
By which thou art thus glorious, trust my vow.
Our guard, convay the royallst excellence
That ever was call'd woman to our pallace:
Observe her with strict care!

So. Dread Syphax, speake!
As thou art worthy, is not Zanthia false?

Sy. To thee she is.

So. As thou art then thy selfe,
Let her not be.

Sy. She is not! [*The guard seizeth Za*

Za. Thus most speed,
When two foes are growne friends, partakers bleed.

Sy. When plants must flourish, their manure mus

So. Syphax, be recompenc'd, I hate thee not.

[*Exit* Sophonisba.

Sy. A wasting flame feedes on my amorous blood,
Which we must coole, or dye. What way all power,
All speech, full opportunity, can make,
We have made fruitlesse tryall. Infernall Jove,
You resolute angels that delight in flames,
To you, all wonder-working spirits, I flye!
Since heaven helps not, deepest hell wee 'l try!
Here in this desart, the great soule of charmes,
Dreadfull Erictho lives, whose dismall brow
Contemnes all roofes or civill coverture.
Forsaken graves and tombs, the ghosts forc'd out,
She joyes to inhabite.

¶ *Infernall musicke playes softly, whilest* ERICTHO *enters, and, when she speakes, ceaseth.*

A loathsome yellow leannesse spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like palenesse loads her cheeks,
Unknowne to a cleare heaven; but if darke winds
Or thicke blacke clouds drive back the blinded starres,
When her deep magicke makes forc'd heaven quake
And thunder, spight of Jove—Erictho then
From naked graves stalkes out, heaves proud her head
With long unkemb'd haire loaden, and strives to snatch
The nights quicke sulphure; then she bursts up tombs
From halfe-rot sear-cloths, then she scrapes dry gummes
For her blacke rites; but when she finds a coarse
But newly grav'd, whose entrailes are not turn'd
To slymie filth, with greedy havocke then
She makes fierce spoyle, and swells with wicked triumph
To bury her leane knuckles in his eyes;

Then doth she knaw the pale and oregrowne nayles
From his dry hand; but if she find some life
Yet lurking close, she bites his gellid lips,
And, sticking her blacke tongue in his dry throat,
She breathes dire murmurs, which inforce him beare
Her banefull secrets to the spirits of horrour.
To her first sound the gods yield any harme,
As trembling once to heare a second charme,
She is ——

Eri. Here, Syphax, here; quake not, for know,
I know thy thoughts: thou wouldst intreat our power
Nice Sophonisba's passion to inforce
To thy affection. Be all full of love;
Tis done, tis done; to us heaven, earth, sea, ayre,
And Fate it selfe obayes; the beasts of death,
And all the terrours angry gods invented
(T'afflict the ignorance of patient man),
Tremble at us; the roul'd-up snake uncurls
His twisted knots at our affrighting voyce.
Are we incens'd? the king of flames growes pale,
Lest he be choak'd with blacke and earthy fumes,
Which our charmes raise. Be joy'd, make proud thy
I do not pray you, gods, my breath 's, you must.

Sy. Deep knowing spirit, mother of all high
Mysterious science, what may Syphax yield
Worthy thy art, by which my soule 's thus eas'd?
The gods first made me live, but thou live pleas'd.

Eri. Know then our love, hard by the reverent ruin
Of a once glorious temple rear'd to Jove,
Whose very rubbish (like the pittyed fall
Of vertue most unfortunate) yet beares
A deathlesse majesty, though now quite rac'd,

Hurl'd downe by wrath and lust of impious kings,
So that where holy Flamins wont to sing
Sweet hymnes to Heaven, there the daw and crow,
The ill-voyc'd raven, and still chattering pye,
Send out ungratefull sounds and loathsome filth;
Where statues and Joves acts were vively limbs,
Boyes with black coales draw the vail'd parts of nature,
And leacherous actions of imagin'd lust;
Where tombs and beautious urnes of well dead men
Stood in assured rest, the shepheard now
Unloads his belly; corruption most abhorr'd
Mingling it selfe with their renowned ashes:
Our selfe quakes at it!
There once a charnel-house, now a vast cave,
Over whose brow a pale and untrod grove
Throwes out her heavy shade, the mouth thicke armes
Of darksome ewe (sun proofe) for ever choakes.
Within rest barren darknesse, fruitlesse drought
Pines in eternall night; the steame of hell
Yields not to lasy ayre. There, that 's my cell;
From thence a charme, which Jove dare not heare twice,
Shall force her to thy bed. But Syphax know,
Love is the highest rebell to our art.
Therefore I charge thee, by the feare of all
Which thou know'st dreadfull, or more, by our selfe,
As with swift hast she passeth to thy bed,
And easy to thy wishes yields, speake not one word,
Nor dare, as thou dost feare thy losse of joyes,
T'dmit one light, one light.

Sy. As to my fate
I yield my guidance.

Eri. Then, when I shall force

The aire to musicke, and the shades of night
To forme sweet sounds, make proud thy rais'd delight;
Meane time behold, I goe a charme to reare,
Whose potent sound will force our selfe to feare.

Sy. Whether is Syphax heav'd? at length shall 's joy
Hopes more desir'd then Heaven? Sweet labouring earth,
Let heaven be uniform'd with mighty charmes,
Let Sophonisba only fill these armes,
Jove wee'l not envy thee! Bloods appetite
Is Syphax god; my wisedome is my sense,
Without a man I hold no excellence.
Give me long breath, young beds, and sicklesse ease,
For we hold firme, that 's lawfull which doth please.

¶ *Infernall musicke, softly.*

Harke! harke! now rise infernall tones,
The deep fetch'd grones
Of labouring spirits that attend
Erictho.

Erictho. [*within.*

Sy. Now cracke the trembling earth, and send—
—— Shreekes that portend
Affrightment to the gods which heare
Erictho.

Erictho. [*within.*

¶ *A treble viall, &c., a base lute, play softly within the canopy.*

Sy. Harke! harke! now softer melody strikes mute
Disquiet Nature. O thou power of sound,
How thou dost melt me! Harke! now even heaven
Gives up his soule amongst us. Now 's the time

When greedy expectation straines mine eyes
For their lov'd object; now Erictho will'd,
Prepare my appetite for loves strict gripes.
O you deare founts of pleasure, bloud, and beauty,
Rayse active Venus worth fruition
Of such provoking sweetnesse. Harke, she comes!

A short song to soft musicke above.

Two nuptiall hymnes, inforced spirits sing.
Harke, Syphax, harke!

CANTANT.

Now hell and heaven rings
With musicke spight of Phœbus. Peace!

¶ *Enter* ERICTHO *in the shape of* SOPHONISBA, *her face vailed, and hasteth in the bed of* SYPHAX.

She comes!
Fury of bloods impatient! Erictho
'Bove thunder sits: to thee, egregious soule,
Let all flesh bend. Sophonisba, thy flame
But equall mine, and weele joy such delight,
That gods shall not admire, but even spight!
[Syphax *hastneth within the canopy, as to* Sophonisbas *bed.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *A base lute and a treble violl play for the Act.*

¶ SYPHAX *drawes the curtaines, and discovers* ERICTHO *lying with him.*

Eri. HA! ha! ha!
Sy. Light, light!
Eri. Ha! ha!
Sy. Thou rotten scum of hell ——
O my abhorred heate! O loath'd delusion!
[*They leape out of the bed;* Syphax *takes him to his sword.*
Eri. Why, foole of kings, could thy weake soule imagine
That 'tis within the graspe of heaven or hell
To enforce love? Why, know love doats the fates,
Jove groanes beneath his waight: more ignorant thing,
Know we, Erictho, with a thirsty wombe,
Have coveted full threescore suns for blood of kings.
We that can make inraged Neptune tosse
His huge curld locks without one breath of wind;
We that can make Heaven slide from Atlas shoulder;
We, in the pride and height of covetous lust,

Have wisht with womans greedinesse to fill
Our longing armes with Syphax well strong lims;
And dost thou thinke if philters or hels charmes
Could have inforc'd thy use, we would hav' dam'd
Braine sleights? No, no. Now are we full
Of our deare wishes. Thy proud heate well wasted
Hath made our lims grow young! Our love, farewell!
Know he that would force love, thus seekes his hell!

[Erictho *slips into the ground, as* Syphax *offers his sword to her.*

Sy. Can we yet breath? Is any plagu'd like me?
Are we? Lets thinke. O now contempt, my hate
To thee, thy thunder, sulphure, and scorn'd name.
He whose life 's loath'd, and he who breathes to curse
His very beings, let him thus with me!

[Syphax *kneeles at the altar.*

Fall fore an altar, sacred to blacke powers,
And thus dare Heavens! O thou whose blasting flames
Hurle barren droughts upon the patient earth,
And thou, gay god of riddles and strange tales,
Hot-brained Phœbus, all adde if you can,
Something unto my misery, if ought
Of plagues lurke in your deepe trench'd browes,
Which yet I know not,—let them fall like bolts,
Which wrathfull Jove drives strong into my bosome,
If any chance of warre, or newes ill voyc'd,
Mischiefe unthought of lurke, come, giv 't us all,
Heape curse on curse, we can no lower fall!

[*Out of the altar the ghost of* Asdruball *ariseth.*

Asd. Lower—lower!

Sy. What damn'd ayre is form'd
Into that shape? Speake, speake, we cannot quake!

Our flesh knowes not ignoble tremblings. Speake!
We dare thy terror! Me thinkes hell and fate
Should dread a soule with woes made desperate!
Asd. Know me the spirit of great Asdruball,
Father to Sophonisba, whose bad heart
Made justly most unfortunate; for know
I turn'd unfaithfull, after which the field
Chanc'd to our losse, when of thy men there fell
Six thousand soules, next fight of Lybians ten.
After which losse we, after Carthage flying,
Th' inraged people cride their army fell
Through my base treason. Straight my revengefull fury
Make them pursue me; I with resolute haste
Made to the grave of all our ancestors,
When poysoned, hop'd my bones should have long rest.
But see the violent multitude arrives,
Teare downe our monument, and me now dead
Deny a grave; hurle us among the rocks
To stanch beasts hunger; therefore thus ungrav'd
I seeke slow rest. Now doest thou know more woes,
And more must feele. Mortals, O feare to slight
Your gods and vowes. Joves arme is of dread might.
Sy. Yet speake: shall I orecome approaching foes?
Asd. Spirits of wrath know nothing but their woes.
[*Exit.*

¶ *Enter* NUNTIUS.

Nun. My liedge, my liedge, the scouts of Cirta bring intelligence
Of suddaine danger; full ten thousand horse,
Fresh and well rid, strong Massinissa leads,

As wings to Romane legions that march swift,
Lead by that man of conquest, Scipio.

Sy. Scipio?

Nun. Direct to Cirta. [*A march farre off is heard.*

Harke! their march is heard even to the citie.

Sy. Helpe, our guard, my armes; bid all our leaders
Beate thicke alarmes. I have seene things which thou
Wouldst quake to heare;
Boldnesse and strength the shame of slaves be feare.
Up, heart, hold sword! though waves roule thee on shelfe,
Though fortune leave thee, leave not thou thy selfe!

[*Exit, arming.*

SCENA SECUNDA.

¶ *Enter two Pages, with targets and javelins*; LÆLIUS *and* JUGURTH, *with holberds*; SCIPIO *and* MASSINISSA *armed; cornets sounding a march.*

Sci. Stand!

Mas. Give the word—Stand!

Sci. Part the file!

Mas. Give way!

Scipio, by thy great name, but greater vertue,—
By our eternall love, give me the chance
Of this dayes battle! Let not thy envied fame
Vouchsafe t' oppose the Romane legions
Against one weakened Prince of Lybia.
This quarrel 's mine—mine be the stroke of fight!
Let us and Syphax hurle out well forc'd darts

Each unto others breast. O (what should I say?)
Thou beyond epithete, thou whom proud lords of fortune
May even envie. Alas! my joys so vaste,
Makes me seeme lost. Let us thunder and lightning
Strike from our brave armes. Looke, looke, sease that hill,
Harke! he comes neere. From thence discerne us strike
Fire worth Jove; mount up, and not repute
Me very proud, though wondrous resolute.
My cause, my cause is my bold heartning ods,
That sevenfold shield, just armes should fright the gods.

Sci. Thy words are full of honour; take thy fate.

Mas. Which we doe scorne to feare, to Scipio state
Worthy his heart. Now let the forced brasse
Sound on.

¶ *Cornets sound a march.* SCIPIO *leads his traine up to the mount.*

Jugurth, claspe sure our caske,
Arme us with care; and Jugurth, if I fall
Through this dayes malice, or our fathers sinnes,
If it in thy sword lye, breake up my breast,
And save my heart that never fell nor sued
To ought but Jove and Sophonisba. Sound,
Sterne heartners unto wounds and blood—sound loud,
For we have named Sophonisba.

[*Cornets a flourish.*

So, [*Cornets a march farre off.*

Harke, harke, he comes! stand blood! Now multiply
Force more than fury. Sound high, sound high, we strike
For Sophonisba.

¶ *Enter* SYPHAX *arm'd, his Pages with shields and darts before; cornets sounding marches.*

Sy. For Sophonisba.
Mas. Syphax!
Sy. Massinissa!
Mas. Betwixt us two,
Let single fight try all.
Sy. Well urg'd.
Mas. Well granted
Of you, my starres; as I am worthy you,
I implore ayde; and O, if angels wayt
Upon good hearts, my genius bee as strong
As I am just.
Sy. Kings glory is their wrong.
He that may onely doe just act 's a slave.
My gods my arme, my life, my heaven, my grave,
To me all end.
Mas. Give day, gods, life, not death,
To him that onely feares blaspheming breath.
For Sophonisba!
Sy. For Sophonisba!

¶ *Cornets sound a charge.* MASSINISSA *and* SYPHAX *combate.* SYPHAX *falls.* MASSINISSA *unclasps* SYPHAX *caske; and, as ready to kill him, speakes* SYPHAX—

Sy. Unto thy fortune, not to thee, wee yeeld.
Mas. Lives Sophonisba yet unstain'd, speake just—
Yet ours unforc'd?
Sy. Let my heart fall more low
Then is my body, if onely to thy glory
Shee lives not yet all thine.

Mas. Rise, rise! Cease strife!
Heare a most deepe revenge—from us take life!

¶ *Cornets sound a march.* SCIPIO *and* LÆLIUS *enter.* SCIPIO *passeth to his throne.* MASSINISSA *presents* SYPHAX *to* SCIPIO'S *feet, cornets sounding a flourish.*

To you all power of strength: and next to thee,
Thou spirit of triumph, borne for victory.
I heave these hands. March we to Cirta straight,
My Sophonisba with swift hast to winne,
In honor and in love all meane is sinne.

[*Exeunt* Massinissa *and* Jugurth.

Sci. As we are Romes great generall, thus we presse
Thy captive necke. But as still Scipio,
And sensible of just humanitie,
We weepe thy bondage. Speake, thou ill chanc'd man,
What spirit tooke thee when thou wert our friend
(Thy right hand given both to gods and us,
With such most passionate vowes and solemne faith),
Thou fledst with such most foule disloyaltie
To now weake Carthage, strengthening their bad armes,
Who lately scorn'd thee with all loath'd abuse,
Who never entertaine for love, but use?

Sy. Scipio, my fortune is captiv'd, not I;
Therefore Ile speake bold truth, nor once mistrust
What I shall say; for now, being wholly yours,
I must not faine. Sophonisba, 'twas shee,
Twas Sophonisba that solicited
My forc'd revolt; twas her resistlesse suite,
Her love to her deare Carthage, tic'd me breake
All faith with men; twas shee made Syphax false;
Shee that loves Carthage with such violence,
And hath such mooving graces to allure,

at shee will turne a man that once hath sworne
mselfe on 's fathers bones her Carthage foe,
be that cities champion and high friend.
r himeneall torch burnt downe my house;
en was I captiv'd, when her wanton armes
ere moving claspt about my necke. O charmes,
le to turne even Fate! But this, in my true griefe,
some just joy, that my love-sotted foe
all seize that plague, that Massinissas breast
:r hands shall arme, and that ere long youle trie,
ee can force him your foe as well as I.
Sci. Lælius, Lælius, take a choyce troupe of horse,
ıd spur to Cirta. To Massinissa thus:
phax palace, crownes, spoyle, cities sacke,
free to him. But if our new laugh'd friend
ssesse that woman of so moving art,
arge him with no lesse waight than his deare vow,
ır love, all faith, that he resigne her thee,
he shall answer Rome will give him up
Roman prisoner to the Senates doome:
e is a Carthagenian; now our lawes
ise men prevent not actions, but ever cause.
Sy. Good malice, so, as liberty so deare
ove my revenge. What I cannot possesse
ıother shall not—that 's some happinesse.

[*Exeunt, cornets flourishing.*

Cornets afar off sounding a charge. A Souldier wounded at one doore. Enter at the other SOPHONISBA, *two Pages before her with lights, two women bearing up her traine.*

Soul. Princesse, O flie! Syphax hath lost the day,

And captiv'd lyes. The Roman legions
Have seiz'd the towne, and with inveterate hate
Make slaves, or murder all. Fire and steele,
Fury and night, hold all. Faire Queene, O fly!
We bleed for Carthage, all for Carthage dye! [*Exit.*

¶ *Cornets sounding a march. Enter Pages, with javelins and targets.* MASSINISSA *and* JUGURTH; MASSINISSA'S *beaver shut.*

Mas. March to the pallace.
So. What ere man thou art
Of Lybia, thy faire armes speake; give heart
To amazd weaknesse; heare her, that for long time
Hath seene no wished light. Sophonisba,
A name for misery much knowne—tis she
Intreats of thy grac'd sword this onely boone:—
Let me not kneele to Rome; for though no cause
Of mine deserves their hate—though Massinissa
Be ours to heart, yet Roman generalls
Make proud their triumphs, with what ever captives.
O tis a nation which from soule I feare,
As one well knowing the much-grounded hate
They beare to Asdruball and Carthage bloud;
Therefore with teares that wash thy feet, with hands
Unusde to beg, I claspe thy manly knees,—
O save me from their fetters and contempt,
Their proud insults, and more then insolence!
Or, if it rest not in thy grace of breath
To grant such freedome, give me long-wisht death;
For tis not now loath'd life that we doe crave,—
Onely an unsham'd death and silent grave,
Wee will now daine to bend for.

s. Raritie! [Massinissa *disarmes his head.*
ɔe and this right hand, thou shalt live free!
We cannot now be wretched.
s. Stay the sword!
aughter cease; sounds soft as Ladas breast
[*Soft musique.*
through all eares. This night be loves high feast.
Orewhelme me not with sweets; let me not drink
y breast burst. O Jove, thy nectar skinke.
[*She sinkes into* Massinissas *armes.*
s. She is orecome with joy!
Help—help to beare
happinesse, ye powers! I have joy to spare,
h to make a god! O Massinissa!
s. Peace!
nt thinking makes full joyes increase!

¶ *Enter* LELIUS.

. Massinissa!
ɔs. Lelius!
. Thine eare.
ɔs. Stand off!
. From Scipio thus. By thy late vow of faith.
mutuall league of endless amitie,
ıou respects his vertue, or Romes force,
ɔer Sophonisba to our hand.
as. Sophonisba?
s. Sophonisba.
). My lord
kes pale, and from his halfe-burst eyes a flame
leepe disquiet breakes. The gods turne false
sad presage!

Mas. Sophonisba?
Le. Even she.
Mas. She kild not Scipios father, nor his unkle,
Great Cneius.
Le. Carthage did!
Mas. To her whats Carthage?
Le. Know twas her father Asdruball struck off
His fathers head. Give place to faith and fate!
Mas. Tis crosse to honour.
Le. But tis just to State;
So speaketh Scipio. Doe not thou detaine
A Romane prisoner, due to this triumph,
As thou shalt answer Rome and him.
Mas. Lelius,
Wee now are in Romes power. Lelius,
View Massinissa doe a loathed act,
Most sinking from that state his heart did keepe.
Looke, Lelius, looke, see Massinissa weepe;
Know I have made a vow more deare to me
Then my soules endlesse being: shee shall rest
Free from Romes bondage!
Le. But dost thou forget
Thy vow, yet fresh, thus breathd: When I desist
To be commanded by thy vertue, Scipio,
Or fall from friend of Rome, revenging gods,
Afflict me with your torture.
Mas. Lelius, enough.
Salute the Roman, tell him wee will act
What shall amaze him.
Le. Wilt thou yeeld her then?
Mas. Shee shall arrive there straight.

Le. Best fate of men
thee.
Mas. And Scipio. Have I liv'd, O heavens!
be inforcedly perfidious?
So. What unjust griefe afflicts my worthy lord?
Mas. Thank me, ye gods, with much beholdingnesse,
marke I doe not curse you.
So. Tell me, sweet,
cause of thy much anguish.
Mas. Ha, the cause?
's see: wreath back thine armes, bend downe thy neck,
ctise base prayers, make fit thy selfe for bondage.
So. Bondage!
Mas. Bondage—Roman bondage!
So. No, no!
Mas. How then have I vow'd well to Scipio?
So. How then to Sophonisba?
Mas. Right; which way
me mad impossible distraction.
So. Deare lord, thy patience; let it maze all power,
I list to her in whose sole it rests
keepe thy faith upright.
Mas. Wilt thou be slav'd?
So. No, free.
Mas. How then keep I my faith?
So. My death
es helpe to all. From Rome so rest we free;
brought to Scipio, faith is kept in thee.
Mas. Thou darst not die—some wine, thou darst not
die!

¶ *Enter a Page with a boule of wine.*

So. How neere was I unto the curse of man? Joy
How like was I yet once to have beene glad.
He that neere laught may with a constant face
Contemne Joves frowne. Happinesse makes us base.
[*She takes a bole, into which* Massinissa *puts poy*
Behold me, Massinissa, like thy selfe,
A king and souldier; and I pree thee keepe
My last command.
Mas. Speake, sweet.
So. Deare, doe not weepe.
And now with undismaid resolve behold,
To save you—you (for honour and just faith
Are most true gods, which we should much adore),
With even disdainefull vigour I give up
An abhord life. You have beene good to me,
[*She dris*
And I doe thanke thee, Heaven! O my stars,
I blesse your goodnesse, that with breast unstain'd,
Faith pure, a virgin wife, try'd to my glory,
I die of female faith the long-liv'd story;
Secure from bondage and all servile harmes,
But more—most happy in my husbands armes.
[*She sin*
Ju. Massinissa, Massinissa!
Mas. Covetous
Fame, greedy lady, could no scope of glory,
No reasonable proportion of goodnesse,
Fill thy great breast, but thou must prove immense
Incomprehence in vertue? What, wouldst thou
Not onely be admir'd, but even ador'd?

glory ripe for heaven! Sirs, helpe, helpe, helpe!
et us to Scipio with what speed you can,
or piety make haste, whilst yet we are man.
[*Exeunt, bearing* Sophonisba *in a chaire.*

Cornets a march. Enter SCIPIO *in full state, tryumphall ornaments carryed before him, and* SYPHAX *bound; at the other doore,* LÆLIUS.

Sci. What answers Massinissa? Will he send
hat Sophonisba of so moving tongues?
Le. Full of dismayd unsteddinesse he stood,
is right hand lockt in hers, which hand he gave
s pledge for Rome, she ever should live free.
ut when I enter'd and well urg'd this vow
nd thy command, his great heart sunke with shame,
is eyes lost spirit, and his heat of life
ınke from his face, as one that stood benumm'd,
ll maz'd, t' effect impossibilities;
or either unto her or Scipio
e must breake vow. Long time he toss'd his thoughts;
nd as you see a snow-ball being rol'd,
t first a handfull, yet, long bowl'd about,
ısensibly acquires a mighty globe,—
o his cold griefe through agitation growes,
nd more he thinks, the more of griefe he knowes.
t last he seem'd to yield her.
Sy. Marke, Scipio!
rust him that breaks a vow?
Sci. How then trust thee?
Sy. O, misdoubt him not, when he 's thy slave like me.

¶ *Enter* MASSINISSA, *all in blacke.*

Mas. Scipio!
Sci. Massinissa!
Mas. Generall!
Sci. King!
Mas. Lives there no mercy for one soule of Carthage
But must see basenesse?
Sci. Wouldst thou joy thy peace,
Deliver Sophonisba straight and cease;
Do not graspe that which is too hot to hold.
We grace thy griefe, and hold it with soft sense;
Injoy good courage, but 'voyd insolence.
I tell thee Rome and Scipio daigne to beare
So low a brest, as for her say, we feare.
Mas. Doe not, doe not; let not the fright of nation
Know so vile tearmes. She rests at thy dispose.
Sy. To my soule joy. Shall Sophonisba then
With me goe bound, and wayt on Scipio's wheele?
When th' whole world 's giddy, one man cannot reele.
Mas. Starve thy leane hopes; and, Romans, now be
A sight would sad the gods, make Phœbus cold.

¶ *Organe and recorders play to a single voice. Ent the meane time the mournefull solemnity of* MASSINISSA'S *presenting* SOPHONISBA'S *body.*

Looke, Scipio, see what hard shift we make
To keep our vowes. Here, take, I yield her thee;
And Sophonisba, I keep vow, thou art still free.
Sy. Burst, my vext heart: the torture that most wra
An enemy is his foes royall acts.

Sci. The glory of thy vertue live for ever;
Brave hearts may be obscur'd, but extinct never.
[Scipio *adornes* Massinissa.
Take from the Generall of Rome this crowne,
This roabe of tryumph, and this conquests wreath,
This scepter, and this hand, for ever breath,
Romes very minion! Live worth thy fame,
As farre from faintings as from now base name.

Mas. Thou whom, like sparkling steel, the stroks of chance
Made hard and firme, and like to wild-fire turn'd,
The more cold fate, the more thy vertue burn'd,
And in whole seas of miseryes didst flame—
On thee, lov'd creature of a deathlesse fame,
[Massinissa *adornes* Sophonisba.
Rest all my honour. O thou for whom I drinke
So deep of griefe, that he must onely thinke,
Not dare to speake, that would expresse my woe;
Small rivers murmure, deep gulfes silent flow;
My griefe is here, not here; heave gently then,
Womens right wonder, and just shame of men.
[*Exeunt.*

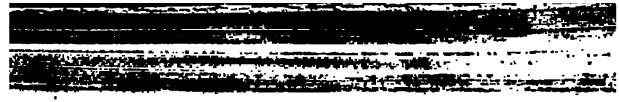
Cornets a short flourish.

Manet Massinissa.

EPILOGUS.

AND now with lighter passion, though just feare,
I change my person, and doe hither beare
Anothers voice, who with a phrase as weake
As his deserts, now will'd me for him speake:
If words well sens'd, best suting subject grave,
Noble true story may once boldly crave
Acceptance gracious; if he whose fires
Envy not others, nor himselfe admires;
If sceanes exempt from ribaldry or rage
Of taxings indiscreet, may please the stage;—
If such may hope applause, he not commands,
Yet craves as due the justice of your hands.
But freely he protests, how ere it is—
Or well, or ill, or much, not much amisse—
With constant modesty he doth submit
To all, save those that have more tongue then wit.

WHAT YOU WILL.



WHAT YOU WILL.

INDUCTION.

¶ *Before the musicke sounds for the Acte, enter* ATTICUS, DORICUS, *and* PHYLOMUSE; *they sit a good while on the Stage before the candles are lighted, talking together, and on suddeine* DORICUS *speakes.*

¶ *Enter Tier-man with lights.*

Dor. FIE, some lights! Sirs, fie! let there be no deeds of darknesse done among us. I—so, so, pree thee, Tyer-man, set Sineor Snuffe a fier: he 's a chollerick gentleman; he will take pepper in the nose instantly; feare not. Fore Heaven, I wonder they tollerate him so nere the stage.

Phy. Faith, Doricus, thy braine boiles; keele it, keele it, or all the fatt 's in the fire; in the name of Phœbus, what merry genius haunts thee to-day? Thy lips play with feathers.

Dor. Troth, they should pick straws before they should be idle.

Atti. But why—but why doost thou wonder they dare suffer Snuffe so neere the stage?

Dor. O, well recald; marry, Sir Sineor Snuffe, Mounsieur Mew, and Cavaliero Blirt, are three of the most to bee fear'd auditors that ever ——

Phy. Pish! for shame! stint thy idle chatte.

Dor. Nay, dreame what-so-ere your fantasie swimmes on, Phylomuse; I protest, in the love you have procured mee to beare your friend the author, I am vehemently fearefull this threefold halter of contempt that choakes the breath of witte, these aforesaid *tria sunt omnia*, knights of the meaw, will sitt heavie on the skirtes of his sceanes, if ——

Phy. If what? Beleeve it, Doricus, his spirit
Is higher blouded then to quake and pant
At the report of Skoffes artillery.
Shall he be creast-falne, if some looser braine,
In flux of witte uncively befilth
His slight composures? Shall his bosome faint,
If drunken Censure belch out sower breath
From Hatreds surfet on his labours front?
Nay, say some halfe a dozen rancorous breasts
Should plant them-selves on purpose to discharge
Imposthum'd malice on his latest sceane,
Shall his resolve be struck through with the blirt
Of a goose breath? What imperfect borne,
What short-liv'd meteor; what cold-harted snow
Would melt in dolor; cloud his mudded eyes,
Sinck downe his jawes, if that some juicles husk,
Some boundlesse ignorance, should on sudden shoote
His grosse knob'd burbolt with—"Thats not so good,
Mew, blirt, ha, ha, light chaffy stuff!"

Why, gentle spirits, what loose waving fane,
What any thing, would thus be skru'd about
With each slight touch of od phantasmatas?
No, let the feeble palseid lamer joynts
Leane on opinions crutches; let the ——

Dor. Nay, nay, nay. Heavens my hope, I cannot smoth this straine;

Witts death, I cannot. What a leaprous humor
Breaks from ranke swelling of these bubbling wits?
Now out up-pont, I wonder what tite braine,
Wrung in this custome to mainetaine contempt
Gainst common censure; to give stiffe counter buffes,
To crack rude skorne even on the very face
Of better audience. Slight, ist not odious?
Why, harke you, honest, honest Phylomuse
(You that indeavor to indeere our thoughts
To the composers spirit), hold this firme:
Musike and poetry were first approv'd
By common scence; and that which pleased most,
Held most allowed passe: not rules of art
Were shapt to pleasure, not pleasure to your rules;
Thinke you, if that his sceanes tooke stampe in mint
Of three or foure deem'd most juditious,
It must inforce the world to currant them,
That you must spit defiance on dislike?
Now, as I love the light, were I to passe
Through publick verdit, I should feare my forme,
Least ought I offerd were unsquard or warp'd.
"The more we know, the more we know we want:
What bayard boulder then the ignorant?
Beleeve me, Phylomuse, ifaith thou must,
The best best seale of wit is wits distrust."

Phy. Nay, gentle Doricus.

Dor. Ile here no more of him; nay, and your friend the author, the composer, the What You Will, seemes so faire in his owne glasse, so straight in his owne measure, that hee talkes once of squinting critickes, drunken censure, splay-footed opinion: juicles huskes, I ha done with him; I ha done with him.

Phy. Pew, nay then ——

Dor. As if any such unsanctified stuffe could finde a beeing monge these ingenuous breasts.

Atti. Come, let passe, let passe; lets see what stuffe must cloath our eares. What 's the plaies name?

Phy. What You Will.

Dor. Ist commedy, tragedy, pastorall, morall, nocturnal, or historie?

Phy. Faith, perfectly neither, but even What You Will, —a slight toye, lightly composed, to swiftly finisht, ill plotted, worse written, I feare me worst acted, and indeed What You Will.

Dor. Why, I like this vaine well now.

Atti. Come, wee straine the spectators patience in delaying their expected delightes. Lets place our selves within the curtaines, for good faith the stage is so very little, we shall wrong the generall eye els very much.

Phy. If youle stay but a little, Ile accompany you; I have ingag'd my selfe to the author to give a kind of inductive speech to his commedy.

Atti. Away! you neglect your selfe, a gentleman ——

Phy. Tut, I have vow'd it; I am double charg'd; go of as 't twil, Ile set fire to it.

Dor. Ile not stand it; may chance recoile, and be not

stuff'd with salte-peeter: well, marke the report; marke the report.

Phy. Nay, pree thee stay, slid the female presence; the Genteletza; the women will put me out.

Dor. And they strive to put thee out; doe thou indevor to put them.

Atti. In good faith, if they put thee out of countenance, put them out of patience, and hew their eares with hacking imperfect utterance.

Dor. Goe, stand to it; shew thy selfe a tall man of thy tongue; make an honest legge; put off thy cap with discreete carriage: and so we leave thee to the kinde gentlemen and most respected auditors.

[*Exeunt, remanet tantum* Phylomusus.

PROLOGUS.

NOR labours hee the favor of the rude,
Nor offers sops unto the Stigian dogge,
To force a scilence in his viperous toungs;
Nor cares he to insinuate the grace
Of loath'd detraction, nor persues the love
Of the nice criticks of this squeamish age;
Nor strives he to beare up with every saile
Of floting censure; nor once dreads or cares
What envious hand his guiltles muse hath struck;
"Sweet breath from tainted stomacks who can suck?"
But to the faire proportion'd loves of witte,
To the just skale of even, paized thoughts;
To those that know the pangs of bringing forth
A perfect feature; to their gentle mindes,
That can as soone slight of as finde a blemish;
To those as humbly lowe as to their feete
I am oblig'd to bend—to those his muse
Makes solemne honour for their wish'd delight.
He vowes industrious sweat shall pale his cheeke,
But heele glose up sleeke objects for their eyes;
For those he is asham'd, his best's too badd,
A silly subject too too simply cladd,
Is all his present, all his ready pay
For many many debts. Give further day,
Ile give a proverbe,—Sufferance giveth ease:
So you may once be pai'd,—we once may please.

[*Exit*

ACTUS PRIMUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Enter* QUADRATUS, PHYLUS *following him with a lute; a Page going before* QUADRATUS *with a torch.*

Phy. O, I beseech you, Sir, reclaime his wits;
My masters mad, starke mad, alasse! [for hate,
for love.
Qua. For love? Nay, and he be not mad
Tis amiable fortune. I tell thee, youth,
Right rare and geason. Strang? Mad for love!
O show me him; Ile give him reasons straight—
So forcible, so all invincible,
That it shall drag love out. Run mad for love?
What mortally exsistes, on which our hearts
Should be inamored with such passion?
For love? Come, Phylus; come, Ile chaung his fate;
In steed of love, Ile make him mad for hate.
But, troth, say what straines his madnesse of?
Phy. Phantasticall.
Qua. Immure him; skonce him; barrecadoe him int.
Phantasticall mad! thrice blessed heart!

Why harke, good Phylus (O that thy narrow sence
Could but containe me now), all that exists
Takes valuation from oppinion.
A giddy minion now. Pish! thy tast is dull,
And canst not rellish me. Come; where 's Iacomo?

¶ *Enter* IACOMO, *unbraced, and careles drest.*

Phy. Looke, where he coms. O map of boundles wo

Iaco. Yon gleame is day; darknes, sleepe, and feare,
Dreames, and the ugly visions of the night,
Are beate to hell by the bright palme of light;
Now romes the swaine, and whissells up the morne:
Deepe silence breakes; all things start up with light,
Only my hart, that endles night and day,
Lies bed-red, crippeld by coy Lucea.

Qua. There 's a straine, law.
Nay, now I see hee 's madde most palpable;
He speakes like a player: hah! poeticall.

Iaco. The wanton spring lyes dallying with the earth
And powers fresh bloud in her decayed vaines;
Looke how the new sapt branches are in childe
With tender infants; how the sunne drawes out,
And shapes their moysture into thousand formes
Of sprouting buddes; all things that show or breath
Are now instaur'd, saving my wretched brest,
That is eternally congeald with ice
Of froz'd dispaire. O Celia! coy, to nice.

Qua. Still, saunce question, mad?

Iaco. O where doth piety and pitty rest?

Qua. Fetch cordes; he 's irrecoverable; mad, ranke m
He calls for strange chymeras, fictions,
That have no being since the curse of death

Was throwne on man. Pitty and piety,
Whole daine converse with them? Alas! vaine head;
Pitty and piety are long since dead.
Iaco. Ruine to chaunce, and all that strive to stand
Like swolne Colosses on her tottering base.
Fortune is blinde—
Qua. You lye! you lye!
None but a mad man would terme fortune blind.
How can shee see to wound desert so right,
Just in the speeding place? to girt leud browes
With honord wreath? Ha! Fortune blinde? Away!
How can she, hud-winkt, then so rightly see
To starve rich worth and glut iniquitie?
Iaco. O love!
Qua. Love! Hang love.
It is the abject out-cast of the world.
Hate all things; hate the world, thy selfe, all men;
Hate knowledge; strive not to be over-wise:
It drew distruction into Paradise.
Hate honor, vertue; they are baites
That tice mens hopes to sadder fates.
Hate beautie: every ballad-monger
Can cry his idle foppish humor.
Hate riches: wealthes a flattering Jacke;
Adores to face, mewes hind thy backe.
He that is poore is firmely sped;
He never shall be flattered.
All thinges are error, durt and nothing,
Or pant with want, or gorg'd to lothing.
Love onely hate; affect no higher
Then praise of Heaven, wine, a fire;

Suck up thy daies in silent breath,
When their snuffs out, come Sinior Death.
Now, Sir, adieu, runne mad and 'twilt,
The worst is this, my rimes but spilt.

Iaco. Thy rimes are spilt; who would not run ranke mad,
To see a wandring French man rivall, nay,
Out-strip my sute? He kist my Celias cheeke.

Qua. Why, man, I saw my dog even kisse thy Celias lippes.

Iaco. To-morrow morne they goe to wed.

Qua. Well then I know
Whether to-morrow night they goe.

Iaco. Say quick.

Qua. To bed.

Iaco. I will invoke the triple Heccate,
Make charmes as potent as the breath of fate,
But Ile confound the match!

Qua. Nay, then, good day;
And you be conjuring, once Ile slink away.

[*Exit* Quadratus.

Iaco. Boy, could not Orpheus make the stones to daunce?

Phy. Yes, Sir.

Iaco. Bir Lady, a sweete touch. Did he not bring Euridice out of hell with his lute?

Phy. So they say, Sir.

Iaco. And thou chanst bring Celias head out of the window with thy lute. Well, hazard thy breath. Looke, Sir, heares a ditty.

Tis fouly writ, slight wit, cross'd here and there,
But where thou findst a blot, their fall a teare.

THE SONG.

Fie! Peace, peace, peace! it hath no passion int.
O melt thy breath in fluent softer tunes,
That every note may seeme to tricle downe
Like sad distilling teares, and make — O God!
That I were but a poet, now t'expresse my thoughts,
Or a musitian but to sing my thoughts,
Or any thing but what I am. Sing't ore once more,
My greefes a boundles sea that hath no shore.

[*Hee singes, and is answered; from above a willow garland is floung downe, and the songe ceaseth.*

Is this my favor? Am I crown'd with skorne?
Then thus I manumit my slav'd condition.
Celia, but heare me execrate thy love.
By Heaven, that once was consious of my love;
By all that is, that knowes my all was thine,
I will perseu with detestation;
Thwart without stretched vehemence of hate,
Thy wished Hymen. I will craze my braine,
But all disceaver all. Thy hopes unite:
What rage so violent as love turn'd spight?

¶ *Enter* RANDOLFO *and* ANDREA, *with a supplication, reading.*

RAN. *Humbly complayning, kissing the hands of your excelence, your pore orators* Randolfo *and* Andrea *beseecheth, forbidding of the dishonord match of their neece* Celia, *widdow, to their brother* ——

O twill do; twill do; it can not chuse but doe.

And. What should one say?—what should one do now?
Umph!

If she do match with yon same wandring knight,
Shee 's but undone; her estimation, wealth ——

Iaco. Nay, Sir, her estimations mounted up.
She shall be ladi'd and sweete-madam'd now.

Ran. Be ladi'd? Ha! ha! O, could she but recaule
The honord port of her deceased love!
But thinke whose wife she was. God wot no knights
But one (that title of) was even a Prince,
A Sultane Sollyman; thrice was he made,
In dangerous armes, Venice providetore.

And. He was a marchant; but so bounteous,
Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
That naughts was valewed praisfull excellent,
But in it was he most praisfull excellent.

Iaco. O, I shall nere forget how he went cloath'd.
He would maintaine 't a base ill-us'd fashion
To bind a marchant to the sullen habit
Of precise black; cheefly in Venice state,
Where marchants guilt the top;
And therefore should you have him passe the bridge
Up the Rialto like a soldier
(As still hee stood a potestate at sea).

Ran. In a black bever felt, ash-colour plaine,
A Florentine cloth-of-silver jerkin, sleeves
White satten cut on tinsell, then long stocke.
O God!

Iaco. French paines imbroder'd, gold-smithes worke,
Me thinkes I see him now how he would walke;
With what a jolly presence he would pace
Round the Rialto. Well, hee 's soone forgot;
A straggling Sir in his rich bed must sleepe,
Which if I can not crosse Ile curse and weepe.

Shall I be plaine as truth? I love your sister:
My education, birth, and wealth deserves her;
I have no crosse, no rub to stop my sute,
But Lavardur's a knight that strikes all mute.

And. I, ther 's the divill, she must be ladi'd now.

Iaco. O ill-nurs'd custome! no soner is the wealthy
His wife left great in faire possessions, [marchant dead,
But giddie rumor graspes it twixt his teeth,
And shakes it bout our eares. Then thether flock
A rout of crased fortunes, whose crakt states
Gape to be sodderd up by the rich masse
Of the deceased labores, and now and then
The troupe of *I beseech and protest,*
And beleeve it, sweete, is mix'd with two or three
Hopefull, well-stockt, neat-clothed cytizens.

Ran. But as we see the sonne of a divine
Seldome proves preacher, or a lawiers sonne
Rarely a pleader (for they strive to run
A various fortune from their auncestors),
So tis right geason for the marchantes widow
To be the cytizens lov'd second spouse.

Iaco. Variety of objectes please us still;
One dish, though nere so cookt, doth quickly fill;
When diverse cates the pallats sence delight,
And with fresh tast creates new appetite;
Therefore my widdow she casheers the blackes,
Forsweares, turnes of the furd-gownes, and survaies
The bedrowle of her sutors, thinkes and thinkes,
And straight her questing thoughts springs up a knight;
Have after then amaine, the gam 's a foote,
The match clapt up; tut, tis the knight must do 't!

Ran. Then must my pretty peate be fan'd and coach'd?

Iaco. Muffd, mask'd, and ladied, with my more then most sweete madam.
But how long doth this perfume of sweete madam last?
Faith, tis but a wash sent. My riotous sir
Beginnes to crack gestes on his ladies front,
Touches her new-stampt gentry, takes a glut,
Keepes oute, abandons home, and spends and spends,
Till stock be melted; then sir takes up heere,
Takes up there, till no where ought is left.
Then for the Low Countries, hay for the French;
And so (to make up rime) god night, sweete wench.

Ran. By blessednesse weele stop this fatall lot.

Iaco. But how? But how?

Ran. Why, stay, lets thinke a plot.

And. Was not Albano Beletzo honorable rich?

Ran. Not peer'd in Venice, for birth, fortune, love.

And. Tis skarce three monthes since fortune gave him dead.

Ran. In the blacke fight in the Venetian gulfe.

And. You hold a truth.

Ran. Now what a gigglet is this Celia?

And. To match so suddaine, so unworthely?

Ran. Why, she might have ——

And. Who might not Celia have?
The passionate inamord Iacomo.

Iaco. The passionate inamord Iacomo.

And. Of honord linage, and not meanly rich.

Ran. The sprightfull Piso, the great Florentine,
Aurelius Tuber.

And. And to leave these all,
And wed a wandring knight, Sir Laverdure,
A God knowes what?

Ran. Brother, she shall not. Shal our blood be mouneld with the corruption of a stragling French?

And. Saint Marke, she shall not.

Iaco. She shall not, fathers, by our brother soules.

Ran. Good day.

Iaco. Wish me good day? It stands in idle stead; ly Celias lost! all my good daies are dead!

[*The cornets sound a flourish.*

arke, Lorenzo Celso, the loose Venice Duke s going to bed; tis now a forward morne, or he take rest. O strange transformed sight, Vhen princes make night day, the day there night!

And. Come, weele peticion him.

Iaco. Away! Away! le skornes all plaints; makes jest of serious sute.

Ran. Fall out as 't twill, I am resolved to do 't.

¶ *The cornets sound.*

[*Enter the Duke coppled with a Lady; two cooples more with them, the men having tobacco-pipes in their hands, the woemen sitt; they daunce a round. The petition is delivered up by* RANDOLFO*; the Duke lightes his tobacco-pipe with it, and goes out dauncing.*

Ran. Saint Marke! Saint Marke!

Iaco. Did not I tell you, loose no more rich time; What can one get but mier from a swine?

And. Lets worke a crosse; weele fame it all aboute The French mans gelded.

Ran. O thats absolute.

Iaco. Fie ont! Away! She knowes to well tis false. I feare it to well. No, no, I hav 't will strongly doe 't. Who knowes Francisco Soranza?

Ran. Pish! pish! Why, what of him?

Iaco. Is he not wondrous like your decea'sd kinsma
Albano?

And. Exceedingly; the strangest, neerly like
In voice, in gesture, face, in ——

Ran. Nay, he hath Albanos imperfection too,
And stuttes when he is vehemently mov'd.

Iaco. Observe me, then; him would I have disguis'd
Most perfect, like Albano; giving out,
Albano sav'd by swimming (as in faith
'Tis knowne he swome most strangely); rumor him
This morne arriv'd in Venice, heere to lurke,
As having heard the for-ward nuptials;
T' observe his wifes most infamous lewd hast,
And to revenge ——

Ran. I hav 't, I hav 't, I hav 't; 'twill be invincible

Iaco. By this meanes now some little time we catch
For better hopes at least disturbe the match.

And. Ile to Francisco.

Ran. Brother Adrian,
You have our brothers picture; shape him to it.

And. Precise in each but tassell; feare it not.

Ran. Saint Marke then prosper once our hopefull p

Iaco. Good soules, good day; I have not slept last ni
Ile take a nap: then pell mell broach all spight.

[*Exe*

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

One knockes: LAVERDURE *drawes the curtaines; sitting on his bed, apparalling himselfe; his trunke of apparaile standing by him.*

v. HO! Bydett, lackey.

Byd. Sinior?

Enter Bydett, *with water and a towell.*

Lav. See who knocks. Looke, you boy; peruse their bits; returne perfect notice. La la, ly ro!

[*Exit* Bydett, *and returnes presently.*

Byd. Quadratus.

Lav. Quadratus, *mor Dieu, ma vie!* I lay not at my lging to night. Ile not see him now, on my soule: 's in his old perpetuana sute. I am not within.

Byd. He is faire, gallant, rich, neate as a bride-groome, sh as a new-minted six-pence; with him Lampatho ria, Symplicius Faber.

Lav. And in good clothes?

Byd. Accoutred worthy a presence.

Lav. Udes so: my gold-wrought wast-coate and night-. Open my trunk: lay my richest sute on the top, velvet slippers, cloth-of-gold gamashes; where are my th-of-silver hose? lay them ——

Byd. At pawne, Sir.

Lav. No, Sir; I do not bid you lay them at pawne, Sir.

Byd. No, Sir, you need not, for they are there already.

Lav. Mor du, garzone! Set my richest gloves, garters, hatts, just in the way of their eyes. So let them in; observe mee withall dutious respect: let them in.

¶ *Enter* QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO DORIA, *and* SIMPLICIUS FABER.

Qua. Phœbus, Phœbe, sunne, moone, and seaven starres, make thee the dilling of fortune, my sweet Laverdure, my rich French bloud. Ha yee, deere rogue, hast any pudding tobacco?

Lam. Good morrow, Sinior.

Sim. Mounsieur Laverdure, do you see that gentleman? Hee goes but in black sattin, as you see, but, by Hellicon, hee hath a cloth of tissue wit. Hee breakes a jest; ha! heele raile against the courttil, the gallants. O God! he is very Nectar; if you but sip of his love, you were immortall. I must needes make you knowne to him; Ile induce your love with deere regarde. Sinior Lampatho, heer's is a French gentleman, Mounsieur Laverdure, a traveller, a beloved of Heaven, courts your acquaintance.

Lam. Sir, I protest I not onely take distinct notice of your deere rarities of exterior presence, but also I protest I am most vehemently inamor'd, and very passionately doate on your inward adornements and habilities of spirit! I protest I shall be proud to doe you most obsequious vassalage.

Qua. Is not this rare, now? Now, by Gorgons head, I gape, and am struck stiffe in wonderment
At sight of these strange beasts. You chamblet youth, Symplicius Faber, that hermaphrodite,

Party par pale, that bastard moungerell soule,
Is nought but admiration and applause;
Of you, Lampatho Doria, a fustie caske,
Devote to mouldy customes of hoary eld;
Doth he but speake, O tones of heaven it selfe!
Doth he once write, O Jesu admirable!
Cryes out Symplicius. Then Lampatho spittes,
And sayes, faith 'tis good. But, O, to marke yon thing:
Sweate to unite acquaintance to his friend,
Labour his praises, and indeere his worth
With titles all as formally trickt forth
As the cap of a dedicatorie epistle.
Then, sir, to view Lampatho: he protests,
Protests and vowes such suddeine heate of love,
That O twere warmth inough of mirth to drie
The stintlesse teares of old Heraclitus,—
Make Nyobe to laugh!

Lam. I protest I shall bee proud to give you proofe I hold a most religious affiance with your love.

Lav. Nay, gentle Sinior.

Lam. Let mee not live els. I protest I will straine my utmost sineus in strengthning your pretious estimate; I protest I will do all rights in all good offices that friendship can touch, or amplest vertue deserve.

Qua. I protest, beleeve him not; Ile beg thee, Laverdure,
For a conceal'd ideot, if thou credit him;
Hee 's a hyena, and with civitt scent
Of perfum'd words, drawes to make a prey
For laughter of thy credit. O this hote crackling love,
That blaseth on an instant, flames me out
On the least puffe of kindnesse, with protest, protest.
Catzo, I dread these hotte protests, that presse,

Come on so fast. No, no! away, away!
You are a common friend, or will betray.
Let me clip amity that 's got with sute;
I hate this whorish love that 's prostitute.

Lav. Horne on my tailor! could he not bring home
My sattin taffeta or tissue sute,
But I must needs bee cloath'd in wollen thus?
Bydett, what sayes he for my silver hose,
And prim-rose sattin doublet? Gods my life!
Gives he no more observance to my body?

Lam. O, in that last sute, gentle Laverdure,
Visite my lodging. By Appollos front,
Do but inquire my name. O straight theile say,
Lampatho sutes him-selfe in such a hose.

Sim. Marke that, Quadratus.

Lam. Consorts him-selfe with such a doublet.

Sim. Good, good, good! O Jesu! admirable.

Lav. La la, ly ro, Sir!

Lam. O Pallas! Quadratus, harke! harke! A most compleat phantasma, a most ridiculous humor; pree-thee shoote him through and through with a jest; make him lye by the lee, thou Basilisco of witte.

Sim. O Jesu! admirably well spoken; angelicall tongue

Qua. Gnathonicall coxcombe!

Lam. Nay, pre-thee, fut, feere not, he 's no edge-toole you may jest with him.

Sim. No edge-toole. Oh!

Qua. Tones of heaven it selfe.

Sim. Tones of heaven it selfe.

Qua. By blessednesse, I thought so.

Lam, Nay, when? when?

Qua. Why, thou pole-head! thou Ianus! thou poultron

thou protest! thou eare-wig, that wrigglest into mens braines! thou durty cur, that be-mierst with thy fawning! thou ——

Lam. Obscure me! or ——

Qua. Synior Laverdure, by the hart of an honest man, this Jebusite—this, confusion to him—this worse then I dare to name—abuseth thee most incomprehensibly. Is this your protest of most obsequious vassalage? Protest to straine your utmost summe, your most ——

Lam. So Phœbus warme my braine, Ile rime thee dead.
Looke for the satyre: if all the sower juice
Of a tart braine can sowse thy estimate,
Ile pickle thee.

Qua. Ha! he mount Chirall on the wings of fame!
A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!
Looke the, I speake play scrappes. Bydet, Ile downe,
Sing, sing, or stay, weele quaffe, or any thing.
Rivo, Saint Marke, lets talke as losse as ayre;
Un-wind youthes coullors, display our selves,
So that yon envy-statued curre may yealpe
And spend his chappes at our phantasticknesse.

Sim. O Lord Quadratus!

Qua. Away, idolater! Why, you Don Kynsayder!
Thou canker-eaten rusty curre! thou snaffle
To freer spirits!
Think'st thou, a libertine, am ungiv'd breast,
Skornes not the shackles of thy envious clogges,
You will traduce us unto publicke skorne?

Lam. By this hand I will.

Qua. A fuotra for thy hand, thy heart, thy braine;
Thy hate, thy malice, envie, grinning spight
Shall a free-borne, that holdes antypathy ——

Lam. Antypathy!
Qua. I, antypathy!
A native hate unto the curse of man! bare-pated servitude.
Quake at the frownes of a ragg'd satyrist—
A skrubbing railer, whose course harden'd fortune,
Grating his hide, gauling his statued ribs,
Sittes houling at deserts more battle fate—
Who out of dungeon of his black dispairs,
Skoules at the fortune of the fairer merit.
Lav. Tut via! Let all runne glib and square.
Qua. Uds futt! Hee cogges and cheates your simpler
My spleen 's a fire in the heate of hate; [thoughtes,
I beare these gnats, that humme aboute our eares,
And stinge-blister our credit's in obscured shades.
Lav. Pewte bougra! La, la, la! Tit! Shaugh!
Shall I forbeare to caper, sing, or vault?
To weare fresh cloathes, or weare perfum'd sweetes?
To trick my face, or glory in my fate?
T' abandon naturall propensitudes?
My fancies humor?—for a stiffe-joynted,
Tattr'd, nasty, taber-fac'd —— Puh, la, la, ly ro!
Qua. Now, by thy ladies cheeke, I honor thee,
My rich free bloud. O my deere libertine!
I could suck the juice, the sirrop of thy lippe,
For thy most generous thought!—my Elysium!
Lam. O, sir, you are so square, you skorne repoofe.
Qua. No, sir; should discreete Mastigophoros,
Or the deere spirit acute Canaidus
(That Aretine, that most of me belov'd,
Who in the rich esteeme I prize his soule,
I terme my selfe); should these once menace me,
Or curbe my humors with well-govern'd check,

should with most industrious regard,
bserve, abstaine, and curbe my skipping lightnesse;
ut when an arrogant, od, impudent,
. blushles fore-head, only out of scence
)f his owne wants, baules in malignant questing
\t others meanes of waving gallantry,—
Pight foutra!

Lam. I raile at none, you well-squar'd Syneor.

Qua. I can not tell; tis now growne fashion,
Whats out of railyng 's out of fashion.
A man can skarce put on a tuckt-up cap,
A button'd frizado sute, skarce eate good meate,
Anchoves, caviare, but hee 's satyred
And term'd phantasticall. By the muddy spawne
Of slymie neughtes, when troth, phantasticknesse—
That which the naturall sophysters tearme
Phantusia incomplexa—is a function
Even of the bright immortal part of man.
It is the common passe, the sacred dore,
Unto the prive chamber of the soule;
That bar'd, nought passeth past the baser court.
Of outward scence by it th' inamorate
Most lively thinkes he sees the absent beauties
Of his lov'd mistres;
By it we shape a new creation
Of things as yet unborne; by it wee feede
Our ravenous memory, our intention feast;
Slid he thats not phantasticall 's a beast.

Lam. Most phantasticall protection of phantasticknesse.

Lav. Faith, tis good.

Qua. So 't be phantastical tis wits life bloud.

Lav. Come, Sinior, my legges are girt.

Qua. Phantastically?

Lav. After a spetiall humor, a new cut.

Qua. Why, then, tis rare, tis excellent. Uds fut! And I were to be hangd I would be chokt Phantastically. He can skarce be sav'd Thats not phantasticall: I stand ferme to it.

Lav. Nay, then, sweete sir, give reason. Come on: when?

Qua. Tis hell to runne in common base of men.

Lav. Hast not runne thy selfe out of breath, bulley?

Qua. And I have not jaded thy eares more then I have tierd my tongue, I could runne discourse, put him out of his full pace.

I could poer speech till thou crid'st ho! but troth,
I dread a glut; and I confesse much love
To freer gentry, whose pert agill spirits
Is t'o much frost-bit, numb'd with il-straind snibbes,
Hath tender-reach'd my speech. By Brutus bloud,
He is a turfe that will be slave to man;
But he 's a beast that dreades his mistresse fanne.

Lav. Come, all merth and solace, capers, healthes, and whiffes;
To-morrow are my nuptialls celebrate.
All friends, all friends!

Lam. I protest ——

Qua. Nay, leave protestes; pluck out your snarling phanges. When thou hast meanes, be phantasticall and sociable. Goe to: heres my hand; and you want fortie shillings, I am your Mæcenas, though not *Atavis edite regibus.*

Lam. Why, content, and I protest ——

Qua. Ile no protest.

Lam. Well, and I doe not leave these fopperies, doe

not lend me fortie shillings, and ther's my hand: I imbrace you—love you—nay, adore thee; for, by the juice of worm-woode, thou hast a bitter braine!

Qua. You, Simplicius? Woult leave that staring fellow, Admiration, and adoration of thy acquaintance, wilt? A skorne! out; tis odious. Too eager a defence argues a strong opposition; and to vehement a praise drawes a suspition of others worthy disparigement.

Set tapers to bright day, it ill befittes;
Good wines can vent themselves, and not good wittes.

Sim. Good truth, I love you; and with the grace of Heaven, Ile be very civell and ——

Qua. Phantasticall.

Sim. Ile be some thing; I have a conceald humore in me, and twere broachd twold spurt yfaith.

Qua. Come then, Saint Marke, lett's be as light as aire,
As fresh and jocond as the brest of May.
I pree thee, good French knight, good plump-cheekt chub,
Runne some French passage. Come, lets see thy vaine—
Daunces, sceanes, and songs, royall intertaine.

Lav. Petite lacque, page, page, Bydett, sing!
Give it the French jerk—quick, spart, lightly—ha!
Ha! hers a turne unto my Lucea!

Qua. Stand stiffe! ho, stand! take footing firme! stand sure!
For if thou fall before thy mistres,
Thy man-hod's dam'd. Stand firme! Ho! good! so, so!

THE DAUNCE AND SONG.

Lav. Come, now, via aloune to Celia.

Qua. Stay, take an old rime first; though dry and leane, will serve to close the stomake of the sceane.

Lav. This is thy humor to berime us still;
Never so slightly pleas'd, but out they flie.

Qua. They are mine owne, no gleaned poetry;
My fashions knowne. Out, rime; takt as you list:
A fico for the sower browd Zoilist!

Musick, tobacco, sack, and sleepe,
The tide of sorrow backward keepe.
If thou art sad at others fate,
Rivo, *drinke deepe, give care the mate.*
On us the end of time is come,
Fond feare of that we cannot shun;
Whilst quickest sence doth freshly last,
Clip time aboute, hug pleasure fast.
The sisters ravell out our twine,
He that knows littl's most devine.
Error deludes; whole beate this hence,
Naughtes knowne but by exterior sence.
Let glory blason others deede,
My bloud then breath craves better meede.
Let twattling fame cheatd others rest,
I um no dish for rumors feast.
Let honor others hope abuse,
Ile nothing have, so nought will loose.
Ile strive to be nor great nor smale,
To live nor die; fate helmeth all.
When I can breath no longer, then
Heaven take all: there put Amen.

How ist? how ist?

Lav. Faith, so, so; *telamant, quelamant;* as 't oppinion to currant it.

Qua. Why, then, via letts walke.

Lav. I must give notice to an od pedant, as we passe, my nuptials: I use him, for he is abscure, and shal ry us in private. I have many enemies, but secresie is best evasion from envie.

Qua. Holds it to-morrow?

Lav. I, firme, absolute.

Lam. Ile say amen if the priest be mute.

Qua. Epythalamiums will I singe, my chucke. on—spend freely—out on drosse, tis muck.

[*Exeunt*

Enter a Schole-maister, draws the curtains behind, with BATTUS, NOWS, SLIP, NATHANIELL, *and* HOLIFERNES PIPPO, *schole-boyes, sitting, with bookes in their hands.*

All. Salve, magister.

Ped. Saluete pueri estote salvi, vos salvere exopto vobis ılutem, Batte, my fili, fili, mi Batte!

Bat. Quid vis.

Ped. Stand forth: repeat your lesson with out booke.

Bat. A nowne is the name of a thing that may be ene, felt, heard, or understood.

Ped. Good boy: on, on.

Bat. Of nownes some bee substantives and some bee ıbstantives.

Ped. Adjectives.

Bat. Adjectives. A nowne substantive ether is propper the thing that it betokneth.

Ped. Well, to numbers.

Bat. In nownes bee two numbers, the singuler and the urall: the singuler number speaketh of one, as *lapis*, a

stone; the plurall speaketh of more then one, as *lapides* stones.

Ped. Good childe. Now thou art past *lapides*, ston Proceed to the cases, Nous. Say you next, Nous. Whe your lesson, Nous?

Nous. I am in a verbe, forsooth.

Ped. Say on, forsooth: say, say.

Nous. A verbe is a part of speach declined with mo and tence, and betokneth doing, as *amo*, I love.

Ped. How many kind of verbes ar there?

Nous. Two; personall and impersonall.

Ped. Of verbs personalls, how many kinds?

Nous. Five; active, passive, neuter, deponent, and co mon. A verbe active endeth in o, and beetokneth to d as *amo*, I love; and by putting to r, it may bee a passi as *amor*, I am loved.

Ped. Very good child. Now learne to know the ponent and common. Say you, Slip.

Slip. Cedant arma togæ, concedant lauria linguæ.

Ped. What part of speech is *lingua, inflecte, inflecte*!

Slip. Singulariter, nominativo hec lingua.

Ped. Why is *lingua* the feminine gender?

Slip. Forsooth because it is the femenine gender.

Ped. Ha, thou asse! thou dolt! *idem per idem*, ma it: *lingua* is declined with *hec*, the femenine, becaus is a houshold stuffe perticularly belonging and most c monly resident under the roofe of womens mouth Come on, you Nathaniell, say you, say you next; not fast; say tretably: say.

Nath. Mascula dicuntur monosilaba nomina quedam.

Ped. Faster! faster!

Nath. Ut, sal, sol, ren et splen: car, ser, vir, vas, vadis, as, mas,
Bes, eres, pres et pes, glis, glirens habens genetivo,
Mos, flos, ros et tros, muns, dens, mons, pons.

Ped. Rup, tup, snup, slup, bor, hor, cor, mor. Holla! holla! holla! you Holifernes Pippo, put him downe. Wipe your nose: fie, on your sleeve! where 's your muckender your grand-mother gave you? Well, say on; say on.

Hol. Pree, maister, what words this?

Ped. Asse! asse!

Hol. As in presenti perfectum format in, in, in.

Ped. In what, Sir?

Hol. Perfectum format. In what, Sir?

Ped. In what, Sir?—*in avi?*

Hol. In what Sir?—*in avi.*

Ut no, nas, navi, vocito, vocitas, voci, voci, voci—

Ped. What 's next?

Hol. Voci. What 's next?

Ped. Why, thou ungratious child! thou simple animall! thou barnacle! Nous,—snare him; take him up: and you were my father, you should up.

Hol. Indeed I am not your father. O Lord! now, for God sake, let mee go out. My mother told a thing: I shall bewray all els. Harke, you, maister: my grand-mother intreates you to come to dinner to-morrow morning.

Ped. I say, untrusse—take him up. Nous,—dispatch what not perfect in an *asse in presenty?*

Hol. In truth Ile bee as perfect an *asse in presenty* as any of this company, with the grace of God law: this once—this once—and I do so any more ——

Ped. I say, hold him up!

Hol. Ha, let me say my praiers first. You know I what you ha done now; all the surrup of my braine runne into my buttockes, and yee spill the juice of my well. Ha, sweete! ha, sweete! hunny, barbary sug sweete maister.

Ped. Sance trickes, trifles, delaies, demurrers, procr tinations, or retarations, mount him, mount him.

¶ *Enter* QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO, LAVERDURE, a SIMPLICIUS.

Qua. Be mercifull, my gentle Sinior.

Lav. Weele sue his pardon out.

Ped. He is reprived: and now, Appollo blesse y braines, *Fa cundius*, and elaborate ellegance make y presence gratious in the eyes of your mistres.

Lav. You must along with us; lend private eare.

Sim. What is your name?

Hol. Holifernes Pippo.

Sim. Who gave you that name? Nay, let mee alone sposing of a scholler.

Hol. My godfathers and god-mothers in my baptism

Sim. Truly, gallants, I am inamord on thee, boy; thou serve me?

Hol. Yes, and please my grand-mother, when I com years of discretion.

Ped. And you have a propensitude to him, he shal for you. I was solicited to graunt him leave to play lady in commedies presented by children; but I knew voice was to smale, and his stature to loe. Sing, sin treble, Holifernes: sing.

THE SONG.

A very smale sweete voice, Ile assure you.

Qua. Tis smally sweete indeede.

Sim. A very pretty child. Hold up thy head. There; buy thee some plummes.

Qua. Nay, they must play; you go a long with us.

Ped. Ludendi venia est petita et concessa.

All. Gratias.

Sim. Pippo's my page. How like you him? Ha! has hee not a good face, ha?

Lav. Exceeding amiable. Come away;
I long to see my love, my Celia.

Sim. Carry my rapier; hold up so; good childe: stay, gallants. Umph! a sweete face.

Lam. I relish not this mirth; my spirit is untwist;
My heart is raveld out in discontents.
I am deepe thoughtfull, and I shoote my soule
Through all creation of omnipotence. [humor:

Qua. What, art melancholy, Lampe? Ile feede thy Ile give thee reason straight to hang thy selfe.
Mark 't, mark 't: in Heavens handiwork theirs naught
Beleeve it.

Lam. In Heavens handiwork ther's naught,
None more vile, accursed, reprobate to bliss,
Then man, and mong men a scholler most.
Things onely fleshly sencitive, an oxe or horse,
They live and eate, and sleepe, and drinke, and die,
And are not toucht with recollections
Of things ore-post, or staggerd infant doubtes
Of things succeeding; but leave the manly beastes,
And give but pence a peece to have a sight
Of beastly man now.

Sim. What so, Lampatho! Good truth, I will not pay your ordinary if you come not.

Lam. Dost thou heare that voice? Ile make a parrat now
As good a man as hee in foureteene nights.
I never heard him vent a sillable
Of his owne creating since I knew the use
Of eyes and eares. Well, he 's perfect blest,
Because a perfect beast. Ile gage my heart
He knowes no difference essentiall
Twixt my dog and him. The horeson sot is blest,
Is rich in ignorance, makes faire usance on 't,
And every day augments his barbarisme.
So love me, calmnes, I do envy him forts.
I was a scholler: seaven use-full springs
Did I defloure in quotations
Of crossd oppinions boute the soule of man.
The more I learnt the more I learnt to doubt:
Knowledge and wit, faithes foes, turne fayth about.

Sim. Nay, come, good Sinior. I stay all the gentlemen here. I wood faine give my prity page a pudding pie.

Lam. Honest epicure.
Nay, marke, list delight; delight my spaniell slept, whilst I bausd leaves,
Tossd ore the dunces, por'd on the old print
Of titled wordes, and stil my spaniell slept.
Whilst I wasted lampoile, bated my flesh,
Shrunk up my veines, and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas Scotus, and the musty sawe
Of antick Donate, still my spaniell slept.
Still went on went I; first *an sit anima*,
Then, and it were mortall. O hold, hold!
At that they are at braine buffets fell by the eares,
A maine pell-mell togither—still my spaniell slept.

Then whether twere corporeall, local, fixt,
Extraduce; but whether 't had free will
Or no, ho philosophers
Stood banding factions all so strongly propt,
I staggerd, knew not which was firmer part;
But thought, quoted, reade, observ'd, and pried,
Stufft noting bookes, and still my spaniell slept.
At length he wakt and yawned, and by yon sky,
For aught I know he knew as much as I.

Sim. Dellicat good Lampatho, come away. I assure you Ile give but two-pence more.

Lam. How twas created, how the soule exsistes—
One talkes of motes, the soule was made of motes;
An other fire, tother light, a third a spark of star-like nature;
Hippo water, Anaximenes ayre,
Aristoxenus musicke, Critias, I know not what.
A company of odde phreneteci
Did eate my youth, and when I crept abroad,
Finding my numnesse in this nimble age,
I fell a railing; but now, soft and slow,
I know, I know naught, but I naught do know;
What shall I doe—what plot, what course persew?

Qua. Why, turne a temporist, row with the tide,
Pursew the cut, the fashion of the age.
Well, heer 's my schollers course: first get a schoole,
And then a ten-pound cure; keepe both. Then buy
(Stay marry, I marry); then a farme, or so:
Serve God and mammon—to the divill goe.
Affect some sect—I, 'tis the sect, is it?
So thou canst seeme, 'tis held the pretious wit.
And O, if thou canst get some higher seate,

Where thou maist sell your holy portion
(Which charitable Providence ordained,
In sacred bountie, for a blessed use),
Alien the gleabe, intaile it to thy loines,
Intombe it in thy grave,
Past resurrection to his native use!
Now, if there be a hell, and such swine sav'd,
Heaven take all—that 's all my hopes have crav'd.

¶ *Enter* PIPPO.

Pip. My Simplicias maister.

Lam. Your maister Simplicius.

Pip. Has come to you to sent.

Lam. Has sent to me to come.

Pip. Ha! ha! has bought me a fine dagger, and a hatte and a feather! I can say, *As in presenti*, now!

Company of Boyes within.

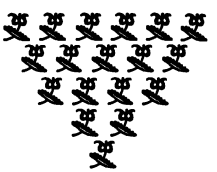
Quadratus, Quadratus, away! away!

Lam. We come, sweet gallants; and grumbling hate lye stil,
And turne phantastique. He that climbes a hill
Must wheele about; the ladder to account
Is slie dissemblance: he that meanes to mount
Must lye all levell in the prospective
Of eager-sighted greatnesse; thou wouldst thrive.
The Venice State is young, loose, and unknit,
Can rellish naught but lushious vanities.
Goe, fit his tooth. O glavering flatterie!
How potent art thou! Front looke briske and sleeke,
That such base durt as you should dare to reeke
In princes nostrils! Well, my sceane is long.

within. Quadratus!

. I come, hotte blouds. Those that their state
would swell,
eare a counter-face. The divill and hell
nd them all! That 's all my prayers exact:
s our chat;—sound musick for the act.

[*Exeunt.*



ACTUS TERTIUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Enter* FRANCISCO, *halfe drest, in his black doublet and round cap, the rest riche;* IACOMO *bearing his hatte and feather;* ADREAN *his doublet and band;* RANDOLFO *his cloake and staffe. They cloath* FRANCISCO *whilst* BYDETT *creepes in and observes them. Much of this done whilst the Acte is playing.*

Fra. FOR God sake, remember to take speciall markes of me, or you will nere be able to know me.

Adr. Why, man?

Fra. Why, good faith, I scarce know my selfe: already me thinks I should remember to forget my selfe; now I am so shining brave. Indeed Francisco was alwayes a sweete youth, for I am a perfumer, but thus brave. I am an alien to it. Would you make mee like the drownd Albano? Must I bear 't mainly up? Must I bee hee?

Ran. What els, man? O, what else?

Iaco. I warrant you, give him but faire riche cloathes,
Hee can bee tane, reputed any thing.
Apparail 's growne a god, and goes more neate;
Makes men of ragges, which straight he beares aloft,
Like patcht-up scar-crowes to affright the rout
Of the idolatrous vulgar, that worship images,

Stand aw'd and bare-skalp't at the glosse of silkes,
Which, like the glorious Ajax of Lincolnes-Inne
(Survai'd with wonder by me when I lay
Factor in London), lappes up naught but filth
And excrements, that beare the shape of men,
Whose in-side every day would peck and teare,
But that vaine skar-crow cloathes intreates forbeare.

Fra. You would have me take upon me, Albano,
A valiant gallant Venetian burgomasco.
Well my beard, my feather, short sword, and my oth,
Shall doo 't, feare not. What I know a number,
By the sole warrant of a lapy-beard,
A raine beate plume, and a good chop-filling oth,
With an odde French shrugge, and by the Lord, or so,
Ha leapt into sweete captaine with such ease
As you would feart not. Ile gage my heart Ile do 't.
How sits my hat? Ha! Jack, doth my feather wagge?

Iaco. Me thinkes now, in the common sence of fashion,
Thou shouldst grow proud, and like a fore-horse view,
None but before-hand gallants; as for sides,
And those that ranke in equall file with thee,
Studdy a faint salute, give a strange eye;
But as to those in rere-ward, O be blind!
The world wants eyes—it cannot see behind. [French?

Fra. Where is the strumpet? Where 's the hot-vain'd
Lives not Albano? Hath Celia so forgot
Albano's love, that she must forth-with wed
A runne-about, a skipping French-man?

Iaco. Now you must grow in heate and stut.

Fra. An odde phantasma—a beggar—a Sir—a who,
who, who—What You Will—a straggling go go go gunds
—f, f, f, f, fut——

Adr. Passing like him—passing like him. O 'twill strike all dead!

Pan. I am ravished! 'Twill be peerles exquisite! Let him go out instantly!

Iaco. O, not till twy-light; meane time Ile prop up
The tottering rumor of Albanos skape,
And safe arrivall; it begins to spread.
If this plot live, Frenchman, thy hopes are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Byd. And if it live, strike of this little head. [*Exit.*

¶ *Enter* ALBANO, *with* SIIP, *his page.*

Alb. Can it be? Ist possible? Ist within the bounds of faith? O vilany!

Slip. The clapper of rumor strikes on both sides, ringing out, the French knight is in firme possession of my misteris, your wife.

Alb. Ist possible I should be dead so soone
In her affectes? How long ist since our shipprack?

Slip. Faith, I have little arithmatique in me, yet I remember the storme made mee cast up perfectly the whole sum of all I had receiv'd; three dates before I was liquord soundly; my guts were rinc'd for the heavens. I looke as pale ever since, as if I had tane the diet this spring.

Alb. But how long ist since our ship-wrack?

Slip. Mary, since wee were hung by the heeles on the batch of Cycily, to make a jayle delivery of the sea in our mawes, tis just three monthes. Shall I speake like a poet?—*thrice hath the horned mone* ——

Alb. Talke not of hornes. O, Celia! How oft,
When thou hast lay'd thy cheeke uppon my breast,
And with lacivious petulancy sew'd
For hymeneall dalliance, marriage rightes;—

O then, how oft, with passionate protestes
And zealous vowes, hast thou oblig'd thy love,
In dateles bands, unto Albanos breast!
Then, did I but mention second marriage,
With what a bitter hate would she invaigh
Gainst retaild wedlockes! O, would she lispe,
If you should die,—then would she slide a teare,
And with a wanton languishment in-twist
Her hands,—O God, and you should die! Marry?
Could I love life? My deare Albano dead,
Should any prince possesse his widdowes bed?
And now, see, see, I am but rumord drown'd.

Slip. Sheele make you prince;—your worship must be crown'd.

O master, you know the woman is the weaker creature!
She must have a prop. The maide is the brittle mettell;
Her head is quickly crackt. The wife is queasie stomackt;
She must be fed with novelties. But, then, whats your widdowe?

Custome is a second nature;—I say no more, but think you the rest.

Alb. If love be holy;—if that mistery
Of co-united hearts be sacrament;—
If the unbounded goodnesse have infus'd
A sacred ardor:—if a mutuall love
Into our speties, of those amorous joyes—
Those sweetes of life—those comfortes even in death,—
Spring from a cause above our reasones reach;—
If that cleere flame deduce his heate from heaven;—
Tis like his cause's eternall alwaies One,
As is th' instiller of devinest love,
Unchangd by time, immortall mauger death!

But O, tis growne a figment! Love a jest!
A commick poesie! The soule of man is rotten,
Even to the core;—no sound affection.
Our love is hollow-vaulted—stands on proppes
Of circumstance, profit, or ambitious hopes!
The other tissue, gowne or chaine of pearle,
Makes my coy minx to nussell twixt the breastes
Of her lull'd husband, tother carkanet
Deflowres that ladies bed. One hundred more
Marries that loath'd blowze;—one ten-pound oddes,
In promis'd joynture, makes the hard-palm'd sire
Inforce his daughters tender lippes to start
At the sharpe touch of some loath'd stubbed beard;
The first pure time the golden age is fled.
Heaven knowes I lie,—tis now the age of gold,—
For it all marreth, and even virtues sold!

Slip. Master, will you trust me, and Ile ——

Alb. Yes, boy, Ile trust thee. Babes and fooles Ile tru
But servants faith, wives love, or femalls lust,—
A usurer and the divill sooner. Now, were I dead,
Me thinkes I see a huff-cap swaggering sir
Pawning my plate, my jewells, morgage! Nay,
Selling out right the purchace of my browes,
Whilst my poore fatherlesse, leane, totterd sonne—
My gentries reliques, my houses onely prop—
Is saw'd asunder, lyes forlorne, all bleake
Unto the griefes of sharpe necessities,
Whilst his father-in-law, his father-in-divell, or d-d-d
divill-f-f-f-father,
Or who, who, who,—What You Will!
When is the marriage morne?

Slip. Even next rising sonne.

Alb. Good, good, good! Go to my brother Adrian: ll him Ile lurck; stay, tell him Ile lurck: stay— ɔw is Albanos marriage-bed new hung ith fresh rich curtaines! Now are my valence up, ıbost with orient pearle, my gransires gift! ɔw are the lawne sheetes fum'd with vyolets, › fresh the pawld lascivious appetite! ɔw worke the cookes, the pastry sweates with slaves; ıe March-panes glitter: now, now, the musitions over with nimble stickes ore squeaking crowds, ckling the dryed guttes of a mewing catt. ıe taylors, starchers, semsters, butchers, pulterors, mercers,—all, all, all,—now, now, now,—none thinke a mee,—the f f f French is *te f f f fine man, de p p p pock man, de* ——

Slip. Peace, peace! stand conceald. Yonder, by all scriptions, is he would be husband of my mistresse;— ɔur wife! hah, meate, hah!

Alb. Uds! so, so, so! soule, thats my velvet cloake!

Slip. O peace! observe him: ha!

Enter LAVERDURE *and* BIDETT, *talking;* QUADRATUS, LAMPATHO, SIMPLICIUS, PEDANTE, *and* HOLIFERNES PIPPO.

Bid. 'Tis most true, sir. I heard all; I saw all; I tell ll, and I hope you beleeve all. The sweete Francisco oranza, the perfumer, is by your rivall Iacomo, and your ʋo brothers that must be, when you have married your ife that shall be.

Ped. With the grace of Heaven.

Bid. Disguis'd so like the drownd Albano, to crosse

your sute, that by my little honesty 'twas great consolation to mee to observe them. Passion of joy, of hope! O excellent! cri'd Andrea. Passingly! cri'd Randolfo. Unparaleld, lispes Iacomo. Good, good, good, sayes Andrea. Now, stut, sayes Iacomo. Now stut, sayes Randolfo; whilst the ravisht perfumer had like to have waterd the seames of his breeches for extreame pride of their applause.

Lav. Sest, Ile to Celia, and, mauger the nose of her friends, wedde her; bedde her; my first sonne shall bee a captaine, and his name shall bee what it please his godfathers; the second, if hee have a face bad inough, a lawyer; the third, a marchant; and the fourth, if he bee maimd, dull-braind, or hard-shapt, a scholler, for that's your fashion.

Qua. Get them; get them, man, first. Now, by the wantonnesse of the night, and I were a wench, I would not ha thee, wert thou an heire, nay (which is more) a foole.

Lav. Why, I can rise high: a straight legge, a plumpe thigh, a full vaine, a round cheeke; and, when it pleaseth the firtility of my chinne to be delivered of a beard, 'twil not wrong my kissing, for my lippes are rebels, and stand out.

Qua. Ho! but ther's an old fustie proverbe, these great talkers are never good dooers.

Lam. Why, what a babell arrogance is this?
Men will put by the very stock of fate;
Theyle thwart the destiny of marriage,
Strive to disturbe the sway of Providence:
Theile do it!

Qua. Come, youle be snarling now.

Lam. As if we had free-will in supernaturall

Effects, and that our love or hate
Depended not on causes bove the reach
Of humaine stature.

Qua. I thinke I shall not lend you forty shillings now.

Lam. Durt upon durt, feare is beneath my shooe.
Dreadlesse of rackes, strappados, or the sword—
Mauger informer and slie intelligence,—
Ile stand as confident as Hercules,
And, with a frightlesse resolution,
Rip up and launce our times impieties.

Sim. Uds so, peace.

Lam. Open a bounteous eare, for Ile be free:
Ample as Heaven, give my speech more roome;
Let me unbrace my breasts, strip up my sleeves,
Stand like an executioner to vice,
To strike his head off with the keener edge
Of my sharpe spirit.

Lav. Roome and good licence: come on! when, when?

Lam. Now is my fury mounted. Fix your eyes;
Intend your sences; bend your listning up;
For Ile make greatnesse quake; Ile tawe the hide
Of thick-skind Hugenes.

Lav. Tis most gratious; weele observe thee calmely.

Qua. Hang on thy toungs end. Come on! pree-thee doe.

Lam. Ile see you hang'd first. I thanke you, sir, Ile none.
This is the straine that chokes the theaters;
That makes them crack with full-stufft audience;
This is your humor onely in request,
Forsooth to raile; this brings your eares to bed;
This people gape for; for this some doe stare.
This some would heare, to crack the authors neck;

This admiration and applause persues,
Who cannot raile, my humors chang'd, 'tis cleare:
Pardon, Ile none; I prise my joynts more deare.

Bid. Maister, maister, I ha discri'd the Perfumer in Albanos disguise. Looke you! looke you! Rare sport! rare sport!

Alb. I can containe my impatience no longer. You, Mounsieur Cavelere, Saint Dennis,—you, caprichious sir, Sinior Caranto French braule,—you, that must marry Celia Galanto,—is Albano drown'd now? Goe wander, avant knight-errant, Celia shall bee no cuck-queane,—my heire no begger,—my plate no pawne,—my land no morgage,—my wealth no food for thy luxuries,—my house no harbour for thy comrades,—my bedde no bootye for thy lustes! My any thing shall bee thy nothing. Goe hence! packe, packe! avant! caper, caper! aloun, aloun! passe by, passe by! cloake your nose! away! vanish! wander! depart! slink by! away!

Lav. Harke you, Perfumer. Tell Iacomo, Randulfo, and Adrean, 'twill not doe;—looke you, say no more, but —'twill not doe.

Alb. What Perfumer? what Iacomo?

Qua. Nay, assure thee, honest Perfumer, good Francisco wee know all, man. Goe home to thy civitt boxe; looke to the profit, commodity, or emolument of thy mus-cat taile: goe, clap on your round cap—my what do you lack sir,—for yfaith, good rogue, alls discri'd!

Alb. What Perfumer? what mus-cat? what Francisco What do you lack? Ist not inough that you kissd my wife?

Lav. Inough.

Alb. I, inough! and may be, I feare me too much; bu

you must floute me,—deride me,—scoffe me,—keepe out, —touch not my porche;—as for my wife! ——

Lav. Stirre to the dore: dare to disturbe the match, And by the ——

Alb. My sword! menace Albano fore his owne dores!

Lav. No, not Albano, but Francisco: thus, Perfumer, Ile make you stinke if you stirre a —— For the rest: well, *via, via.*

[*Exeunt* Cest. *remanet* Albano, Slip, Simp. and Holif.

Alb. Jesu, Jesu! what intends this? ha!

Sim. O God, sir! you lye as open to my understanding as a curtizan. I know you as well ——

Alb. Some body knowes me yet: praise Heaven, somebody knowes me yet!

Sim. Why, looke you, sir: I ha paide for my knowing of men and women too, in my dayes: I know you are Francisco Soranza, the perfumer; I, maugre Sinior Satten, I——

Alb. Do not tempt my patience. Go to; doe not ——

Sim. I know you dwell in Saint Markes Lane, at the signe of the Mus-cat, as well ——

Alb. Foole, or madd, or drunke, no more!

Sim. I know where you were drest, where you were ——

Alb. Na, then, take all!—take all! take all! ——

[*He bastinadoes* Simplicius.

Sim. And I tell not my father; if I make you not loose your office of gutter-maister-ship; and you bee skavenger next yeare, well. Come, Holifernes; come, good Holifernes; come, servant. [*Exit* Sim. Holife.

¶ *Enter* Iacomo.

Alb. Francisco Soranza, and perfumer, and mus-cat, and gutter-maister, hay, hay, hay!—go, go, go!—f, f, f, fut! —Ile to the Duke; and Ile so ti, ti, ti, ticle them!

Iaco. Pretious! what meanes he to go out so soone,
Before the dusk of twilight might deceive
The doubtfull priers? What, holla!

Alb. Whop! what divill now?

Iaco. Ile faine I know him not: what businesse fore those dores?

Alb. Whats that to thee?

Iaco. You come to wronge my friend Sir Laverdure. Confesse, or ——

Alb. My sword, boy!—s, s, s, s, soule, my sword!

Iaco. O, my deere roague, thou art a rare dissembler!

Alb. See, see!

¶ *Enter* ADRIAN *and* RANDOLFO.

Iaco. Francisco, did I not helpe to clothe thee? Even now I would ha sworne thee, Albano, my good sweet slave.

[*Exit* Iacomo.

Alb. See, see! Jesu, Jesu! Impostors! Connicatchers! Sancta Maria!

Ran. Looke you. He walkes; he faines most excellent.

Adr. Accost him first as if you were ignorant
Of the deceit.

Ran. O, deere Albano! now thrice happie eyes,
To view the hope-lesse presence of my brother.

Alb. Most loved kinsman, praise to Heaven, yet
You know Albano. But for yonder slaves—well ——

Adr. Successe could not come on more gratious.

Alb. Had not you come, deare brother Adrian,
I thinke not one would know me. Ulisses dog
Had quicker scence then my dul countrimen;
Why, none had knowne me.

Ran. Doubt you of that? Would I might die,
Had I not knowne the guile, I would ha sworne
Thou hadst bin Albano, my nimble, couzning knave.
Alb. Whippe, whippe! Heaven preserve al, Saint Marke, Saint Marke!
Brother Adrian, be frantick, pree-thee be;
Say I am a perfumer—Francisco. Hay, hay!
Ist not some feast-day? You are all ranke drunke!
Rratts, ra, ra, ra! rattes knights of the be, be, be, bell! be, be, bell!
Adr. Go, go! proceede: thou dost it rare. Farewell.
[*Exeunt* Adrian *and* Randolfo.
Alb. Farwell? Ha! Ist even so? Boy, who am I?
Slip. My Lord Albano!
Alb. By this breast you lie.
The Samian faith is true, true! I was drown'd;
And now my soule is skipt into a perfumer, a gutter-master.
Slip. Beleeve me, sir ——
Alb. No, no! Ile beleeve nothing! no!
The disadvantage of all honest hearts
Is quick credulity. Perfect state pollecy
Can crosse-bite even sence. The worlds turn'd juggler!
Castes mystes before our eyes. *Haygh passe re passe!*
Ile credit nothing.
Slip. Good sir!
Alb. Hence, asse!
Doth not opinion stamp the currant passe
Of each mans valew, vertue, quality?
Had I ingross'd the choice commodities
Of Heavens trafike, yet reputed vile,
I am a rascall! O deere, unbeleefe!
How wealthy dost thou make thy owners wit!

Thou traine of knowledge! what a priviledge
Thou giv'st to thy possessor! Anchorst him
From floting with the tide of vulger faith;
From being dam'd with multitudes deere unbeleefe.
I am a perfumer! I, thinkst thou my bloud,
My brothers know not right, Albano, yet?
Away! tis faites! If Albanos name
Were liable to scence, that I could tast, or touch,
Or see, or feele it, it might tice beleefe;
But since tis voice, and ayre, come to the Muscat-boy,
Francisco, that 's my name; tis right: I, I,—
What do you lack? what ist you lack? right; that 's my cry. [*Exeunt.*

¶ *Enter* SLIP *and* NOOSE; TRIP, *with the trunchion of a staffe torch, and* DOITE *with a pantofle;* BIDET, HOLYFERNES *following. The cornets sound.*

Bid. Proclaime our titles!

Do. Bosphorus Cormelydon Honorificacuminos Bidet!

Hol. I thinke your majesties a Welchman; you have a horrible long name.

Bid. Death or scilence! Proceed!

Do. Honorificacuminos Bidet, Emperor of Crackes, Prince of Pages, Marques of Mumchance, and sole Regent over a bale of false dice: to all his under ministers health, crownes, sack, tobacco, and stockings uncrakt above the shooe.

Bid. Our selfe will give them their charge. Now let mee stroake my beard, and I had it, and speake wisely, if I knew how. Most unconsionable, honest little, or little honest, good subjects, informe our person of your severall qualities, and of the prejudice that is foisted uppon you,

that our selfe may pervew, prevent, and preoccupie the pustulent dangers incident to all your cases.

Do. Here is a petition exhibited of the particuler greevances of each sort of pages.

Bid. We will vouchsafe, in this our publike session, to peruse them. Pleaseth your excellent wagship to bee informed that the devision of pages is tripartite (tripartite), or three-fold: of pages, some be court-pages, others ordinary gallants pages, and the third apple-squiers, basket-bearers, or pages of the placket: with the last we will proceede first. Stand forth, page of the placket: what is your mistres?

Slip. A kinde of puritane.

Bid. How live you?

Slip. Miserably, complayning to your crack-ship: though we have light mistresses, we are made the children and servants of darknes. What prophane use we are put to, al these gallants more feelingly know then we can lively expresse; it is to be comiserated, and by your royall insight onely to bee prevented, that a male mounkey and the diminutive of a man should bee *synonima*, and no scence. Though wee are the drosse of your subjects, yet being a kinde of page, let us find your celsitude kind and respective of our time-fortunes and birthes abuse: and so, in the name of our whole tribe of emptie basket-bearers, I kisse your little hands.

Bid. Your case is dangerous, and almost desperat. Stand forth, ordinary gallants page: what is the nature of your master?

No. He eates well and right slovenly; and when the dice favor him, goes in good cloathes, and scowers his pinke collour silk stockings; when he hath any money, he

beares his crownes, when he hath none I carry his purse. He cheates well, sweares better, but swaggers in a wantons chamber admirably; hee loves his boy and the rump of a cram'd capon; and this summer hath a passing thrifty humor to bottle ale; as contemptuous as Lucifer, as arrogant as ignorance can make him, as libidinous as Priapus. Hee keepes mee as his adamant, to draw mettell after to his lodging: I curle his perriwig, painte his cheekes, perfume his breath; I am his froterer or rubber in a hot-house, the prop of his lies, the bearer of his fals dice; and yet for all this, like the Persian louse, that eates byting, and byting eates, so I say sithing, and sithing say my end is to paste up a *si quis*. My masters fortunes are forc'd to cashere me, and so six to one I fall to be a pippin squire. *Hic finis priami!*—this is the end of pick-pockets.

Bid. Stand forth, court page: thou lokest pale and wan.

Trip. Most ridiculous Emperor.

Bid. O, say no more. I know thy miseryes;—what betwixt thy lady, her gentlewoman, and thy masters late gaming, thou maist looke pale. I know thy miseries, and I condole thy calamities. Thou art borne well, bred ill, but diest worst of al: thy bloud most commonly gentle, thy youth ordinaryly idle, and thy age to often miserable. When thy first sute is fresh, thy cheekes cleere of court soiles, and thy lord falne out with his lady, so longe may be heele chuck thee under the chin, call thee good pretty ape, and give thee a scrap from his owne trencher; but after, he never beholds thee but when thou squierst him with a torch to a wantons sheetes, or lightes his tobacco-pipe. Never useth thee but as his pander; never regardeth thee but as an idle bur that stickst upon the nap of his

fortune;—and so, naked thou camst into the world, and naked thou must returne: whom serve you?

Ho. A foole!

Bid. Thou art my happiest subject: the service of a foole is the onely blessedst slavery that ever put on a chaine and a blew cote; they know not what nor for what they give, but so they give tis good, so it be good they give; fortunes are ordain'd for fooles, as fooles are for fortune, to play with all, not to use: hath hee taken an oth of alleagiance—is hee of our brotherhood yet?

Ho. Not yet, right *venerable Honorificac cac cac cacuminos Bidet!* but as little an infant as I am I will, and with the grace of wit I will deserve it.

Bid. You must performe a valorous, vertuous, and religious exploit first, in desert of your order.

Ho. What ist?

Bid. Couzen thy master, hee is a foole, and was created for men of wit, such as thy selfe, to make use of.

Ho. Such as my selfe? Nay, faith, for wit, I think, for my age, or so — But on, sir.

Bid. That thou maist the easier purge him of superfluous bloud, I will discribe thy maisters constitution. He loves and is beloved of himselfe, and one more, his dog. There is a company of unbrac'd, untrussd rutters in the towne, that crinkle in the hammes, swearing their flesh is their onely lyving, and when they have any crownes, cry "God a marcy, Mol!" and shrugging, let the cockholds pay fort; intimating that their maintenance flowes from the wantonnesse of merchants wives, when introth the plain troth is, the plaine and the stand, or the plaine stand and deliver, delivers them all their lyving. These comrades have perswaded thy maister that ther's no way to redeeme his

peach-collour satten sute from pawne but by the love of a cytizens wife; hee beleeves it: they flout him, he feedes them; and now tis our honest and religious meditation that hee feede us, Holyfernes Puppi.

Ho. Pippo, and shall please you.

Bid. Pippo, tis our will and pleasure thou sute thy selfe like a marchants wife; leave the managing of the sequence unto our prudence.

Ho. Or unto our prudence; truly shee is a very witty wench, and hath a stammell petticote with three gards for the nonce; but for your marchants wife, alas! I am to little, speake to small, go to gingerly: by my troth I feare I shall looke to faire.

Bid. Our majesty dismounteth, and wee put of our greatnesse; and now, my little knaves, I am plaine *Crack*, as I am *Bosphoros Carmelydon Honorificacuminos Bidet.* I am imperious: honor sparckles in mine eyes; but as I am *Crack*, I wil convay, crosbite, and cheat upon Simplicius. I will feed, satiat, and fill your panches; replenish, stuff, or furnish your purses: wee will laugh when others weepe—sing when others sith—feede when others starve—and be drunke when others are sober. This is my charge at the loose. As you love our brother-hood, avoide true speech, square dice, small liquor, and above all, those to ungentlemanlike protestations of indeede and verely. And so, gentle Appollo, touch thy nimble string; our sceane is donne; yet fore wee cease, wee sing.

[The Song, *and Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *Enter* CELIA, MELETZA, LYZABETTA, *and* LUCEA.

Cel. FAITH, sister, I long to play with a fether!
Pree-thee, Lucia, bring the shuttle-cock.

Mel. Out on him, light-pated phantasticke! He 's like one of our gallants at ——

Lyz. I wonder who thou speak'st well of.

Mel. Why, of my selfe; for by my troth, I know none el's wil.

Cel. Sweet sister Meletza, lets sit in judgment a little, faith, on my servant, Mounsieur Laverdure.

Mel. Troth well, for a servant, but for a husband (sigh) I.

Lyz. Why, why?

Mel. Why, he is not a plaine foole, nor faire, nor fat, nor rich, rich foole. But he is a knight; his honour will give the passado in the presence to-morrow night; I hope he wil deserve. Al I can say is as, as the common fiddlers will say in their God send you well to do.

Lyz. How think'st thou of the amorous Iacomo?

Mel. Iacomo? why, on my bare troth ——

Cel. Why bare troth?

Mel. Because my troth is like his chinne, tath no hair on't. Gods me! his face lookes like the head of a taber; but trust me he hath a good wit.

Lyz. Who told you so?

Mel. One that knowes; one that can tell.

Cel. Whose that?

Mel. Him selfe.

Lyz. Well, wench; thou hadst a servant, one Fabius; what hast thou done with him?

Mel. I donne with him? Out of him, puppy! By this fether, his beard is derectly brick collour, and perfectly fashion'd like the husk of a cheesnut; hee kisses with the driest lip. Figh on him!

Cel. O, but your servant Quadratus, the absolute courtier!

Mel. Fie, fie! Speake no more of him: he lives by begging.

He is a fine courtier, flatters admirable, kisses
Faire madam, smells surpassing sweete; weares
And holds up the arras, supportes the tapistry,
When I passe into the presence, very gracefully; and
I assure you ——

Luc. Madam, here is your shuttle-cock.

Mel. Sister, is not your waighting-wench rich?

Cel. Why, sister, why?

Mel. Because she can flatter. Pree-thee call her not. She has twenty-four houres to maddam yet. Come, you, You prate: yfaith, Ile tosse you from post to piller!

Cel. You post and I piller.

Mel. No, no, you are the onely post; you must sup

rt, prove a wench, and beare; or elce all the building of ur delight will fall ——

Cel. Downe.

Lyz. What, must I stand out?

Mel. I, by my faith, til you be married.

Lyz. Why do you tosse then?

Mel. Why, I am wed, wench.

Cel. Pree thee to whome?

Mel. To the true husband, right head of a woman—my il, which vowes never to marry till I meane to be a foole, slave, starch cambrick ruffes, and make candells (pur); is downe, serve againe, good wench.

Luc. By your pleasing cheeke, you play well.

Mel. Nay, good creature, pree thee doe not flatter mee. thought twas for something you goe casd in your velvit kabberd; I warrant these laces were nere stich'd on with rue stich. I have a plaine waighting wench; shee speakes laine, and faith, she goes plaine; she is vertuous, and ecause she should go like vertue, by the consent of my ounty, shee shall never have a bove two smockes to her ack, for thats the fortune of desert, and the maine in ıshion or reward of merit (pur); just thus do I use my ervants. I strive to catch them in my racket, and no ooner caught, but I tosse them away: if he flie wel, and ave good feaethers, I play with them till he be downe, ıd then my maide serves him to me againe: if a slug, and eake-wing'd, if hee bee downe, there let him lie.

Cel. Good Mell, I wonder how many servants thou hast.

Mel, Troth, so do I; let me see—Dupatzo.

Lyz. Dupatzo, which Dupatzo?

Mel. Dupatzo, the elder brother, the foole; he that ought the half-penny riband, wearing it in his eare, swear-

ing twas the duches of Millans favor; hee into whose head a man may travell ten leagues before hee can meete with his eyes. Then ther's my chub, my epicure, Quadratus, that rubbes his guttes, clappes his paunch, and cries Rivo, intertayning my eares perpetually with a most strong discourse of the praise of bottle ale and red herrings. Then ther's Simplicius Faber.

Lyz. Why, he is a foole!

Mel. True, or els he would nere be my servant. Then ther's the cap-cloakt courtier, Baltazar; hee weares a double, treble, quadruple ruffe, I, in the sommer time. Faith, I ha servants inow, and I doubt not but by my ordinary pride and extraordinary cunning to get more. Mounsier Laverdure, with a troupe of gallants, is entring.

Lyz. He capers the lascivious bloud about.
Within heart pantes, nor leapes the eye nor lippes:
Prepare your selves to kisse, for you must be kissd.

Mel. By my troth, tis a pretty thing to be towards marriage, a pretty loving. Looke, where he comes. Ha! ha!

Lav. Good day, sweete love.

Mel. Wish her good night, man.

Lav. Good morrow, sister.

Mel. A cursie to you caper: to-morrow morne Ile cal you brother.

Lav. But much much falls betwixt the cup and lip.

Mel. Be not to confident, the knot may slip.

Qua. Bounty, blessednes, and the spirit of wine attend my mistres.

Mel. Thankes, good chub.

Sim. God, yee, god morrow, heartely mistres; and how do you since last I saw you?

Qua. Gods mee, you must not inquire how shee does; thats privy counsell. Fie! ther 's manners indeed!

Sim. Pray you, pardon my incivility. I was som-what bould with you, but beleeve me Ile never be so sawcy to aske you how you do againe as long as I live. La!

Mel. Square chub, what sullene black is that?

Qua. A tassell that hangs at my purse-strings. Hee dogs mee, and I give him scraps, and pay for his ordinary, feede him; hee liquors himselfe in the juice of my bounty; and when hee hath suckt up strength of spirit he squeaseth it in my owne face; when I have refind and sharp'd his wits with good food, hee cuts my fingers, and breakes jests upon me. I beare them, and beate him; but by this light the dull-eyed thinks he dos wel, dos very well; and but that hee and I are of two faithes—I fill my belly, and feeds his braine—I could find in my heart to hug him—to hug him.

Mel. Pree-thee, perswade him to assume spirit, and salute us.

Qua. Lampatho, Lampatho, art out of countenance? For witts sake, salute these beauties. How doost like them?

Lam. Uds fut! I can liken them to nothing but great mens great horse upon great dayes, whose tailes are trust up in silke and silver.

Qua. To them, man; salute them.

Lam. Blesse you, faire ladies. God make you all his servants.

Mel. God make you all his servants!

Qua. Hee is holpen well had need of you; for bee it spoken without prophanisme, hee hath more in this traine. I feare mee you ha more servants then he: I am sure the livill is an angell of darkenesse.

Lam. I, but those are angels of light.

Qua. Light angels; pree-thee leave them; with-draw little, and heare a sonnet; pree-thee heare a sonnet.

Lam. Made of Albanos widdow that was, and Monsieur Laverdures wife that must be.

Qua. Come, leave his lips, and command some liquor if you have no bottle-ale, command some claret wine bourrage, for that 's my predominate humor; sleeke-b Bacchus, lets fill thy guttes.

Lam. Nay, heare it, and rellish it juditiously.

Qua. I do rellish it most juditially. [*Qua. drin*

Lam. Adored excellence! delicious, sweet!

Qua. Delicious, sweete! good, very good!

Lam. If thou canst taste the purer juice of love

Qua. If thou canst taste the purer juice; good good still.

Qua. I doe rellish it; it tastes sweete.

Lam. Is not the metaphor good? Ist not well follow

Qua. Passing good, very pleasing.

Lam. Ist not sweete?

Qua. Let me see 't; Ile make it sweete;
Ile soake it in the juice of Helicon.
Bir Lady, passing sweete; good, passing sweete.

Lam. You wrong my muse.

Qua. The Irish flux upon thy muse, thy whorish n
Heere is no place for her loose brothelry.
We will not deale with her. Goe! away, away!

Lam. Ile be reveng'd.

Qua. How, pree-thee, in a play? Come, come, be sos
In private severance from societie;
Here leapes a vaine of bloud inflam'd with love,
Mounting to pleasure, all adict to mirth;

Thoult read a satyre or a sonnet now,
Clagging their ayery humor with ——
Lam. Lamp-oyle, watch-candles, rug-gownes, and small juice,
Thin commons, foure a clock rising,—I renounce you all.
Now may I ternally abandon meat,
Rust, fustie, you which most imbrac'd disuse,
You made me an asse; thus shapt my lot,
I am a meere scholler, that is a meere sot.
Qua. Come, then, Lampe, ile powre fresh oyle into thee;
Apply thy spirit, that it may nimbly turne
Unto the habit, fashion of the age.
Ill make thee man the scholler, inable thy behaviour
Apt for the intertaine of any presence.
Ile turne thee gallant: first thou shalt have a mistresse.
How is thy spirit rais'd to yonder beauty?—
She with the sanguine cheeke, the dimpled chinne;
The pretty amorous smile, that clips her lips
And dallyes bought her cheeke;
Shee with the speaking eye,
That castes out beames as ardent as those flakes
Which sing'd the world by rash-braind Phaeton;
She with the lip;—O lips!—she, for whose sake
A man could finde in his heart to in-hell himselfe!
There 's more philosophy,—more theoremes,—
More demonstrations,—all invincible,—
More cleare divinity drawne on her cheeke,
Then in all volumes tedious paraphrase
Of musty eld. O, who would staggering doubt
The soules eternity,—seeing it hath
Of heavenly beauty but to case it up!

Who would distrust a supreame existence,
Able to confound, when it can create
Such heaven on earth—able to intrance,
Amaze! O, 'tis Providence, not chance!

Lam. Now, by the front of Jove, me thinks her eye
Shootes more spirit in me. *O beautie feminine!*
How powerfull art thou! What deepe magick lyes
Within the circle of thy speaking eyes!

Qua. Why, now could I eate thee; thou doost please mine appetite. I can disist thee. God made thee a good foole, and happy and ignorant, and amarous, and riche and fraile, and a satyrist, and an essayest, and sleepy, and proud, and indeed a foole, and then thou shalt bee sure of all these. Doe but scorne her, shee is thine owne; accost her carelesly, and her eye promiseth shee will be bound to the good abbearing.

Cel. Now, sister Meletza, doost marke their craft; some straggling thoughts transport thy attentivenesse from his discourse. Wast Iacomos or our brothers plot?

Lav. Both, both, sweete lady; my page heard all: we mette the roague, so, like Albano, I beat the roague.

Sim. I, but when you were gone, the roague beat me.

Lav. Now, take my counsell: listen.

Mel. A pretty youth; a pretty well-shapt youth: a good leg, a very good eye, a sweete ingenious face, and I warrant a good witte; nay, which is more, if hee bee poore, I assure my soule hee is chaste and honest; good faith, I fancy I fancie him: I, and I may chance;—well, Ile thinke the rest.

Qua. I say, bee carelesse still: court her without complement; take spirit.

Lav. Wert not a pleasing jeast for me to cloath

Another rascall like Albano; say
And rumor him return'd, without all deceit;
Would not beget errors most ridiculous?

Qua. Meletza, bella, belletza! Madonna, bella, bella, genteletza! pree-thee kisse this initiated gallant.

Mel. How would it please you, I should respect yee.

Lam. As any thing, What You Will as nothing.

Mel. As nothing! How will you valew my love?

Lam. Why, just as you respect me—as nothing; for out of nothing, nothing is bred: so nothing shall not beget any-thing, any-thing bring nothing, nothing bring any-thing, any-thing and nothing shall be What You Will; my speach mounting to the valieu of my selfe, which is ——

Mel. What, sweete ——

Lam. Your nothing, light as your selfe, scencelesse as your sex, and just as you would ha me—nothing.

Mel. Your wit skips a morisco; but, by the brightest spangle of my tier, I vouchsafe you intire unaffected favor, weare this gentle spirit, be not proud.
Beleeve it, youth, slow speech swift love doth often shrowd.

Lam. My soul's intranc'd; your favor doth transport
My scence past scence, by your adored graces,
I doat, am rapt!

Mel. Nay, if you fall to passion and past scence,
My breasts no harbor for your love. Go, packe! Hence!

Quo. Uds fut! thou gull! thou inkie scholler! Ha, thou whoreson fop!
Wilt not thou clappe into our fashion'd gallantry?
Couldst not be proud and skornfull, loofe and vaine?
Gods, my hearts object! what a plague is this?
My soul's intraunc'd. Fut! couldst not clip and kisse?

My soul 's intraunc'd! ten thousand crownes at least
Lost, lost. My soul's intraunc'd! Loves life, O beast!

Alb. Celia, open; open, Celia: I would enter: open, Celia! [Celia!

Fran. Celia, open; open, Celia: I would enter: open,

Alb. What, Celia, let in thy husband, Albano: what Celia! [Celia!

Fran. What, Celia, let in thy husband, Albano: what

Alb. Uds f, f, f, fut! let Albano enter.

Fran. Uds f, f, f, fut! let Albano enter.

Cel. Sweete breast, you ha playd the wag, yfaith!

Qua. Beleeve it, sweete, not I.

Mel. Come, you have attired some fiddler like Albano, to fright the perfumer; ther 's the jest.

Ran. Good fortunes to our sister.

Mel. And a speedy marriage.

Adr. Then we must wish her no good fortunes.

Iaco. For shame! for shame! Straight cleere your house; sweepe out this dust; fling out this trash; returne to modesty. Your husband! I say, your husband Albano, that was supposd drownd, is return'd,—I, and at the dore!

Cel. Ha, ha! My husband! Ha, ha!

Adr. Laugh you? Shameles! Laugh you?

Cel. Come, come, your plots discoverd. Good faith, kinsmen, I am no skold. To shape a perfumer like my husband! O sweete jest!

Iaco. Last hopes all knowne.

Cel. For pennance of your fault, will you maintaine a jest now? My love hath tired some fiddler like Albano, like the Perfumer.

Lav. Not I; by blessednesse, not I.

Mel. Come, tis true. Do but support the jest, and you shall surfet with laughter.

Iaco. Faith, we condiscend; twill not be crosd, I see. Marriage and hanging go by destiny.

Alb. B, b, b, bar out Albano! O adulterous, impudent!

Fran. B, b, b, bar out Albano! O thou matchlesse g, g, g, gigglet!

¶ *Enter* ALBANO *and* FRANCISCO.

Qua. Let them in! Let them in! Now, now, now! Observe, observe! Look, look, look!

Iaco. That sames a fiddler, shapt like thee. Feare naught; bee confident: thou shalt know the jest heereafter: be confident; feare naught; blush not; stand firme.

Alb. Now, brothers; now, gallants; now, sisters; now call a perfumer a gutter-maister. Bar mee my house; beate mee,—baffle mee,—skoffe mee,—deride me! Ha, that I were a young man againe! By the mas, I would ha you all by the eares, by the mas law. I am Francisco Soranza! am I not, gigglet, strumpet, cutters, swaggerers, brothell haunters? I am Francisco! O God! O slaves! O dogges, dogges, curres!

Iaco. No, sir; pray you, pardon us; we confesse you are not Francisco, nor a perfumer, but even ——

Alb. But even Albano.

Iaco. But even a fiddler,—a miniken tickler,—a pum, pum!

Fran. A scraper, scraper!
Art not asham'd, before Albanos face,
To clip his spouze? O shamlesse, impudent!

Iaco. Well said, perfumer.

Alb. A fiddler,—a scraper,—a miniken tickler,—a pum,

a pum,—even now a perfumer,—now a fiddler,—I will be even What You Will. Do, do, do, k, k, k, kisse my wife be, be, be, be, fore ——

Qua. Why, would'st have him kisse her behind?

Alb. Before my owne f, f, f, face!

Iaco. Well done, fiddler!

Alb. Ile f, f, fiddle yee!

Fran. Dost f, f, floute mee?

Alb. Dost m, m, m, mock me?

Fran. Ile to the duke. Ile p, p, p, paste up infamies on every post.

Iaco. Twas rarely, rarely, done. Away, away!

[*Exit* Francisco.

Alb. Ile f, f, follow, though I st, st, st, stut; Ile stumble to the duke: in p, p, plaine language, I pray you use my wife well. Good faith, shee was a kinde soule, and an honest woman once: I was her husband, and was call'd Albano, before I was drown'd; but now, after my resurrection, I am I know not what; indeede, brothers, and indeede, sisters, and in deed, wife, I am What You Will. Do'st thou laugh? dost thou ge, ge, ge, gerne? A p, p, p, perfumer,—a fiddler,—*a Diabalo, matre de Dios,*—Ile f, f, f, firk you, by the Lord, now, now I will! [*Exit* Albano.

Qua. Ha, ha! tis a good roague, a good roague!

Lav. A good roague! Ha! I know him not.

Cel. No, good sweete love. Come, come, dissemble not.

Lav. Nay, if you dread nothing, happy be my lot. Come, *via sest;* come, faire cheekes; come, lets dance: The sweetes of love is amorous dalliance.

Cel. All friends, all happy friends, my vaines are light.

Lyz. Thy praires are now, God send it quickly night!

Mel. And then come morning.

Lyz. I, thats the hopefull day.

Mel. I, there thou hitst it.

Qua. Pray God he hit it.

Lav. Play.

THE DAUNCE.

Iaco. They say ther 's revells and a play at court.

Lav. A play to-night?

Qua. I, tis this gallants wit.

Iaco. Ist good? Ist good?

Lam. I feare twill hardly hit.

Qua. I like thy feare; wel, twil have better chance; Ther 's naught more hatefull then ranck ignorance.

Cel. Come, gallants, the table spread; will you to dinner?

Qua. Yes; first a maine at dice, and then weele eate.

Sim. Truely the best wittes have the bad'st fortune at lice still.

Qua. Whole play? whole play?

Sim. Not I; in truth I have still exceeding bad fortune t dice.

Cel. Come, shall we in? Infayth thou art suddaine sad.)ost feare the shaddow of my loug-dead lord?

Lav. Shaddow! Ha! I cannot tel. 'ime tryeth all things: well, well, well!

Qua. Would I were Time, then. I thought twas for)me thing that the old fornicator was bald behinde. Go; asse on, passe on.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS.

SCENA PRIMA.

¶ *The Curtaines are drawne by a Page, and* CEL LAVERDURE, QUADRATUS *and* LYZABETTA, PATHO *and* MELETZA, SIMPLICIUS *and* LUCI *played, sitting at Dinner. The Song is sung, which a Page whispers with* SIMPLICIUS.

Qua. FEEDE, and be fat, my fayre C Rivo, heer 's good juice, fresh b boy!

Lam. I commend, commend n to yee, lady.

Mel. In troth, sir, you dwell farre from neig that are inforc'd to commend your selfe.

Qua. Why, Simplicius, whether now, man; fo fashions sake, stirre not; sit still, sit still.

Sim. I must needs rise; much good do it you.

Qua. Doost thou thinke thy rising will do them good? Sit still; sit still; carve me of that, goo letza. Fill, Bacchus, fill!

Sim. I must needs bee gone; and youle come chamber to-morrow morning, I send you a h crownes.

Qua. In the name of prosperitie, what tide of happinesse so suddeinly is flou'd upon thee?

Sim. Ile keepe a horse and foure boyes, with grace of fortune now.

Qua. Now, then, ifaith, get up and ride.

Sim. And I do not? Ile thwack a jerkin till he groane againe with gold lace. Let mee see; what should I desire of God? Mary a cloake, linde with rich taffata; white sattin sute; and my gilt rapier from pawne: nay, shee shall give me a chaine of pearle, that shall pay for all. Good boy; good Sinior. Good boye; good Sinior.

Qua. Why, now, thou speaketh in the most imbrac'd fashion that our time hugges; no sooner a good fortune or a fresh sute falls upon a fellow that would ha beene guld to ha shou'd into your society, but, and he met you, he fronts you with a faint eye, throwes a squint glaunce over a wried shoulder, and cryes twixt the teeth, as very parcimonious of breath, Good boy, good Sinior; good boy, good Sinior. Death, I will search the life bloud of your hopes.

Sim. And a fresh pearle-colour silke stocking —— O, I I I I, Ile goe to the halfe-crowne ordinary every meale; Ile have my ivory boxe of tobacco; Ile converse with none but counts and courtiers. Now, good boy, good Sinior, a paire of massie silver spurs, to a hatch short sword, and then your imbroderd hanger; and, good Sinior ——

Qua. Shut the windowes, darken the roome, fetch whips; the fellow is madde: hee raves, hee raves,—talkes idly,—lunatique: who procures thy ——

Sim. One that has eate fat capon, suckt the boild chicken, and let out his wit with the foole of bounty, one

Fabius. Ile scorne him; hee goes upon Fridaies satten.

Qua. Fabius! By this light, a cogging che lives on love of marchants wives; he stands on t of maines; hee furnisheth your ordinary, for w feeds scot-free; keepes faire gold in his purse, tc upon maines, by which he lives, and keepes a fair his heeles: he is dam'd Fabius.

Sim. He is a fine man, law, and has a good when he list he can go in black sattin, I, and in lin'd with unshorne velvet.

Qua. By the salvation of humanity, he 's more then the plague of lice that fell upon Egipt; thou knave if thou credit it; thou art an asse if thou fc and shalt be a perpetual ideot if thou persue it: r the world, the flesh, the divell, and thy trust i wives, for they wil double with thee: and so I my selfe to the sucking of the juice capon, my ingl ale, and his gentleman usher, that squiers him red A foole I found thee, and a foole I leave thee; b cord, Heaven, tis against the providence of my Good boy, good Sinior.

¶ *Enter* SLIP, NOWS, DOITE, *and* BYDET.

Sim. Ha, ha, ha! Good boy, good Sinior. Wha 'tis! Ha, ha, what an asse 'tis! Save you, your tlemen, is shee comming? Will she meete me? incounter? Ha?

Bid. You were not lapt in your mothers smoc ha not a good cheeke, an inticing eye, a smooth sk well-shapt leg, a faire hand: you cannot bring a into a fooles parradize for you.

Sim. Not I, by this garter. I am a foole, a very ninny, I! How call you her? How call you her?

Bid. Call her? You rise on your right side to-day, marry. Call her? her name is Mistresse Perpetuana: shee is not very faire, nor goes extraordinary gay.

Sim. She has a good skinne?

Bid. A good skin? She is wealthy; her husbands a foole: sheele make you; she weares the breeches: sheele make you ——

Sim. Ile keepe two men, and they shall be taylors; they shall make sutes continually, and those shall be cloath of silver.

Bid. You may go in beaten pretious stones every day. Marry, I must acquaint you with some observances, which you must persue most religiously. She has a foole; a naturall foole waights on her, that is indeed her pander; to him, at the first, you must be bounteous; what-so-ere hee craves,—bee it your hatte, cloake, rapier, purse, or such trifle,—giv 't, giv 't; the night will pay all; and to draw all suspect from persuing her love for base gaine sake.

Sim. Giv 't? by this light, Ile giv 't, wert gaine. I care not for her chaine of pearle, onely her love: gaine? The first thing her bounty shal fetch is my blush-colour satten sute from pawn: gaine?

Bid. When you heare one winde a cornet, shee is comming downe Saint Markes streete: prepare your speech, suck your lippes, lighten your spirits, fresh your bloud, sleeke your cheekes, for now thou shalt be made for ever (a perpetuall and eternall gull). [*Exit* Bydet.

Sim. I shall so ravish her with my court-ship; I have such variety of discourse, such coppy of phrase to begin, as this:—Sweete lady, Ulisses dog, after his maisters ten

yeares travell. I shall so tickle her: or thus,—Pure beauty, there is a stone ——

Slip. Two stones, man.

Sim. Call'd, 'tis no matter what. I ha the eloquence; I am not to seeke, I warrant you.

¶ *The cornet is winded. Enter* PIPPO, BYDET; PIPPO *attired like a merchants wife, and* BYDET *like a foole.*

Sweete lady; Ulisses dog; there's a stone called —— O Lord! what shall I say?

Slip. Is all your eloquence come to this?

Sim. The glorious radient of your glimmering eies, your glittering beauties blind my witt, and dazled my ——

Pip. Ile put on my maske, and please you; pray you, winke, pray you.

Bid. O fine man! my mistresse loves you best. I dreamt you ga me this sword and dagger. I love your hatte and feather, O!

Sim. Doe not crie, man; do not crie, man: thou shalt ha them. I, and they were ——

Bid. O, that purse, with all the white pence in it! Fine man! I love you! Give you the fine red pence soone at night? He! I thanke you: where's the foole now?

Sim. He has all my money; I have to keepe my selfe, and ——

Slip. Poght!

Pip. Sir, the foole shall lead you to my house; the foole shall not. At night I expect you: till then, take this seale of my affection.

[*Within.*] *Qua.* What, Simplicius!

Sim. I come, Quadratus. Gentlemen, as yet I can but thanke you; but I must bee trusted for my ordinary soone at night; or stay, Ile — The foole has unfurnisht mee; but 'twill come againe, good boy.

[*Within.*] *Qua.* What, ho! Simplicius!

Sim. Good boy, good boyes. I come, I come, good boyes, good boyes.

Bid. The foole shall waight on thee. Now, do I merrit to bee yclipped, *Bosphoros Carmelydon Honorificacuminos Bydett?* Who, who has any square dice?

Pip. Marry, sir, that have I.

Bid. Thou shalt loose thy share for it in our purchase.

Pip. I pray you now, pray you now.

Bid. Sooner the whissell of a marriner
Shall sleeke the rough curbes of the ocean back.
Now speake I like my selfe: thou shalt loose thy share.

¶ *Enter* QUADRATUS, LAVERDURE, *and* CELIA; SIMPLICIUS, MELETZA, LYZABETTA, LUCEA, *and* LAMPATHO.

Pip. Ha! take all, then. Ha!

Qua. Without cloake, or hat, or rapier? Figh!

Sim. Gods me! Looke yonder. Who gave you these things?

Bid. Mistris Perpetuanos foole.

Sim. Mistris Perpetuanos foole! Ha, ha! there lies a jest. Sinior, the foole promised me he would not leave me.

Bid. I know the foole well. He will sticke to you: dos not use to for-sake any youth that is inamord on an

other mans wife; hee strives to keepe company wit crimson satten sute continually; he loves to be al with a critique; a good wit, selfe-conceited, a hauke-bea a dogge-keeper, and great with the nobility; hee do upon a meere scholler, an honest flat foole; but, ab all, hee is all one with a fellow whose cloake hath a be inside then his out-side, and his body richer lin'd t his braine.

Sim. Uds! so I am cosoned.

Pip. Pray you, maister, pardon me; I must loose share.

Sim. Give me my purse againe.

Bid. You gave it me, and Ile keept.

Qua. Well done, my honest crack, thou shalt be ingle fort.

Lav. He shall keepe all, maugre thy beardles chin, eyes.

Sim. I may go starve till Midsomer quarter.

Qua. Foole! Get thee hence.

Pip. Ile to schoole again, that I will: I left in *ass presenti*, and Ile begin in *asse in presenti;* and so g night, faire gentry. [*Exit* Pip

Qua. The triple ideotts coxcombe crownes thee,
Bitter epigrames confound thee;
Cucold be when ere thou bride thee;
Through every comick sceane be drawne,
Never come thy cloathes from pawne;
Never may thy shame be sheathed,
Never kisse a wench sweet breathed.

[*Cornets sou*

¶ *Enter as many Pages with torches as you can;* RANDOLFO *and* ADRIAN; IACOMO *bare; the Duke with attendantes.*

Ran. Seace! the duke approacheth: tis almost night,
For the dukes up: now begins his day.
Come, grace his entrance. Lightes! lightes! Now ginnes our play.

Du. Still these same bauling pipes: sound softer straines;
Slumber our scence: tut! these are vulger straines.
Cannot your trembling wiers throw a chaine
Of powerfull rapture bout our mazed scence?
Why is our chaire thus cushion'd tapistry?
Why is our bed tired with wanton sportes?
Why are we cloath'd in glistring attiers?
If common bloudes can heare, can feele,
Can sit as soft, lie as lascivious,
Stut all as rich as the greatest potentate;—
Soule! and you cannot feast my thristing eares
With aught but what the lip of common berth can tast,—
Take all away; your labors idly wast.
What sport for night?

Lam. A commedy, intitled Temperance.

Du. What sot elects that subject for the court?
What should dame Temperance do here? Away!
The itch on Temperance, your morrall play!

Qua. Duke, prince, royall bloud!—thou that hast the best meanes to be damn'd of any lord in Venice;—thou great man! let me kisse thy flesh. I am fat, and therefore faithfull; I will do that which few of thy subjects do,—love thee: but I will never do that which all thy subjects do,—flatter thee. Thy humors reall, good; a commedie?

No, and thy scence would banquit in delightes
Appropriat to the bloud of emperors,
Peculier to the state of majesty,
That none can rellish but dilated greatnesse,
Vouchafe to view the structure of a sceane
That stands on tragike sollid passion.
O thats fit trafick to commerce with birthes!
Straind from the mud of base unable braines,
Give them a sceane may force their struggling bloud
Rise up on tiptoe in attention,
And fill their intellect with pure elixed wit;
O thats for greatnesse apt, for princes fit!

Du. Darst thou then undertake to sute our eares
With such rich vestment?

Qua. Dare! Yes, my prince, I dare;—nay, more, I will.

And Ile present a subject worth thy soule;—
The honor'd end of Cato Utican.

Du. Whole personate him?

Qua. Marry, that wil I, on suddaine, without change.

Du. Thou want'st a beard.

Qua. Tush! a beard nere made Cato, though many mens Cato hang onely on their chin.

Suppose this flowre the city Utica,
The time the night that prolong'd Catos death;
Now being plac'd moung his philosophers,
These first discourse the soules eternity.

Iaco. Cato grantes that, I am sure, for he was valiant and honest, which an epicure nere was, and a coward never will be.

Qua. Then Cato holdes a distinct notion
Of individuall actions after death.

is being argu'd, his resolve maintaines
true magnanimous spirit should give up durt
› durt, and with his owne flesh dead his flesh,
›re chance should force it crouch unto his foe;
› kill ones selfe, some I, some hold it no.
these are pointes would intice away ones soule
o breakes indenture of base prentisage,

¶ *Enter* FRANCISCO.

nd run away from 's boddy in swift thoughts,
o melt in contemplation's lushious sweetes!
ow, my voluptious duke, Ile feede thy scence
orth his creation: give me audience.

Fran. My leidge, my royall leidge, heare, heare my sute.

Qua. Now may thy breath nere smell sweete as long as ıy loungs can pant, for breaking my speech, thou Mus-›vite! thou stinking perfumer!

¶ *Enter* ALBANO.

Du. Is not this Albano, our some times courtier?

Fran. No, troth, but Francisco, your alwaies perfumer.

Alb. Lorenzo Celso, our brave Venice Duke, Albano ‹elletzo, thy merchant, thy soldier, thy courtier, thy slave, ıy any-thing, thy What thou Wilt, kisseth thy noble loud. Doe mee right, or els I am canonized a cuckold! ınonized a cuckold! I am abus'd!—I am abusd!—my ifes abusd!—my cloathes abusd!—my shape,—my ›use,—my all,—abusd! I am sworne out of my selfe, -beated out of my selfe,—baffled,—geird at,—laught at, -bard my owne house,—debard my owne wife!—whilst thers swill my wines,—gurmandize my meat, meat,—

kisse my wife!—O gods! O gods! O gods! O gods! O gods!

Lav. Who ist? Who ist?

Cel. Come, sweete, this is your waggery, yfaith; as if you knew him not.

Lav. Yes, I feare I do too wel: would I could slide away invisible.

Du. Assured this is hee.

Iaco. My worthy leidge, the jest comes only thus.
Now to stop and crosse it with mere like deceite:
All being knowne, the French knight hath disguisd
A fiddler, like Albano too, to fright the perfumer:—this is all.

Du. Art sure tis true?

Mel. Tis confest tis right.

Alb. I, tis right, tis true; right; I am a fiddler, a fiddler, a fidler,—uds fut! a fidler. Ile not beleeve thee; thou art a woman: and tis knowne, *veritas non querit angulos*, truth seekes not to lurke under varthingalls; *veritas non querit angulos*, a fidler?

Lav. Worthy sir, pardon; and permit me first to confesse your selfe,—your deputation dead, hath made my ove live, to offend you.

Alb. I, mock on,—skoffe on,—flout on,—do, do do.

Lav. Troth, sir, in serious.

Alb. I, good, good; come hether, Celia.
Burst breast, rive heart a sunder! Celia,
Why startest thou back? Seest thou this, Celia?
O me! how often, with lascivious touch, thy lip
Hath kissd this mark? How oft this much-wrong'd breast
Hath borne the gentle waight of thy soft cheeke?

Cel. O me, my deerest lord,—my sweete, sweete love!

Alb. What, a fidler,—a fidler? Now, thy love,
I am sure thou skornst it; nay, Celia, I could tell
What, on the night before I went to sea,
And tooke my leave, with hymeneall rights,
What thou lisped
Into my eare, a fidler and perfumer now!

Adr. And ——

Ran. Deere brother.

Iaco. Most respected Sinior;
Beleeve it, by the sacred end of love,
What much, much wronge hath forc'd your patience,
Proceeded from most deere affied love,
Devoted to your house.

Adr. Beleeve it, brother?

Iaco. Nay, your selfe, when you shall heare the occurrances, will say tis happy, commicall.

Ran. Assure thee, brother.

Alb. Shall I be brave? Shall I be my selfe now? Love, give me thy love; brothers, give me your breasts; French knight, reach me thy hand; perfumer, thy fist. Duke, I invite thee; love, I forgive thee; Frenchman, I hug thee. Ile know all,—Ile pardon all,—and Ile laugh at all!

Qua. And Ile curse you all!
O yee ha interrupt a sceane!

Du. Quadratus, we will heare these pointes discussd,
With apter and more calme affected houres.

Qua. Well, good, good.

Alb. Wast even so? Yfaith, why then, caprichious mirth,

Skip, light moriscoes, in our frolick bloud,
Flaggd veines, sweete, plump with fresh-infused joyes!
Laughter, pucker our cheekes, make shoulders shog
With chucking lightnesse! Love once more thy lippes!
For ever claspe our hands, our hearts, our creasts.
Thus front, thus eyes, thus cheeke,—thus all shall meete
Shall clip, shall hug, shall kisse, my deere, deere sweete!
Duke, wilt thou see me revell? Come, love, daunce.
Court gallants, court;—suck amorous dalliance!

Lam. Beauty, your heart!

Mel. First, sir, accept my hands.
Shee leapes too rash that falls in suddeine bands.

Lam. Shall I dispaire? Never will I love more!

Mel. No sea so boundles vast but hath a shore.

Qua. Why, marry me,
Thou canst have but soft flesh, good bloud, sound bon
And that which fils up all your bracks,—good stones.

Lyz. Stones, trees, and beasts, in love still firs proove
Then man; Ile none; no hold-fastes in your loves.

Lav. Since not the mistresse,—come on, faith, maide.

Alb. Ten thousand duckets, too, to bote, are laide.

Lav. Why, then, winde cornets, lead on, jolly ladde.

Alb. Excuse me, gallants, though my legges lead wro
'Tis my first footing; winde out, nimble tongue.

Du. 'Tis well, 'tis well:—how shall we spend t night?

Qua. Gulpe Rhenish wine, my liedge, let our pau rent;
Suck merry gellyes; preview, but not prevent,
No mortall can, the miseries of life.

I home invite you all. Come, sweete, sweete wife.
dge, vouchsafe thy presence. Drinke, till the
ound looke blew, boy!
Live still in springing hopes!—still, in fresh new
/es,
ur loves happy hit in faire-cheekt wives,—
:sh still plumpe with sap'd restoratives.
all my honest frolick heart can wish.
'or the mew and envious pish!
ht, I wish good food and pleasing day;
:n sound rest. So ends or slight-writ play.

[*Exeunt.*

Deo op: max: gratias.

NOTES TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

Page 13, line 1. *Mary Ambree.*—The well-known English heroine of the ballads of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who was so celebrated that her name became proverbial for female valour. She is stated, on uncertain authority, to have performed prodigies at the siege of Ghent in 1584,—

> And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
> Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
> Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three:
> Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Page 14, line 1. *A lowe forehead.*—A high forehead was anciently considered a great beauty, and a low one a proportionate deformity. Thus Caliban, in the Tempest, is fearful of being "turned to barnacles, or to apes *with foreheads villainous low.*" Again, in Antony and Cleopatra,—"her forehead as low as she would wish it." Compare an old black-letter ballad, The Peerelesse Paragon,—

> Her beetle brows all men admire,
> Her forehead wondrous low.

Page 14, line 6. *He lookes like a may-pole.*—The term Maypole appears to have been generally one of contempt, applied not only to a tall person, but to any one who was the object of derision. In the first edition of the Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602, Falstaff, after having been deceived by the pretended fairies, says,—"Ay, 'tis well; I am your Maypole; you have the start of me." Compare, also, the Midsummer Night's Dream,—"how low am I, thou painted Maypole?"

Page 15, line 5. *When beauties close fight's up.—Close fight* is an old sea-term. "A ship's *close fights* are small ledges of wood laid crosse one another, like the grates of iron in a prison window, betwixt the maine mast and fore mast, and are called gratings or nettings," Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627.

Page 16, line 19. *Ros.*—This prefix should obviously be *Mel.*, but it is the plan of this edition to follow the old copies.

Page 19, line 8. *Goode pugge.*—a familiar mode of address,

supposed to be equivalent to *monkey*, but not generally used in the derogatory sense which would now be attached to the term. "In a western barge, with good wind, *and lusty pugges*, one may go ten miles in two days," Lilly's Endymion. See also the present volume, p. 112.

Page 25, line 9. *Let musique sound.*—Mr. Dilke is no doubt correct in printing these words, which are given as a stage direction in the old copy, as part of the speech.

Page 31, line 26. *O chaune.*—So in eds. 1602, 1633, but no other example of the verb *chaun* has been produced, and Mr. Dilke reads,—*Open thy breast.*

Page 35, line 1. *A casting bottle.*—A casting-bottle was a bottle used for casting or sprinkling perfumes, introduced about the middle of the sixteenth century. "Oh, excellent, heer's your casting-bottle," Tragedy of Hoffman, 1631. The term occurs in the Unton Inventories, p. 27. "Pray Jove, the perfumed courtiers keep their casting-bottles, pick-tooths, and shittlecocks from you," Jonson's Cynthia's Revels.

Page 36, line 25. *Accorted.*—So in the copy here used. If the word is right, it is probably used in the sense of *courted*, but Mr. Dilke prints *accosted*, a more obvious reading, which may have been derived from another copy of the same edition.

Page 39, line 13. *I, but her life.*—Another speech should commence here, the arrangement in the text being that of the old copies. "It is evidently," observes Mr. Dilke, "the reply of Rossaline on being complimented on her likeness to the princess: this error having been committed, it almost necessarily led to another, and the succeeding speech is, in the original, given to Balurdo, although it has internal evidence of belonging to Flavia." In ed. 1633 it is given to Balurdo, but in one copy at least of ed. 1602 it is rightly attributed to Flavia.

Page 45, line 8. *Cole and Norwod.*—These were probably names of actors, inserted from the prompt-book by the printer of the old edition.

Page 51, line 8. *Then ile discourse.*—The old copies read *and* for *then*, and Mr. Dilke restores the sense by transferring the conjunction to the commencement of the line. Perhaps the present correction more probably restores the author's own diction.

Page 53, line 31. *Ay me, my Lord.*—These words should properly be spoken by Lucio, and the next speech by Antonio. See Mr. Dilke's edition, p. 173.

Page 56, line 17. *The greene woode.*—Perhaps, by a poetical license, the last word was made a dissyllable. Mr. Dilke reads, *wood tree.*

Page 61, line 2. *Another wallowe in a greate sloppe.*—Slop-hose, afterwards called *slops*, were the large loose breeches so fashionable during the second half of the sixteenth century. John Heywood, in his Epigrammes, ed. 1577, relates a curious story of "a number of rattes mistaken for develles in a man's sloppes," in which it is stated that a "big-breecht man" stowed a large cheese in his sloppes, and when he put them on again, enclosed within them some rats who had taken up their quarters near the cheese. Wright, in his Passions of the Minde, 1601, speaks of slops as "almost capable of a bushel of wheate, and if they bee of sackcloth, they would serve to carry mawlt to the mill." This was in allusion to Tarlton's slops, which are also curiously noted in an epigram in the Letting of Humors Blood in the Head Vaine, 1611.

Page 61, line 31. *Speak pure foole.*—This is idiomatic, and is in sense equivalent to,—"I will speak like a pure fool." Thus, in Othello, act ii,—"Drunk? and *speak parrot?*"—that is, talk foolishly or idly like a parrot.

Page 62, line 30. *An alehouse by a red lattice.*—One of the distinguishing characteristics of the alehouse was a small lattice window, generally placed in the wall over the door, painted red. "Be mild in a taverne! 'tis treason to the red lattice, enemy to the sign-post," Miseries of Inforced Marriage.

Page 67, line 19. *The checkroll of my servaunts.*—The check-roll was a roll or book containing the names of the servants, kept of course only in large establishments. The following entry occurs in the additions to the Ordinances made at Eltham in the reign of Henry VIII,—

> Item, the said Clerkes-comptrollers shall make for every quarter in the yeare, a roule of parchment that shall be called the *check-roll*, which shall containe the names of all them which shall be of the ordinarie, and within the check of the household; and dayly to present in the same roule the allowance of the wages of all them which shall be attendant, and the defaulkation and check of wages of all them which shall be absent.

Page 79, line 27. *And must be nail'd up for a slip.*—In allusion to a piece of counterfeit money, made of brass or copper, washed over with silver or gold, which was usually termed a slip. "She which thee deceaves with copper guilt, is but a slip," Skialetheia, 1598.

Page 81, line 11. *Belkt up.*—That is, belched up. "*Eructo,*

to bealke or breake wynde out of the stomake," Elyotes Dictionarie, 1559. So, in the Towneley Mysteries, p. 314,—"To belke thai begyn, and spew that is irke."

Page 112, line 13. *Cockeall.*—This term seems here used in a peculiar sense, for the best or most excellent of husbands.

Page 112, line 19. *Aristotles Problemes.*—An allusion to a very common and popular chap-book, which has been reprinted in various forms up to the present time. The first edition appeared in 1595, under the title of, "The Problems of Aristotle, with other Philosophers and Physitions, wherein are contained diuers questions, with their answers, touching the Estate of Mans Bodie," 16mo.

Page 112, line 22. *Doe dreame not.*—Query,—Goe, dreame not?

Page 113, line 3. *Respective.*—That is, respectful.

Page 120, line 17. *In his siddowe ribs.*—The word *siddow* is of very unusual occurrence in early English, but it is preserved in the provincial dialect of the West of England. In Gloucestershire, peas which become pulpy soft by boiling, are then said to be *siddow.*

Page 127, line 30. *When it goes high-lone.*—That is, quite alone. "When I could not stand a' high lone without I held by a thing," Blurt Master Constable. See Middleton's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 262.

Page 137, line 28. *Skip like lavoltaes.*—"He (Bodin) saith that these night-walking or rather night-dansing witches brought out of Italie into France that danse which is called *la volta,*" Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584, p. 42. This dance is frequently spoken of as comprising high bounds,—"a lofty jumping, or a leaping round," Davies's Orchestra.

Page 138, line 15. *Sport alone.*—That is, excellent sport. The phrase is used by Robin Goodfellow, in the Midsummer Night's Dream,—"that must needs be sport alone." So again, in Englishmen for my Money, 1616,—"Oh that youth so sweet so soone should turne to age; were I as you, why this were sport alone for me to doe;" and in Withals' Dictionarie, ed. 1608, p. 439,—"This is sport alone for the catt; he meaneth, the beast, the foole is delighted with it."

Page 139, line 9. *Suckets.*—A species of sweetmeats. "Conserves of old fruits forren and home-bred, *suckets,* codinacs, marmilats, marchpaine, sugerbread," Harrison's Description of England, p. 167.

Page 140, line 14. *Cates.*—That is, provisions.

Page 219, line 12. *He will take pepper in the nose in* —A curious but common phrase, applied to any one hasty and choleric. So, in Elderton's Lenton Stuffe, 157

> For every man takes pepper i' the nose
> For the waggynge of a strawe, God knowse,
> With every waverynge wynd that blowese.

Page 219, line 15. *Keele it, or all the fatt's in the fir* have already had an allusion to keeling the pot in Anto Mellida, p. 56,—"boy, keele your mouth, it runnes ove keel, is an old English verb of Anglo-Saxon derivation (s in the sense of, to cool. To "keel the pot" was a pr phrase signifying, to stir its contents in a gentle manner, to cool them, and prevent them from boiling over. "A all which, I thinke it reason that that parson should have t ridge, which, out of the heat of a good stomacke, taught hi ioners' wives in a quarterly sermon, *fower wayes to keel* when it began to seeth over; a right worthy domesticall for Heliogabalus, yet, if you marke, it is a profitable dish trine, for unlesse it be followed, all the fat is in the fire," Strange Foot-Post with a Packet full of Strange Petition "To kele, to cool, as *kele the pot*," given as used i moreland by Kennett in his Glossary, MS. Lansd. 10 the phrase, I believe, continued in use till a comparativel period. There were, as before hinted in the passa Nixon's tract, more than one method of keeling the po plan was to expose a ladle-full to the air, and when cooled, to restore it to the pot. Another method was out a small quantity, and fill the place up with col the portion thus taken out being termed the *keeling whe*

> Gie me beer, and gie me grots,—and lumps of beef to swum abeen
> And ilka time that I stir the pot,—He's hae frae me the keeling w

Dr. Goldsmith says the expression, as used in his Ireland, means, to scum the pot; but if he had ente further particulars, his definition would probably have be tical with one of the explanations above given. "Keal tage, cool it," MS. Glossary of Westmoreland Words about the year 1690. In the North of England th children's game in vogue, mentioned by Brockett, called *the pot*, in which a girl comes in exclaiming, "Mother, the pot's boiling over!" The answer is, "Then get the l keel it;" and the amusement is derived from the vari culties that are encountered in the endeavour to obtain a

ele, as an archaism, in the simple sense of, to cool, is of ngly common occurrence. A few references may suffice: , in one MS. *acoled*, Rob. Glouc. Chron. p. 442; *kele*, oane 1313, xv century; Forme of Cury, p. 23; Chaucer's of Love, 1076; "thy bytter heyt there is no man may MS. Poem of the Body and the Soul; Ritson's Ancient r Poetry, 1791, p. 79; Gower's Confessio Amantis, v, ff. 1; Enterlude of Youth, repr. p. 33; Palsgrave, in v. Ray, Collection of English Words, ed. 1691, p. 39, has *keale* as lnshire word for a cold. "*A keals-vat*, a vessell wherein le, &c. is set a cooling when it is brewed," Nomenclator, Keelers, which were tubs used for cooling beer, are often ned in old inventories.

221, line 10. *Up-pont.*—That is, upon 't.

224, line 13. *Paized.*—That is, peized, weighed. "With ance *pais'd*, distributed with due proportion," Fletcher's Island.

226, line 20. *Are in childe.*—It is worthy of remark that , in his Herbal, 1597, speaks of a prolific species of rose as *ding rose.*

231, line 32. *My pretty peate.*—*Peat*, a term of endear- or a delicate person. "I overtook the wench, a pretty Donne's Poems, p. 90.

232, line 21. *A giglet.*—That is, a dishonest wench.

244, line 21. *I um.*—A printer's error for *I am.*

248, line 31. *A very smale sweete voice.*—A small voice y weak, low voice. So, in Chaucer's Floure and the Leafe,

> And than the company answered all,
> With voices sweet entuned, *and so small.*

rer, in his Artificial Changeling, 1654, says,—"It is now e accomplished gallantry of our youth, to frizle their haire men, *to speake with an effeminate smalnesse of voice*, and ernesse of body to match them, and to bedeck themselves ost indecent trimming."

262, line 9. *French braule.*—The earliest notice of the called the brawl yet met with, occurs in Sir T. Elyot's amed the Governour,—"By the second motion, whiche is numbre, may be signified celeritie and slownesse: whyche beit they seme to discorde in their effectes and natural pro- therefore they may be wel resembled to the braule in

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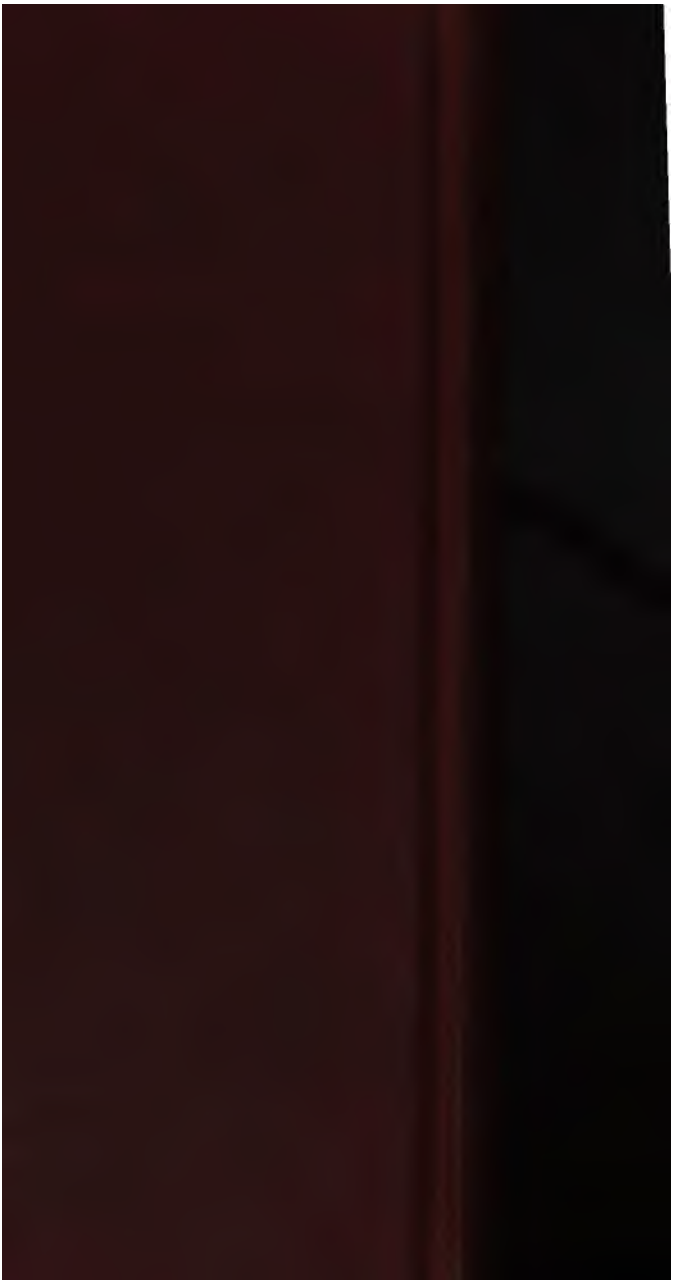
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